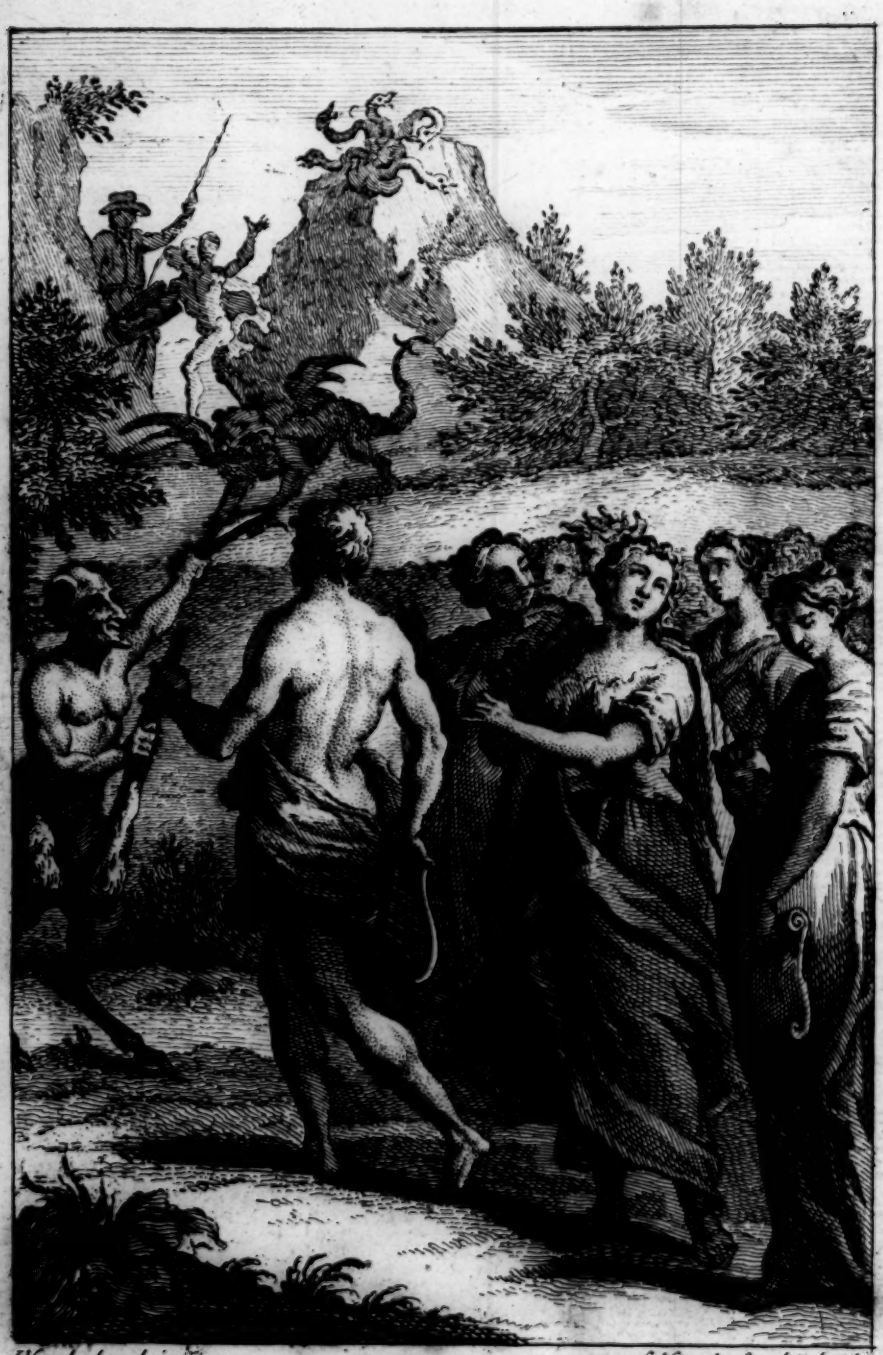
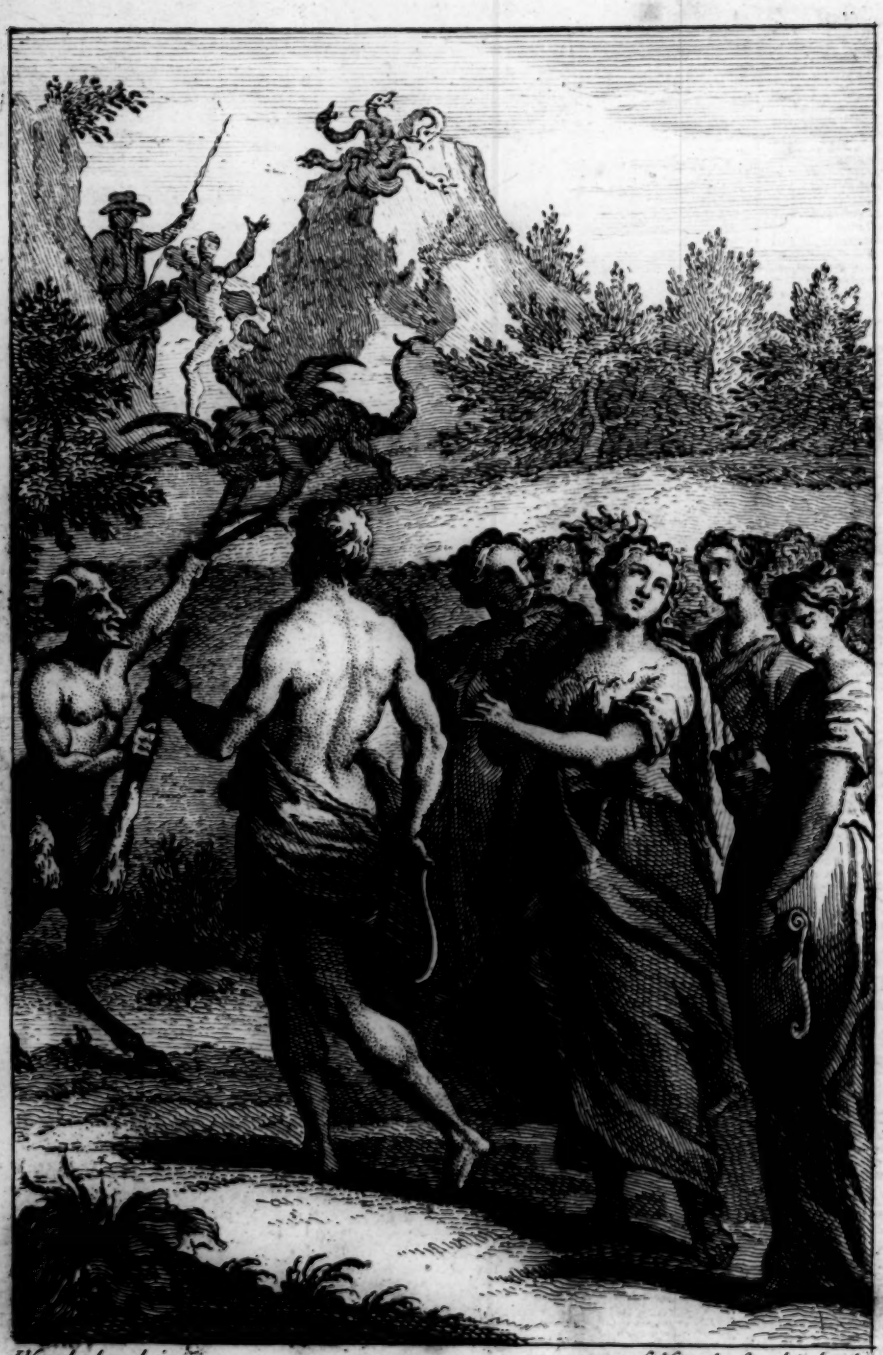


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G. Vander Gucht Sculp.
Frontispiece V. 1



I Vanderbank inv.

G. Vander Gucht Sculp.
Frontispiece V. 1

THE

LIFE *and* EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious gentleman

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

Tranſlated from the ORIGINAL SPANISH of

MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA.

By *CHARLES JARVIS*, Eſq;

The Whole carefully reviſed and corrected, with a new Tranſlation of the Poetical Parts by another Hand.

The SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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M DCC XLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

AS much as I diſlike the uſual practice of tranſlators, who think to recommend their own by cenſuring the former tranſlations of their author, I am obliged to aſſure the reader, that, had I not thought thoſe of *Don Quixote* very defective, I had never given myſelf or him the trouble of this undertaking.

There have been already three of *Don Quixote* in *Engliſh*. The firſt by *Shelton* has hitherto paſſed as tranſlated from the original, though many paſſages in it manifeſtly ſhew it to have been taken from the *Italian* of *Lorenzo Franciosini*. An Inſtance or two will be ſufficient.

In the ninth chapter of the third book of the firſt part, *Sancho*'s aſs is ſtolen by *Gines de Paſſamonte*, while *Sancho* is aſleep; and preſently after, the author mounts him again in a very remarkable manner, ſideways like a woman, *a la mugeriega*. This ſtory being but imperfectly told, *Franciosini* took it for a groſs overſight: he therefore alters it, indeed a little unhappily; for, in defect of the aſs, he is forced to put *Sancho*'s wallets and provender upon *Rozinante*, though the wallets were ſtopt before by the inn-keeper, in the third chapter of the third book. This blundering amendment of the tranſlator is literally followed by *Shelton*.

Again, in purſuance of this, *Franciosini* alters another paſſage in the eleventh chapter of the ſame book. *Sancho* ſays to his maſter, who had enjoined him abſo-

lute ſilence; *If beaſts could ſpeak as they did in the days of* Guiſopete (I ſuppoſe he means *Æſop*) *my caſe would not be quite ſo bad; for then I might commune with my aſs, and ſay what I pleaſed to him.* Here the *Italian* makes him ſay "*Commune with* Rozinante;" and *Shelton* follows him, with this addition, "*Since my nig-*" *gardly fortune has deprived me of my aſs.*"

But what if *Cervantes* made this ſeeming ſlip on purpoſe for a bait to tempt the minor criticks; in the ſame manner as, in another place, he makes the princeſs of *Micomicon* land at *Oſſuna*, which is no ſea-port? As by that he introduced a fine piece of ſatire on an eminent *Spaniſh* hiſtorian of his time, who had deſcribed it as ſuch in his hiſtory; ſo by this he might only take occaſion to reflect on a parallel incident in *Arioſto*, where *Brunelo*, at the ſiege of *Albraca*, ſteals the horſe from between the legs of *Sacripante* king of *Circaſſia*. It is the very defence he makes for it, in the fourth chapter of the ſecond part, where, by the way, both the *Italian* and old *Engliſh* tranſlators have preſerved the excuſe, though by their altering the text they had taken away the occaſion of it.

The edition by *John Stevens* is but a bare attempt to correct ſome paſſages of *Shelton*, and, though the grammar be a little mended by the connecting particles, the antique ſtile of the old one is entirely broken. This is therefore ſo much the worſe by altering the ridiculous of the old diction, without coming nearer to the ſenſe or ſpirit of the original. *Stevens* alſo has made the ſame wiſe amendments with his predeceſſors.

That of *Motteux* is done by ſeveral hands, and is a kind of looſe paraphraſe, rather than a tranſlation; and has quite another caſt, being taken wholly from the *French*, which, by the way, was alſo from the *Italian*. It is full of what is called the *Faux brillant*, and openly carries throughout it a kind of low comic or burleſque vein. *Motteux* is ſo injudicious as to value his verſion upon this very air of comedy, than which nothing can be more foreign to the deſign of the author, whoſe principal and diſtinguiſhing character is, to preſerve the

the face of gravity, generally conſiſtent through his whole work, ſuited to the ſolemnity of a *Spaniard*, and wherein without doubt is placed the true ſpirit of its ridicule.

For the three principal points, which a ſtanch *Spaniard* lays down to his ſon, are ranked in the following order; *Gravedad, lealdad, y el témor de Dios*, i. e. "In "the firſt place *gravity*, in the ſecond *loyalty*, and in "the third *the fear of God*." The firſt is to manifeſt itſelf in a punctilious zeal for the ſervice of his miſtreſs; the ſecond in an unreſerved ſubmiſſion to his prince; and the third in a blind obedience to the church. The firſt of theſe makes the chief ſubject of the preſent ſatire.

Upon the whole, I think it manifeſt this author has not been tranſlated into our language in ſuch a manner as to give any tolerable ſatisfaction; though it is evident from the two attempts made by *Motteux* and *Stevens*, and the ſucceſs they met with upon the firſt publication, that there was an univerſal demand for ſuch a work. However, in a ſhort time, all thoſe, who had any taſte of the author, finding themſelves diſappointed, choſe rather to have recourſe back again to the old one, which, as it was nearer the words, was ſo much nearer the ſenſe of the original.

There are three circumſtances, wherein the excellencies of this author appear in the ſtrongeſt light. The firſt is, that the genius of knight-errantry having been ſo long expired all over *Europe*, excepting in *Spain*, yet this book has been tranſlated into moſt languages, and every where read with univerſal applauſe; though the humour was long ago ſpent, and the ſatire affected none but the *Spaniards*. Secondly, that, although it requires a good judgment to diſcover all the nicer beauties in this writer, yet there remain enough ſufficiently obvious to pleaſe people of all capacities whatſoever. The third (which I confine wholly to *England*) is, that, though we have already had ſo many tranſlations and editions, all abundantly defective, yet the wit and genius of the author has been able to ſhine through all

diſadvantages, ſo as to make every one of them as entertaining as any we have among us.

The ironical is the moſt agreeable, and perhaps the ſtrongeſt of all kinds of ſatire, but at the ſame time the moſt difficult to preſerve in a work of length. Who is there but obſerves our author's admirable talent at it? However it muſt be confeſſed, he has now and then broke in upon this ſcheme; which I am perſuaded he muſt have been forced to in compliance with the humour of the age and country he wrote in, and not from any error of judgment.

It is certain, that, upon the firſt appearance of this book in publick, great numbers of the *Spaniſh* readers underſtood it as a true hiſtory; nor perhaps is the opinion quite extinguiſhed in that country: for an intimate friend of mine told me, that, meeting, not long ago, in *London*, with a *Spaniard* of ſome figure, and wanting to learn of him ſome particulars concerning *Cervantes* and *Don Quixote*, the *Spaniard* very gravely aſſured him, that *Cervantes* was a wag, the whole book fiction and meer invention; and that there never was ſuch a perſon as *Don Quixote*.

We daily ſee people of a groſs and low taſte apt to be offended at a ſerious manner of jeſting, either in writing or converſation; and therefore it will not be improper here to take notice of the frequent *oaths*, the author puts into the mouths of *Don Quixote* and his ſquire, and likewiſe of the pious reflexions and ejaculations made by both upon very mean and ridiculous occaſions. However unwarrantable this practice may be among caſuiſts, it is certainly no fault that falls under the cognizance of a critic, neither can *Cervantes* in juſtice be condemned, who appears in ſeveral parts of this very work, to be a man, not only of great morality, but true piety. We ſhould rather blame the diſpoſition and mode of his country, where the authors frequently take the liberty of mingling what we call profaneneſs and religion together. But above all, the old romances, which he ſatirizes, abound in this very practice. May I not add, that a good writer of humour

mour proceeds like a maſter-painter, who is deſigning pictures by invention? Firſt, he is intent upon fixing the general idea of the characters, and, when he has carried theſe as far as he is able by the mere ſtrength of his genius, he then applies himſelf to minuter likeneſſes from nature itſelf, to come nearer to the life, and deſcribe the particulars more ſtrongly. Thus the very interſperſing thoſe oaths and ejaculations contributes much towards giving the work that air of nature and truth, ſo neceſſary in a piece of this kind.

There are ſeveral broad hints of ſatire upon the wealth, the power and ſplendor of the clergy, as inconſiſtent with the original chriſtian ſcheme; and he has alſo made pretty free with the voluntary penances, and heroic whippings, of his own countrymen. Such ſtrokes would certainly never have paſſed the jealous eyes of the *Inquiſition*, had they not been ſagaciouſly balanced by ſeveral humble and dutiful paſſages in favour of pious donations, foundations, *Purgatory*, praying to ſaints, and other profitable doctrines of the church.

In ſome places you meet with ſundry quaint turns, and now and then ſome obſolete expreſſions in bombaſt ſpeeches; both which vices he endeavours to expoſe in thoſe very paſſages, by making his hero imitate the ſtile and phraſe uſual in the romances ſo much in vogue: and one would wonder how monſieur and mademoiſelle *Scudery*, and the reſt of the *Beaux eſprits* of the *French* academy, could be ſo barren of invention, and ſo unthinking, as to copy that very model of romance ſet down by *Cervantes*, wherein their heroes and heroines are exactly deſcribed, and the whole ſyſtem ridiculed; particularly in the diſcourſes of *Don Quixote* and the canon.

I thought here to have ended this preface: but conſidering, that this work was calculated to ridicule that falſe ſyſtem of honour and gallantry, which prevailed even till our author's time; to which there are frequent alluſions through the whole of this work; I have choſen

to give ſome account of the riſe, progreſs, and continuance of it, in this place.

As far back as we have any records of the *northern nations*, it appears, that they decided controverſies and diſputes by the ſword. *Lucian* tells us, that whoever was vanquiſhed there in ſingle combat, had his right hand cut off. *Cæſar*, in his ſixth book, ſays, the *Germans* reckoned it gallant and brave to rob and plunder their neighbours; and *Tacitus* obſerves, they ſeldom terminated a diſpute with words, but with wounds and death. But nothing can better ſhew, how common this practice was among the people, than the fatal inſtance of *Quintilius Varus* in *Velleius Parculus*. *Varus* commanded three *Roman* legions, with their allies, upon the *Rhine*; where the enemy taking notice, that he was more intent upon deciding cauſes in a judicial way, than upon the diſcipline and care of his army, took occaſion from thence of forming a deſign to ſurpriſe and deſtroy him and his army. And this they partly effected, by amuſing him every day with ſcuffles and quarrels, contrived among themſelves, to furniſh *Varus* with ſtore of plaintiffs and defendants; pretending to be extremely ſurpriſed and pleaſed to ſee the *Romans* end thoſe diſputes by the magiſtrate and civil pleadings, which the *Germans* knew no other way of determining but by the ſword.

All over the *north*, ſingle combat was allowed upon various grounds. *Krantz*, the *Daniſh* hiſtorian, tells us, how uſual it was to decide cauſes this way; and that, not only between perſons of equal circumſtances; but ſo ſhameful a thing was it deemed to decline it, that even ſovereigns have accepted a challenge from their own rebellious ſubjects. *Aldanus*, king of *Sweden*, fought with *Sivaldus* in the liſts; and *Addingus*, king of *Denmark*, with *Toſſo*, who had in vain endeavoured to raiſe an inſurrection againſt him. *Schioldus* (nephew to that *Dane*, who gave the name to *Denmark*, they ſay, before *Romulus*) challenged his rival *Scato*, the *German*, to duel for a young lady. The famous pirate *Ebbon* demanded the daughter of *Unguinus*,

nus, king of the *Goths*, in marriage, with half his kingdom for her dowry; and there was no avoiding a conceſſion or a combat; but, by good fortune, another bravo had challenged *Ebbon*, and killed him. In the reign of *Fronto the third*, king of *Denmark*, one *Greppa* was accuſed by one *Henrick* of having violated the queen's majeſty; and though the thing was true, and publick enough, yet *Greppa*, to prove his innocence, challenged the accuſer: *Henrick* was ſlain, and after him his father and brothers, who endeavoured to revenge his death.

By degrees their acute legiſlators found out, that women, and old or infirm men, were under too great hardſhips, and therefore in equity, allowed them the uſe of a champion, to battle it in their ſtead. *Geſtiblind*, king of the *Goths*, challenged in his old age by the king of *Sweden*, ſent his champion: and *Elgon* of *Norway*, having a mind to the daughter of *Fridlevus*, ſent the famous *Starcuter* to fight his rivals; who, notwithſtanding his being ſo redoubted in arms, ſlew *Olo* the *Norwegian* by treachery. It is recorded, that theſe champions were a ſet of the vileſt fellows in the world, who often yielded themſelves vanquiſhed for a bribe; and then the unhappy principal was delivered up into the power of the victor, who ſometimes put him to death. But, when the treachery was too palpable, the villain loſt his right hand, and he and his patron were branded with a note of perpetual infamy. *Saxo Grammaticus*, who wrote about the year 1200, ſays, that *Fronto* above-mentioned decreed, "That all controverſies ſhould be decided by *arms*, deeming it more "reputable to contend with blows, than with words." Before this the *Longobards*, of *German* extraction, who had continued and multiplied ſeveral ages in *Italy*, began to copy after the *Italians* with a notable mixture of their original genius. *App. Sigonius*, l. 2. ſays, *Rotari*, with the conſent of his nobles and army in *Pavia*, enacted, "That if any five years poſſeſſor of any "thing, moveable or immoveable, be taxed by any "man as wrongfully poſſeſſing, he may juſtify his

"title

" title by *Duel:*" And whichſoever of the combatants gave ground ſo far, as to ſet his foot beyond the line aſſigned them, loſt his cauſe as vanquiſhed. In ſome places the rigours were extreme: axes and halters, gallows and gibbets, were prepared without the liſts, and the poor caitiff was hanged or diſmembered, who happened to be worſted.

By length of time the climate began to ſoften theſe ſavage minds. At firſt, the *goods* and *chattels* of the vanquiſhed belonged to the conqueror: but this practice was laid aſide; for no wealthy gentleman could be ſafe. The *horſe* and *arms* were a great while a perquiſite: but, in proceſs of time, this alſo was retrenched to the offenſive weapons the unfortunate had made uſe of in the liſts. Theſe the conqueror hung up in ſome church under his own; and, if he liked the enemy's device upon his ſhield, he made an exchange. One of the *Viſconti* family defeated a *Saracen* of quality in the liſts, and that houſe, to this day, bears a viper with a bloody child in its mouth, the *Saracen*'s device.

In the *Longobard Codex*, rates were ſet by law upon affronts, as well as aſſaults and batteries, of both which I will ſet down a ſample. When any perſon had beaten another, and made a livid ſpot or wound, he was amerced three crowns for the firſt, ſix for the ſecond, nine for the third, twelve for the fourth beating, and all beyond went into the bargain. You ſee the penalty for wounding a man: now behold how ſacred were his honour and his property, and how guarded by the wiſdom of the law. *Item*, ſix crowns for pulling him by the beard; the ſame for taking away a pole from his hops, or his vines; the ſame for plucking off the hair of his neighbour's horſe's tail; three for beating a ſervant-wench, and making her miſcarry; and juſt the ſame for making a mare caſt her foal, or a cow her calf. Again, if you ſtruck a man on the head, ſo as to make a fracture, twelve crowns; twenty-four for the ſecond blow; thirty-ſix for the third: but if there happened to be any more fractures, the patient muſt be quiet; for the ſtatute is expreſs, and in very good

Latin,

Latin, Sit contentus. A catalogue is drawn up of the members of the human body: ſo much for a ſimple tooth, and ſo much for a grinder: the noſe was always a tickliſh article, and twenty-four crowns was always the loweſt penny: but, for aſſaſſinating a baron or ſquire by treachery, nine hundred crowns; and, to ſhew their zeal for the church, the ſame for murdering a biſhop. They allowed of duel in nineteen caſes; eighteen of which were to be fought at blunts, with a club and a ſhield; but the nineteenth was for high-treaſon, and to be fought at ſharps with the ſword. I forgot to mention, that, in their books of rates, to call a man *cuckold* was fined at twelve crowns, and, to offer to prove it, admitted of a combat in form.

Not only ſingle perſons, but whole towns have challenged other towns to battle, by firſt engaging ſome great families, then the friends and dependents of each, till numbers were embarked on both ſides, and much blood was ſpilt. When they came to an accommodation, the terms were ſometimes pretty hard upon the vanquiſhed party: "That they ſhould lower "their tower, wall up ſome gate, clothe in black, "with the lining black alſo, and not ſhave their beards "in ten years." When it grew out of faſhion to hang or diſmember, ſtill the poor vanquiſhed was in a wretched caſe, given up to the diſpoſal of the victor. The herald proclaimed him, at the corners of the liſts, guilty, falſe, and perjured; he was unarmed backwards; he was to walk backwards out of the liſts; his armour was thrown piece by piece over the barrier; and, thenceforward, no gentleman would keep him company. But the uſual way was for the conquerors to ſend the conquered as tokens to their miſtreſſes, to be diſpoſed of as they thought proper. One cavalier, in a pious fit, preſented his priſoner to St. *Peter*'s, where the canons of that cathedral employed him to handle a broom inſtead of a ſpear, and he ſwept their church ſeveral years with great applauſe.

This kind of practice ſavoured too much of inſolence, and by degrees, and *Italian* refinements, the van-

vanquiſhers became the pinks of courteſy. Out of pure gallantry, they did not require their adverſary to yield, though the ſuperiority was apparent, but only to confeſs and acknowledge his antagoniſt to be as much a gentleman as himſelf. Now they began to reduce the cuſtom of ſingle combat to a *Science*, and thus it ſpread all over *Europe*. The cavaliers entered the liſts for injurious *words*, as well as for injurious *actions*. Then frequent diſputes aroſe about the expreſſion, or the tone with which it was uttered: here they gave one another the *lye* plentifully, one affirming, the other denying. By theſe military laws, the challenged was to have the choice of the weapons, of the field, and of the judge; which advantage was often fatal to the appellant, by ſome foul play or other; whence every man that quarrelled uſed great addreſs to make himſelf defendant, to be intitled to the aforeſaid privilege. As caſes were often dubious, the advocates applied to the ſtudy of diſtinctions. They grew as numerous as the ſtudents of the civil law, and as many books were written upon the ſubject. So many exceptions were allowed, and ſo many treatiſes written on both ſides the queſtion, before the quarrel could be *eſtabliſhed* (as they called it) that there was no likelihood of any end. The *lye* was grown ſo terrible, that no prudent perſon would venture to uſe a *negative particle*, leſt it ſhould be conſtrued by the caſuiſts an oblique way of giving the lye. A man could not ſay; "Sir, you are miſin-"formed," without hazarding a duel. People found out qualifying mediums: "Excuſe me, Sir; Pardon "me, Sir;" which in *Italy* and *France* remain the court modes of ſpeech to this day.

Though all gentlemen were under theſe predicaments, yet thoſe who were dubbed knights, were under a more immediate and preciſe obligation: they took an oath to be ready at all calls; their arms and armour were always furbiſhing, and their horſes in the ſtable; and inſtantly, upon the receipt of a letter, or gauntlet, by a trumpet, to horſe and away: for, ſhould any of theſe cavaliers have made excuſes, or ſeemed to decline

a combat, their ſpurs were hacked off, and they were degraded of courſe, as recreant knights, and perjured perſons, for behaving contrary to their oath at the girding on their ſwords. If a cavalier was calumniated after his death, his next of kin was to take up the quarrel; and if a gentleman happened to die after he was challenged, and before the combat, his neareſt relation was bound to appear in the liſts, and maintain he did not die for fear. In theſe bleſſed ages, when people were obliged to combat by this divine right of ſucceſſion, a ſtrong adroit fellow has extinguiſhed a whole generation, and the merits of the cauſe point blank againſt him all the while.

But, of all obligations, that of vindicating the honour of the *ladies* was the moſt binding: their beauty and chaſtity were the two topicks that made heroes ſwarm like waſps in a hot ſummer, each valuing himſelf upon the juſtice of his cauſe, and, in the very act of encountering that launce, which perhaps in a moment was puſhed three yards through his body, muttering a recommendatory prayer to heaven, and to his miſtreſs; for they were bound in gallantry to believe their future bliſs depended equally upon both. This was very groſs, and ſeemed to be a high contempt of that abſolution *in articulo mortis*, upon which the church of *Rome* lays ſo great a ſtreſs. Wherefore the *Lateran council* anathematized all theſe bravos, to the great diſcouragement of chivalry. Some princes grew ſqueamiſh, and would not allow of combats *a tutto tranſito* (as the *Italians* called it) that is, to kill downright, unleſs in extraordinary caſes. But fighting ſtill was ſo univerſally in vogue, that, in every country in *Europe*, a *free field* was ſet out, and every petty prince, out of oſtentation of his ſovereignty, though he had hardly ten acres of territory, would have his *Campo Franco*, with judges, and all the proper officers fixed, that juſtice might not be retarded for want of ſuch a *judicature* (as they called it) at hand. The *bed of honour* was ready made, and death ſtood waiting to put out the lights, and draw his ſable curtain. *Letters-patent* were

were drawn up by the elaborate Secretary, recording all the circumſtances at large, and always with ſome flouriſhes in favour of the conqueror: theſe were witneſſed by all the cavaliers and men of quality preſent. The very eccleſiaſtics were not exempt: for in 1176, *Matthew Paris* informs us, the pope's legate obtained a privilege, "That the clergy ſhould be no longer "compelled to ſingle combat."

Philip the fair of *France*, in 1306, by his conſtitutions, allowed of deciſions by combat; and becauſe the ladies could not decently engage in cold blood, and cold iron, they were indulged, out of tenderneſs to the ſoft ſex, the *Trial ordeal*: burning plow-ſhares, with troughs of ſcalding liquor, were placed at unequal diſtances upon the ground: the accuſed was blindfolded, and, if ſhe chanced to tread clear of all theſe gins, her innocence was apparent, and heaven favoured her righteous cauſe: but, if ſhe was ſcalded or burnt, god have mercy on her! *Edward the confeſſor*'s mother *Emma* underwent this trial, and came off ſafe from nine plow-ſhares. If the charge was for witchcraft, which uſually happened to women in old age, they were thrown into ſome deep pond or river, and, if the operators pulled them out before they were quite ſuffocated, it was well; but if after they were actually drowned, there was ſtill this mercy, they eſcaped burning.

While theſe cuſtoms were in vogue, ſuperſtition had a noble latitude. *Saxo Grammaticus*, l. 1. & 4. tells us, it was generally believed, that "ſome men were in-"vulnerable by magic; ſome armour, by necromantic "art, of proof and impenetrable, unleſs ſome magi-"cian of ſuperior ſkill forged a ſword of ſuch temper, "as nothing could reſiſt." Some balſams were thought ſo ſovereign, as to heal all wounds, and, in conſequence of theſe opinions, the combatants, at entering the liſts, were obliged to take an oath, that they had no ſuch thing about them.

During the prevalency of theſe barbarous cuſtoms, St. *Peter*'s ſucceſſors took the opportunity of fiſhing ſome

ſome utility out of them, by inciting the princes of *Chriſtendom* to undertake to recover the *holy ſepulchre* from the hands of the *Saracens*; as well as to eſtabliſh certain *military orders*. Theſe were a kind of religious edged-tools, who were ſo zealous at their firſt dubbing, that, not content to ſtay at home, and ſerve their king and country, they armed, and mounted forthwith, and, accompanied by a truſty ſquire, went about the world in queſt of adventures. Their *oath* at their inſtallation obliged them "to redreſs wrongs, relieve "widows and orphans, chaſtiſe inſolence, *&c.*" Theſe injunctions they piouſly took *au pied de la lettre*; and thoſe cavaliers, who were of a compaſſionate character, ſet up for immediate redreſs of grievances, and ſteered their courſe towards whatever court or city was moſt renowned for valiant knights. Thoſe of an amorous complexion offered to maintain, that their miſtreſſes were ſuperior in beauty to all the ladies of the ſaid court or city. At their arrival, they publiſhed a cartel or manifeſto declaring their pretenſions. The compaſſionate knights inſiſted, that ſuch a damſel ſhould have right done her upon an inconſtant or faithleſs lover; ſuch a widow or orphan have redreſs of a certain grievance; ſuch an old or infirm perſon have ſatisfaction given him. If any of theſe or the like demands were rejected, a combat enſued of courſe, and the ſtranger knight was to be treated with great diſtinction 'till the queſtion was decided.

Some gay cavaliers carried the humour farther, and took a company of damſels upon palfries about with them, to ſtake them againſt their opponents women. Their letters of defiance were uſually in an extraordinary ſtile. I will tranſcribe a few of the ancient and authentic precedents, in their own words, from their hiſtorian and advocate, *Fauſto* the *Italian*; by which ſpecimen you will find our cavaliers of *Hockley* were a ſet of modeſt gentlemen.

CHAL-

CHALLENGE.

" You may have heard I am one that make preten-
" ſion to beautiful damſels; and I am credibly informed
" you have one called *Perina*, ſaid to be wonderous
" handſome: now, if you do not ſend her me forth-
" with, or acquaint me when I may ſend for her, pre-
" pare to fight me."

ANSWER.

" You are not ſuch a man, that one of my rank
" ſhould regard what you pretend to. *Perina* is mine,
" and handſome: I will meet you, and bring her with
" me into the liſts: you ſhall ſtake a couple of yours
" againſt her, becauſe they have leſs beauty and worth.
" When I have vanquiſhed you, they ſhall wait upon
" *Perina* as long as ſhe pleaſes."

Another CHALLENGE.

" If you do not ſet the *Brunetta* at liberty, meet
" me, and name the day; though this enterpriſe does
" not ſo properly belong to me, as to ſome other ca-
" valier, who lives nearer, and can be better informed
" of the violence."

ANOTHER.

" Not out of envy at your glory, but out of a de-
" ſire to be partaker thereof, do me the favour to fight
" me, and you will oblige your humble ſervant.

The ANSWER.

" Pray, Sir, be ſo kind to come and dine with me
" to-morrow, and at two o' clock I will attend you to
" the liſts.

Another CHALLENGE.

" You ſay your cap is red; I ſay it is blue, and will
" prove, that the ſword by your ſide is lead, and your
" dagger a wooden one."

The

The ſeconds were to make exceptions and enter proteſts, to examine the arms and armour, and to ſee there was no falſe workmanſhip; for ſmiths had been bribed, and made ſome armour more weak, that their beſt chapman might prevail. The ſeconds then never fought, but interpoſed as they ſaw cauſe, 'till by later refinements it grew to be the mode.

When combat became a ſcience, the critics frequently differed on which ſide the lye was given *validly*. To the end all points might be ſufficiently diſcuſſed, ten days were allowed for accepting the challenge; twenty to anſwer the adverſary's manifeſto; and forty more to agree upon the liſts, the judge, *&c.* So that, let a man of honour be in never ſo much haſte, ſeventy days were good and ſafe within the forms. In this interval ſome new ſcruple was often ſtarted, each party endeavouring to put himſelf in the place of defendant; and before theſe difficulties could be removed, one or both of the parties have died peaceably in their beds. To gain time was a main artifice, and frequently practiſed; and in ſome great emergencies, a kind of *military writ of error* was admitted, by which the heroes were to begin again. It will not be improper to quote one example. *Peter*, king of *Arragon*, was challenged by *Charles*, king of *Sicily*, to ſingle combat. The field appointed was near *Bourdeaux* in *Gaſcony*. *Charles* appeared with the lord of the field and the judge. He waited ſeveral hours; then ſcoured the field (as their law enjoined) and, upbraiding his adverſary with contumacy, went off with the judge. When *Charles* was gone, *Peter* appears; ſtays ſome time; ſcours his field, and accuſes his competitor as contumacious, for not ſtaying out the whole time allotted. The caſe was referred to counſel learned in chivalry: they declared *Charles* not guilty of contumacy, becauſe the judge went off with him; and another day was appointed. *Peter* refuſed to appear: but pope *Martin*, who was as infallible as any of his ſucceſſors, deprived him of the kingdom in diſpute.

Sometimes the day and hour were agreed upon, but they differed about the field. One named the *Piazza Grande* at *Milan*; the other the *Carbonaro* at *Naples*; and each has appeared in ſhining armour, praunced over the liſts, and ſcoured his field, a hundred leagues from his enemy, who was doing the like in his own country, with equal parade, and equal bravery.

But of all the examples of this ſort, I muſt not omit a very ſignal one, which is given us by *Froiſſart* the *French* hiſtorian, and an eye-witneſs, and which I ſhall tranſcribe at large. It is of a famous deciſion at *Paris*, in 1387, between two gentlemen, vaſſals of the count *D' Alenſon*, both in employment under him, and both favourites; the chevalier *John Caronge* appellant, and *James le Gris* reſpondent. *John*, it ſeems, was married to a handſom young woman, and happened to travel beyond ſea for ſome advantage to his fortune. He left his wife among her ſervants at his ſeat in the country, where ſhe behaved very prudently. Now (ſays our author) it fell out, that the devil entered the body of *James le Gris* by temptation perverſe and diverſe, making him caſt an eye upon the chevalier's lady, who reſided then at *Argenteil*. It was ſworn at the trial afterwards, that, upon a certain day of ſuch a month in ſuch a year, he took a horſe of the count's, and rode thither. She and her people made him very welcome, as being a companion of her huſband's, and belonging to the ſame maſter. After ſome time, ſhe ſhewed him the houſe and the furniture; and ſuſpecting no harm, no ſervant attended while ſhe did ſo. Then *James* deſired to ſee the dungeon, as the chief thing he wanted to ſee. Now the dungeon is one of thoſe ſtrong ſtone towers of ancient ornament and defence, belonging to every caſtle, with ſmall ſpike-holes high in the walls, to keep priſoners of war in, in times of commotion. Madam *Caronge* led him the way. As ſoon as they were in, he clapped the door after him: ſhe thought the wind had done it, 'till *James* fell to embracing her, and, being a ſtrong man, had his will of her. At his taking leave of her, ſhe ſaid to him weeping; "*James*, *James*, you

"have

" have not done well; but the blame ſhall not lie at " my door, but at yours, if my huſband lives to come " back." *James* mounted his flower of courſers (as the term was for a fine horſe) and returned to the count's, where, upon the ſtroke of nine o'clock, he was among the reſt at his lordſhip's levée, and at four the ſame morning he had been ſeen at home. I mark this particular ſo preciſely, becauſe ſo much depended upon it afterwards. Madam ſaid not a word of what had paſſed to man or maid, but retained in her memory the day and hour *. When the huſband returned from his expedition, his wife received him with great demonſtrations of joy. The day paſſed; the night came; *John* went to bed; but ſhe lingered, which he wondered much at. She continued walking backwards and forwards in the chamber, croſſing herſelf between whiles, 'till the family was all in bed and aſleep. Then ſhe advanced to the bedſide, and kneeling, in the moſt doleful accents, related the whole adventure. At firſt he could not believe what ſhe told him; but ſhe perſiſted ſo vehemently, that it ſtaggered him, and he ſaid, if it proved ſo, he forgave her; but if otherwiſe, he never would cohabit with her more. However he promiſed to ſummon the chief of her relations and his own, and demean himſelf upon the occaſion as they ſhould direct. Accordingly, next morning, he wrote ſeveral circular letters, and appointed them a day. When they were all met, and in a room together, he called his wife to them, locked the door, and bid her tell her own ſtory from point to point. She did ſo, and the reſult of the conſultation was, to apprize the count their lord of it, and leave it to him. This the huſband agreed to do: but *James* (ſays the hiſtorian) being prime favourite, the count ſaid, the tale ſounded like a fiction: however, to ſhew his impartiality, he

* It is pity the hiſtorian does not ſay, what number or whether any of her domeſtics ſwore to *James le Gris* being at *Argenteil*, in that day or at that odd hour, nor which ſervant brought him his horſe from the ſtable, nor why ſhe did not make her people ſtop him, ſince one would think ſhe had opportunity and power enough ſo to do.

ordered the parties ſhould be confronted, and have a fair and formal hearing face to face. After long pleading, all the relations being preſent, the woman perſiſting, the chevalier accuſing ſtrongly, and the ſquire as peremptorily denying, *James* was acquitted, and the count concluded the woman muſt have dreamed: for it was not judged poſſible for any man to ride three and twenty leagues (about ſeventy miles) commit ſuch a fact, and ſpend ſo much time as the ſeveral circumſtances of her depoſition required, in four hours and a half; for that was all the ſpace, in which he could not prove himſelf at home. His lordſhip therefore ordered, that no more ſhould be ſaid of it. But the chevalier, who was a man of mettle, and conſequently his honour very tender, now the thing was publick, would not be ſo put off. He brought the caſe before the *parliament* of *Paris:* It was depending for a year and half, and the parties gave in ſecurities to ſtand by the deciſion. That wiſe ſenate at laſt determined, it ſhould be decided by *combat to all extremity*, on the *Monday* following the ſentence. The king, happening to be then at *Sluys* in *Flanders*, immediately ſent a courier with orders to adjourn the day; for he was reſolved to ſee the iſſue himſelf. The dukes of *Berry*, *Burgundy*, and *Bourbon*, the conſtable of *France*, with the chief of the nobility, came to town on purpoſe. The liſts were ſet out on the place of St. *Catharine*, and ſcaffolds were erected for the numerous ſpectators. The combatants were armed at all points *cap à pie*, as the faſhion was, and had each their chair to ſit down in, 'till they were to enter upon action. The dame was ſeated upon a car, covered with black. The huſband roſe from his ſeat, went to her, and ſaid: Madam, by your information, and in your quarrel, I am here to venture my life, and fight *James le Gris:* you know beſt whether my cauſe be good and true. Sir, replied ſhe, you may depend upon it, and fight ſecurely. Then he took her by the hand, and kiſſed her: he croſſed himſelf, and entered the liſts. She remained praying, and in great perplexity, as well ſhe might; for, if her cavalier

valier was worſted, he was to be hanged, and ſhe to be burned without mercy; for ſuch was the ſentence in expreſs terms. But the die was thrown, and they muſt abide by the chance. The field and ſun being divided, according to cuſtom and equity, they performed their careers, and their exerciſes of the ſpear on horſeback, and, being both very expert, without any hurt. Then they alighted, and fell to work with their ſwords. In a little time the chevalier *John* was wounded in the thigh, and all his friends in a mortal fright for him: but he fought on, and ſo valiantly, that at length he brought his adverſary to the ground, run his ſword into his body, and killed him upon the ſpot. He looked round, and aſked if he had done his duty well: It was anſwered, yes, with a general voice; and immediately *James* was delivered to the hangman, who dragged him to a hill near *Paris*, and hanged him there. The buſineſs thus concluded, the chevalier came, and kneeled before the king, who made him riſe, and ordered him a thouſand livres that day, and two hundred more yearly for his life, and made him a gentleman of his bed-chamber. Then, deſcending to the ſcaffold, he went to his wife, whom he ſaluted, and they walked together to the cathedral of *Nôtre Dame*, to make their offerings. So the charge was well proved, and the hiſtorian durſt make no reflexion; for, in thoſe days, no body could queſtion but *James* was guilty, becauſe he was ſlain.

I muſt not neglect mentioning, that combat was no where more in faſhion, than here in *England*. Our hiſtory abounds with inſtances: Our heroes performed in *Tothilfields*, where the judges of the common-pleas preſided, and pronounced ſentence. But, when a cauſe was tried before the king, the lord high conſtable, and the earl marſhal, ſat as judges.

Infinite were the miſchiefs proceeding from theſe falſe and abſurd notions of honour. The firſt inſtitution, though barbarous enough, was ſtill more perverted by miſapplication. Theſe cavaliers, from pro-

tecting widows and orphans from oppreſſion, proceeded to protect their ſervants and dependents from juſt proſecution and puniſhment. In ſhort, throughout all *Europe* this frenzy prevailed, 'till it became both the *honour* and the *law* of *nations*, and drew to its ſide not only the *divines*, but the *legiſlators* themſelves.

We have ſeen all the ideas of heroiſm formed upon this ſyſtem. Kings themſelves and biſhops were employed in writing romances, of the *Paladines* of *France*, the *Palmerins* of *England*, and the *knights of the round table*. The ſingle ſubject of *Amadis de Gaul* was extended to above twenty volumes. The *French*, not ſo contented, extracted from thence ſpeeches and flowers enough to fill two more; and their tranſlator *de Herberay* was eſteemed ſo great a maſter of eloquence, as to be called the *Cicero* of *France*. There, and in *Italy* and *Spain*, it over-run all books, and debauched all taſte; and upon this wiſe model the fine gentlemen of each nation formed both their manners and their language.

In the midſt of all theſe prejudices, we ſee our author undertake to combat this *giant* of *falſe honour*, and all theſe *monſters* of *falſe wit*. No ſooner did his work appear, but both were cut down at once, and for ever. The illuſion of ages was diſſipated, the magic diſſolved, and all the enchantment vaniſhed like ſmoke. And ſo great and total was the change it wrought, that, if ſuch works are now ever read, it is only the better to comprehend the ſatire, and give light to the beauties of his incomparable *Don Quixote*.

26 SE 60

A SUPPLEMENT to the

TRANSLATOR's PREFACE*.

THE curious account here put together of the principles of the ancient chivalry, as it was in *fact*, ſeems defective: For the ridicule of *CERVANTES* does not ſo much turn upon *that*, as upon the *ideal* chivalry, as it is to be found only in the old *ROMANCES*. And of theſe the tranſlator is ſilent. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature may not be unacceptable to the reader: eſpecially as Monſieur *Huet*, *the Biſhop of Avranches*, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the *Origin of Romances*, has ſaid little or nothing of them in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later *Greeks*, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of *Romances* almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and, inſtead of giving us an account of theſe books of chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the Subject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the *Provinçial* writers, called likewiſe *Romances*: and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The *Spaniards* were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of this incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſober ſenſes. The *French* ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor *RABELAIS*, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, *&c.* as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined Politics* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the *Spaniards* of their *Romantic Bravery*. A *bravery* our *SHAKESPEAR* makes their characteriſtic, in this deſcription of a *Spaniſh* gentleman:

* Communicated by a learned writer, well known in the literary world.

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire *of their mutiny:*
This child of fancy, *that* armado *hight,*
For interim *to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,*
In high-born words, *the worth of many a knight,*
From tawny *Spain,* loſt in the world's debate.
Love's Labour loſt, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Exceſſive complaiſance is here admirably expreſſed in the perſon of one, who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong*, friends; and to perſuade the one to receed from the uſual ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, meerly that he might not incur the imputation of ruſticity and ill-breeding, for keeping up the quarrel. The ſenſe of what follows is to this effect: *this gentleman*, ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile.* Why he ſays, *from tawny Spain*, is becauſe, theſe romances being of *Spaniſh* original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate*, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the *Cruſades* of the *European* chriſtians againſt the *Saracens* of *Aſia* and *Africa*.

Indeed, the wars of the chriſtians againſt the pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: The one, who, under the name of *Turpin* archbiſhop of *Rheims*, wrote the hiſtory and atchievements of *Charlemagne* and his twelve peers, who drove the *Saracens* out of *France* and the ſouth parts of *Spain:* the other, our *Geoffry of Monmouth.*

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were *Oliver* and *Rowland.* In the *Spaniſh* romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Ronceſvalles*, the ſeats of *Roland* are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*, or ſimply *Oliva*, thoſe of *Oliver:* for *Oliva* is the ſame in *Spaniſh* as *Olivier* is in *French.* The account of their exploits is in the higheſt degree monſtrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment paſſed upon them by the prieſt in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the knight's library to the ſecular-arm of the houſe-keeper. "Exceptando à un Bernardo del Carpio que "anda por ay, y à otro llamado Ronceſvalles; que eſtos en llegando "a mis manos, an de eſtar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del "fuego ſin remiſſion alguna *." And of *Oliver* he ſays; "eſſa "Oliva ſe haga luego raxas, y ſe queme, que aun no queden della "las cenizas †." The reaſonableneſs of this ſentence may be partly ſeen from one ſtory in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called *Roldan*, to be ſeen on the ſummit of an

* B. 1. c. 6. p. 29. † ibid.

high

high mountain in the kingdom of *Valencia*, near the town of *Alicant*, was made with a ſingle back-ſtroke of that hero's broad ſword. Hence came the proverbial expreſſion of *our* plain and ſenſible anceſtors, who were much cooler readers of theſe extravagancies than the *Spaniards*, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impoſſibile lye with another: as, in *French*, *faire le Roland* means *to ſwagger*. This driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and *Spain*, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder Romances. And the firſt that was printed in *Spain*, was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquiſitor prieſt ſays; "ſegun he oydo dezir, eſte libro fuè "el premiro de cavallerias que ſe imprimiò en Eſpaña, y todos "los demás an tomado principio y origen deſte *;" and for which he humorouſly condemns it to the fire, *como à Dogmatizador de una ſecta tan mala*. When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of *Europe* afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into *Greece* and *Aſia*, to ſupport the *Byzantine* empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *ſecond* race or claſs. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject, *Amadis de Grecia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that *Trebizonde* is as celebrated in theſe romances as *Roncevalles* is in the other. It may be worth obſerving, that the two famous *Italian* epic poets, *ARIOSTO* and *TASSO*, have borrowed, from each of theſe claſſes of old romances, the ſcenes and ſubjects of their ſeveral ſtories: *Arioſto* chooſing the firſt, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and *Taſſo*, the latter, the *Cruſade againſt them in Aſia: Arioſto*'s hero being *Orlando* or the *French Roland:* for as the *Spaniards*, by one way of tranſpoſing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, ſo the *Italians*, by another, made it *Orland*.

The main ſubject of theſe fooleries, as we have ſaid, had its original in *Turpin*'s famous hiſtory of *Charlemagne* and his *twelve peers*. Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, *&c.* the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir *J. Maundevile*, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the

* B. 1. c. 6. p. 27.

iſle

iſle of *Cos*, in the *Archipelago*, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo a zonge man that wiſte not of "the dragoun, went out of a ſchipp, and went thorghe the "iſle, till that he came to the caſtelle, and cam into the cave; "and went ſo longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he "ſaughe a damyſelle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a "myrour: and ſche hadde meche treſoure abouten hire: and "he trowed that ſche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled "there to reſceyve men to ſolye. And he abode, till the da-"myſelle ſaughe the ſchadewe of him in the myrour. And ſche "turned hire toward him, and asked him what he wolde. "And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And "ſche asked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he ſayde, "nay. And then ſche ſeyde, that he myghte not ben hire "limman. But ſche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, and "make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and "ſche ſcholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne "come and kyſſe hire on the mowthe and have no drede. For "I ſchalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou ſee me "in lykeneſs of a dragoun. For thoughe thou ſee me hideouſe "and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made "be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other "than thou ſeeſt now, a woman; and therefore drede the "noughte. And zif thou kyſſe me, thou ſchalt have alle this "treſoure, and be my lord, and lord alſo of all that iſle. And "he departed, *&c.*" p. 29, 30. Ed. 1725. Here we ſee the very ſpirit of a romance-adventure. This honeſt traveller believed it all, and ſo, it ſeems, did the people of the iſle. *And ſome men ſeyn* (ſays he) *that in the iſle of* Lango *is zit the doughtre of* Ypocras *in forme and lykeneſſe of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men ſeyn: for I have not ſeen hire. And thei of the iſles callen hire, lady of the land.* We are not to think then, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the romancers with materials, was our *Geoffry* of *Monmouth*. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *children of fancy* (as *Shakeſpear* in the place quoted above finely calls them, inſinuating that *Fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) ſhould ſtop in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a carrier, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the *Spaniſh* romancers took the ſtory of the *Britiſh Arthur*, and the *knights of his round-table*, his wife *Gueniver*, and his conjurer *Merlin*. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of chivalry) the wars

of

of *Chriſtians* againſt *Infidels*. And whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the *Saxons* into *Saracens*. I ſuſpect by deſign: For chivalry without a *Saracen* was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the knights to try their ſwords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; ſo cloſely were theſe two ideas connected.

In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The firſt romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and king *Arthur* and his knights, is called the *Hiſtory of Saint Greaal*. This St. *Greaal* was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a veſſel by *Joſeph* of *Arimathea*. So another is called *Kyrie Eleiſon* of *Montauban*. For in thoſe days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men. And as they made ſaints of their knights-errant, ſo they made knights-errant of their tutelary ſaints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in thoſe times being either a ſaint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of *Lancelot of the Lake*, we have the doctrine and diſcipline of the church as formally delivered as in *Bellarmine* himſelf. "La "confeſſion (*ſays the preacher*) ne vaut rien ſi le cœur n'eſt re- "pentant; & ſi tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de noſtre "Seigneur, tu ne peus eſtre raccordé ſi non par trois choſes: "premierement par la confeſſion de bouche; ſecondement par "une contrition de cœur, tiercement par peine de cœur, & par "oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle eſt la droite voye d'aimer "Dieu. Or va & ſi te confeſſe en cette maniere & recois la "diſcipline des mains de tes confeſſeurs, car c'eſt le ſigne de "merite. — Or mande le roy ſes eveſques, dont grande partie "avoit en l'oſt, & vinrent tous en ſa chapelle. Le roy vint de- "vant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant ſon plein point de "menuës verges, ſi les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en ſoupirant, "qu'il's priſſent de luy vengeance, car je ſuis le plus vil pecheur, "*&c.* — Apres prinſt diſcipline & d'eux & moult doucement la "receut." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of *Don Quixote* and the *penance* of his ſquire, are both of them in the *ritual* of chivalry. Laſtly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himſelf, and diſturbance to the world, frequently ended his courſe, like *Charles* V. of *Spain*, in a monaſtery; or turn'd hermit, and became a ſaint in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between *Sancho* and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn *Saint* or *Archbiſhop*.

There

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As *firſt*, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade: *2dly*, The quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men: And *3dly*, The end in writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that *Clement* V. interdicted *Juſts* and *Torneaments*, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the Council of *Vienna*. "Torneamenta ipſa & Haſtiludia ſive Juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, ſpecialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed.* I. Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for *Tilts* and *Torneaments* into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn Juſts and Torneaments held at *Trebizonde*, *Bizance*, *Tripoly*, &c. Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was *Cervantes*'s Intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the *Turk*, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together, by Proclamation *.

But the chief reaſon, doubtleſs, of this mixture was the ſuperſtitious humour of the times, that made religion enter into all their ſports and amuſements: But no where in ſo monſtrous a manner, as in thoſe ancient dramatic repreſentations of our anceſtors, called the MYSTERIES; things much more diſtant from the true *Drama*, than theſe romances were from the *Epic*, as having another *brutal* State to paſs thro', called the MORALITIES, before they could acquire a *reaſonable* form. A ſhort account of theſe things will leave nothing wanting to give us an entire view of the literary amuſements of our barbarous anceſtors, and will ſhew us at the ſame time the uſe and importance of this incomparable Satire, in which are interſperſed ſo many artful precepts for the juſt *compoſition* both of the *Epic* and *Dramatic* poem.

The firſt form, in which the *Drama* appeared in the weſt of *Europe*, after the deſtruction of learned *GREECE* and *ROME*, and that a calm of dulneſs had finiſhed upon letters what the rage of barbariſm had begun, was that of the MYSTERIES. Theſe were the faſhionable and favourite diverſions of all ranks of people both in *France*, *Spain*, and *England*. In which laſt place, as we learn by *Stow*, they were in uſe about the time of *Richard* the Second and *Henry* the Fourth. As to *Italy*, by what I can find, the firſt rudiments of their ſtage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane ſubjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *Mimes* and *Attellanes:* By which means they got ſooner into the right road than

* *See* Part 2. l. 5. c. 1.

than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongſt them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to theſe *Myſteries*, they were, as their name ſpeaks them, a repreſentation of ſome ſcripture-ſtory, *to the life:* as may be ſeen from the following paſſage in an old *French* hiſtory, intitled *La Chronique de Metz compoſée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the ſurpriſing abſurdity of theſe monſtrous repreſentations. "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet "(*ſays the honeſt chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Paſſion de N. S. "en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un ſire appellée Seigneur "Nicolle Dom Neuſchaſtel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de "Metz, lequel fut preſque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté ſe- "courus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix "pour parfaire le Perſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & "le lendemain ledit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Reſurrection, "et fit très hautement ſon perſonage; et dura le dit Jeu — Et "autre Prêtre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui eſtoit "Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas; lequel fut preſque mort "en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, & fut bien hâtivement de- "pendu, & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer tres- "bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vou- "loient entrer et iſſer; et avoit deux groſs Culs d'Acier, &c." Another paſſage from one of our own countrymen will ſupply what is wanting for a thorough knowledge of the *manner* of theſe repreſentations. "The *Guary Miracle* (ſays *Carew* in "his *Survey of Cornwall*) in *Engliſh* a *Miracle-Play*, is a kind "of interlude compiled in *Corniſh* out of ſome Scripture-hiſtory. "For repreſenting it they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre in ſome "open field, having the diameter of his incloſed playne, ſome "40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all ſides many "miles off, to hear and ſee it. For they have therein Devils "and Devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The "Players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted "by one called the *Ordinary*, who followeth at their back with "the book in his hand, &c. &c. *" There was always a droll or buffoon in theſe *Myſteries*, to make the people mirth with his ſufferings or abſurdities: and they could think of no better to ſuſtain this part than the DEVIL himſelf. Even in the *Myſtery* of the *Paſſion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by *Shakeſpear* (who has frequent alluſions to theſe things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for *a little vinegar* (as a *property*) *to make their Devil roar*. For after the ſponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the Devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diverſion

* Page 71.

diverſion to the people. So that *vinegar*, in the old farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their devil. We have divers old *Engliſh* proverbs, in which the Devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly; which all aroſe from the part he bore in theſe *Myſteries*, as in that, for inſtance, of—— *Great cry and little wool, as the Devil ſaid when he ſheared his hogs.* For the ſheep-ſhearing of *Nabal* being repreſented in the *Myſtery* of *David* and *Abigail*, and the Devil always attending *Nabal*, was made to imitate it by *ſhearing a hog*. This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of the *ridiculous*, in the ancient *Mimes*, as we learn from theſe words of St. *AUSTIN: Ne faciamus ut Mimi ſolent, et optemus à Libero Aquam, à Lymphis Vinum* †.

Theſe *Myſteries*, we ſee, were given in *France* at firſt, as well as in *England*, *ſub dio*, and only in the *Provinces*. Afterwards we find them got into *Paris*, and a company eſtabliſhed in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to repreſent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of *FRANCIS* the firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the *Myſteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their intereſt for their abolition. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the *Procureur-General*, in the name of the king, preſented a *Requeſt* againſt the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old-Teſtament-Stories inclined the people to Judaiſm; That the New-Teſtament-Stories encouraged libertiniſm and infidelity; and that both of them leſſened the charities to the poor: It ſeems that this proſecution ſucceeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of *Paris* confirmed the company in the poſſeſſion of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the repreſentation of the *Myſteries*. But in *Spain*, we find by *Cervantes*, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongſt them: As appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he ſhews how the old extravagant *Romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *Epic* (which, he ſays, *tambien puede eſcriviſe en proſa como en verſo* ‡;) as the *Myſtery-Plays*, of artful *Comedy*. His words are *Pues que ſi venimos à las Comedias divinas, que de milagros falſos fingen en ellas, que de coſas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro*!* which made them ſo fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las Comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the *French* poets turned themſelves from *Religious* to *Moral* farces. And in this We ſoon followed them: The public taſte not ſuffering any greater alteration at firſt, tho' the *Italians* at this time afforded many juſt compoſitions

† Civ. D. l. 4. ‡ B. 4. c. 20. p. 325. * Ib. 21. p. 327.

tions for better models. Theſe farces they called MORALITIES. *Pierre Gringora*, one of their old poets, printed one of theſe *Moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obſtiné*. The perſons of the *drama* are *l'Homme Obſtiné*— *Pugnition Divine* — *Simonie* — *Hypocriſie* — and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obſtiné* is the atheiſt, and comes in blaſpheming, and determined to perſiſt in his courſes. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, ſitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheiſt with puniſhment. After this ſcene, *Simonie*, *Hypocriſie* and *Demerites-Communes* appear, and play their parts. In concluſion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their Crimes, and, in ſhort, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obſtiné*, who perſiſts in his impiety, and is deſtroyed for an example. To this ſad ſerious ſubject they added, tho' in a ſeparate repreſentation, a merry kind of farce called SOTTIE, in which there was *un Payſan* [the CLOWN] under the name of *Sot commun* [or FOOL.] But we, who borrowed all theſe delicacies from the *French*, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Payſan* or *Sot-Commun*, the CLOWN or FOOL, got a place in our ſerious *Moralities:* Whoſe buſineſs we may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our *Shakeſpear* makes to them: As in that fine ſpeech in the beginning of the third Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, where we have this obſcure paſſage,

> ——— *merely thou art* Death's Fool,
> *For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,*
> *And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill.*

For, in theſe *Moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*) is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a repreſentation of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together: And from ſuch circumſtances, in the genius of theſe our anceſtors publick diverſions, might ariſe the old proverb of *being merry and wiſe*. The very ſame thing is again alluded to in theſe lines of *Love's Labour Loſt*,

> *So* Portent-*like I would o'er-rule his State,*
> *That he ſhould be my* Fool, *and I his* Fate. Act iv. Sc. 2.

But the *French*, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the parents of *TRAGEDY* and *COMEDY*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot, in an evil hour, that mungrel ſpecies, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *TRAGI-COMEDY*.

THE

THE
LIFE *of the* AUTHOR,

Extracted from *Don Gregorio Mayans* and *Siſcar*'s LIFE of CERVANTES *.

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the inimitable author of DON QUIXOTE, was born in the year 1549, and moſt probably at *Madrid*; though other towns of *Spain*, as *Eſquivias*, *Seville*, and *Lucena*, have claim'd the honour of his birth. At leaſt, it is certain, he lived at *Madrid*, as appears from the following ſuperſcription of a pleaſant letter of *Apollo* to him: *To* Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, *in* Orchard-ſtreet, *fronting the palace belonging to the prince of* Morocco *in* Madrid: *poſtage half a real, I mean ſeventeen maravedis* ‖.

From his childhood, he was ſo fond of books, that he tells us † he was apt to take up the leaſt ſcrap of written or printed paper that lay in his way, though it were in the middle of the ſtreet. But he addicted himſelf chiefly to the reading of poetry and novels, as is evident from his own writings, and eſpecially from the curious and pleaſant ſcrutiny of *Don Quixote*'s library §.

Cervantes left *Spain* (but in what year is uncertain) and went into *Italy*; where he became chamberlain to cardinal *Acquaviva* at *Rome*; and afterwards follow'd the profeſſion of arms, under the famous commander *Marco Antonio Colonna* ‡. It is certain, from his own account of himſelf ⸸ that he was preſent at the great

* Prefix'd to the firſt edition of this tranſlation in *Quarto*.
‖ See his journey to *Parnaſſus*, chap. 8.
† *Don Quixote*, part 1, book 2, chap. 1.
§ Book 1, chap. 6.
‡ See the *dedication* of his *Galatea*.
⸸ *Preface* to the *Second Part* of *Don Quixote*.

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ſea-fight of *Lepanto* againſt the *Turks* in 1571; in which action he loſt his hand, or at leaſt the uſe of it, by a ſhot from the enemy. It appears likewiſe, that he was taken by the *Moors*, and carried to *Algiers*, where he continu'd under captivity five years and a half ‖. As to other circumſtances, collected from the *Novel* of the *Captive* §, which ſome have thought to be a relation of what befel *Cervantes* himſelf, they are too uncertain to be depended upon: beſides, that, if *Cervantes* had been an enſign or captain of foot, as he muſt have been if the adventures of the *Captive* were his own, he would moſt likely have honoured himſelf with one or other of thoſe titles, at leaſt in the frontiſpiece of his works; whereas he frequently ſpeaks of himſelf as having been no more than a common ſoldier.

After his releaſe, or eſcape, from captivity, and return to *Spain*, he applied himſelf to dramatic poetry, and wrote ſeveral *Plays*, both tragedies and comedies, particularly *The Humours of* Algiers, *Numantia*, and *The Sea-fight*; all of which were acted with great applauſe, both for the novelty of the pieces themſelves, and the decorations of the ſtage, which were entirely owing to the genius and good taſte of the author. It is certain, from the teſtimony of contemporary writers, that *Cervantes*, even before his captivity, was eſteem'd one of the moſt eminent poets of his time.

In 1584, he publiſh'd his *Galatea*, in ſix books. This is a *Paſtoral Novel*, interſpers'd with ſongs and verſes. It is particularly admired for its beautiful deſcriptions, and entertaining incidents, but eſpecially for the delicacy with which it treats of love-matters. The critics, indeed, find fault with his interweaving in his novel ſo many epiſodes, that they divert the reader's attention too much from the principal ſtory. They object likewiſe to the ſtile, as too affected, and different from the uſual forms of ſpeaking; tho' herein *Cervantes* imitated the antient books of knight-errantry. The fable of the *Galatea* is imperfect, the author having intended a

‖ *Preface* to his *Novels*.
§ *Don Quixote*, part 1. book 3. chap. 12. &c.

ſecond part: but this continuation, tho' often promis'd, was never publiſh'd *.

But the work, which did him the greateſt honour, was his DON QUIXOTE; the *firſt part* of which was printed at *Madrid*, in 1605, in *Quarto*. That it was partly, if not wholly written, during the author's impriſonment, he confeſſes in the *Preface*. This admirable performance was univerſally read and admired. It was ſoon tranſlated into almoſt every language of *Europe*. The moſt eminent painters, tapeſtry-weavers, engravers, and ſculptors, were employ'd in repreſenting the hiſtory of *Don Quixote*. The author had the honour to receive a very extraordinary proof of the royal approbation. For, as king *Philip* III. was ſtanding in a balcony of his palace at *Madrid*, and viewing the country, he obſerved a ſtudent on the banks of the river *Manzanares*, reading in a book, and from time to time breaking off, and knocking his forehead with the palm of his hand, with great tokens of pleaſure and delight: upon which the king ſaid to thoſe about him, *That ſcholar is either mad, or reading* Don Quixote. But, notwithſtanding the general applauſe given to *Cervantes*'s book, he had the fate of many other great genius's, to be neglected himſelf, not having intereſt enough at court to procure the ſmalleſt penſion, to keep him from extreme poverty, which muſt have been his lot, had it not been for the liberality of a few patrons of wit and learning, particularly the *Count de Lemos*, whoſe favour and protection he acknowledges in the *Preface* to the *ſecond part*.

The prodigious ſucceſs of this *firſt part* engaged *Cervantes* in writing a continuation of the hiſtory. But, before he could publiſh it, there came out, in 1614, a ſpurious *ſecond part* of *Don Quixote*, by an author, who call'd himſelf *The Licentiat* Alonzo Fernandes de Avellaneda, *a native of* Tordeſillas. This perſon appears to have been a writer of very low genius; and his performance was found to be ſo much inferior, both in contrivance and wit, to the true *Don Quixote*, that it preſently fell into the utmoſt contempt. *Cervantes* is ex-

* See the ſcrutiny of *Don Quixote*'s library.

tremely

tremely ſevere upon this author, in the *Preface* to his own *Second Part*, and in ſeveral paſſages of the work.

In 1613, he publiſhed, at *Madrid*, his *Exemplary Novels*, ſo called becauſe in each of them he propoſed ſome uſeful example, to be either imitated or avoided. They are twelve in number, and their titles are: *The little Gipſey*; *The Liberal Lover*; *Rinconete and Cortadillo*; *The Spaniſh-Engliſh Lady*; *The Glaſs Doctor*; *The Force of Blood*; *The Jealous Eſtremaduran*; *The illuſtrious Servant-maid*; *The two Maiden Ladies*; *The Lady Cornelia*; *The Deceitful Marriage*; *The Dialogue of the Dogs*. The Author boaſts in the *Preface*, that he was the firſt who compoſed *Novels* in the *Spaniſh* tongue, all before his time having been imitated or tranſlated out of foreign languages.

The year following, he publiſh'd a ſmall piece, intitled *A Journey to Parnaſſus*. At firſt view, it ſeems to be an encomium on the *Spaniſh* poets, but in reality is a ſatire on them, as *Cæſar Caporali*'s poem under the ſame title is on the *Italian* poets.

In 1615, came out the genuine *Second Part* of *Don Quixote*. This performance, contrary to the uſual fate of Second Parts, added freſh reputation to the author, and will ever be read by perſons of taſte with no leſs delight than the former.

The ſame year, *Cervantes* publiſh'd *Eight Plays* and as many *Interludes*. He was at this time ſo poor, that, not having money to print the book at his own expence, he ſold it to a bookſeller. The titles of the *Plays* are: *The Spaniſh Gallant*; *The Houſe of Jealouſy*; *The Bagnios of Algiers*; *The Fortunate Bully*; *The Grand Sultana*; *The Labyrinth of Love*; *The kept Miſtreſs*; *Peter the Miſchief-monger*. The titles of the *Interludes* are: *The Judge of the Divorces*; *The Ruffianly Widower*; *The Election of Mayor of Daganzo*; *The careful Guardian*; *The counterfeit Biſcainer*; *The Raree-Show of Wonders*; *The Cave of Salamanca*; *The Jealous Old Man*. The Firſt and Third of theſe *Interludes* are in verſe; the reſt in proſe. *Cervantes* reduced the length of Theatrical Entertainments from *five* to *three Acts*. His *Plays*, compared with thoſe more antient, are eſteem'd the beſt in the *Spaniſh* tongue, ex-

cepting only one or two celebrated ones, particularly *Celeſtina the Bawd*, the author of which is not known. *Cervantes* had laid aſide Play-writing for ſome time, when the famous *Lopez de Vega* appeared; who ſo far engroſs'd the attention and approbation of the public, that, when our author fell to writing again for the ſtage, the actors wou'd not receive his plays. He complains of this in the *Preface*, and promiſes his reader a new dramatic piece, he was then upon, intitled *The Deceit of Dealing by the Eye*, which he aſſures him cou'd not fail of pleaſing. But, whether this play was ever publiſh'd, we cannot ſay.

Our author's laſt performance was his *Perſiles* and *Sigiſmunda*. It is a romance of the grave ſort, written after the manner of *Heliodorus*'s *Ethiopics*, with which *Cervantes* ſays it dared to vie. It is in ſuch eſteem with the *Spaniards*, that they generally prefer it to *Don Quixote*; which can only be owing to their not being ſufficiently cured of their fondneſs for romance.

Cervantes fell ill of a dropſy, which proved fatal to him, and put an end to his life in 1616, but in what month, and on what day, is uncertain. He waited the approach of death with great ſerenity and chearfulneſs, and to the very laſt cou'd not forbear ſpeaking or writing ſome merry conceit or other, as they came into his head.

In the *Preface* to his *Novels*, he gives us this deſcription of his perſon, as proper to be put under his *Effigies*. "He whom thou ſeeſt here, with a ſharp aquiline vi-"ſage, brown cheſnut-coloured hair; his forehead ſmooth "and free from wrinkles; his eyes briſk and chearful; "his noſe ſomewhat hookiſh or rather hawkiſh, but "withal well-proportion'd; his beard ſilver-coloured, "which twenty years ago was gold; his muſtachios "large; his mouth little; his teeth neither ſmall nor big, "and of theſe he has but ſix, and thoſe in bad condition, "and worſe ranged, for they have no correſpondence one "with another; his body between two extremes, neither "large nor little; his complexion lively, rather fair than "ſwarthy; ſomewhat thick in the ſhoulders, and not "very light of foot: This, I ſay, is the Effigies of the "author of *Galatea* and *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, &c.

THE

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

*YOU may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wiſh this book, as the child of my brain, were the moſt beautiful, the moſt ſprightly, and the moſt ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not control the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like: and therefore what could my ſteril and uncultivated genius produce, but the hiſtory of a child, meagre, aduſt, and whimſical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before; like one you may ſuppoſe born in a priſon *, where every inconvenience keeps its reſidence, and every diſmal ſound its habitation? Whereas repoſe of body, a deſirable ſituation, unclouded ſkies, and, above all, a mind at eaſe, can make the moſt barren* Muſes *fruitful, and produce ſuch offſprings to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondneſs claps ſuch a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot ſee its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleaſantry, and recounts them to his friends for ſmartneſs and humour. But I, though I ſeem to be the father, being really but the ſtepfather of* Don Quixote, *will not go down with the ſtream of cuſtom, nor beſeech you, almoſt as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, deareſt reader, to pardon or diſſemble the faults you ſhall diſcover in this my child. You are neither his kinſman nor friend; you have your ſoul in your body, and your will as free as the braveſt of them all, and are as much lord and maſter of your own houſe, as the king of his ſubſidies, and know the common ſaying,* Under my cloke a fig for the king. *All which exempts*

* It is ſaid the author wrote this book in that unhappy ſituation.

and frees you from every regard and obligation: and therefore you may ſay of this hiſtory whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you ſhall ſay of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accuſtomed ſonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginnings of books. For, let me tell you, though it coſt me ſome pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to ſay: and once upon a time, being in deep ſuſpence, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I ſhould ſay, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleaſant gentleman, and of a very good underſtanding; who, ſeeing me ſo penſive, aſked me the cauſe of my muſing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I anſwered, that I was muſing on what preface I ſhould make to Don Quixote, *and that I was ſo much at a ſtand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publiſh the atchievements of that noble knight. For would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will ſay, when they ſee me, at the end of ſo many years, ſlept away in the ſilence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the ſtile flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; ſeeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are ſo full of ſentences of* Ariſtotle, *of* Plato, *and of all the tribe of philoſophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning, and eloquence? For, when they cite the holy ſcriptures, they paſs for ſo many St.* Thomas's, *and doctors of the church; obſerving herein a decorum ſo ingenious, that, in one line, they deſcribe a raving lover, and in another give you a little ſcrap of a chriſtian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote*

in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, *beginning with* Ariſtotle, *and ending at* Xenophon, Zoilus, *or* Zeuxis; *though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will alſo want ſonnets at the beginning, at leaſt ſuch ſonnets, whoſe authors are dukes, marquiſes, earls, biſhops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, ſhould I deſire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furniſh me, and with ſuch, as thoſe of greater reputation in our* Spain *could not equal. In ſhort, my dear friend, continued I, it is reſolved, that Signor* Don Quixote *remain buried in the records of* La Mancha, *'till heaven ſends ſomebody to ſupply him with ſuch ornaments as he wants; for I find myſelf incapable of helping him, through my own inſufficiency and want of learning; and becauſe I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to ſay what I can ſay as well without them. Hence proceeds the ſuſpence and thoughtfulneſs you found me in, ſufficiently occaſioned by what I have told you.*

My friend, at hearing this, ſtriking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and ſetting up a loud laugh, ſaid: Before god, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a miſtake I have been in ever ſince I knew you, ſtill taking you for a diſcrete and prudent perſon in all your actions: but now I ſee you are as far from being ſo, as heaven is from earth. For how is it poſſible, that things of ſuch little moment, and ſo eaſy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius ſo ripe as yours, and ſo made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not ſpring from want of ability, but from an exceſſive lazineſs, and penury of right reaſoning. Will you ſee whether what I ſay be true? Then liſten attentively, and you ſhall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that, you ſay, ſuſpend and deter you from introducing into the world the hiſtory of this your famous Don Quixote, *the light and mirrour of all knight-errantry.*

Say on, replied I, hearing what he ſaid to me: after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confuſion to clearneſs? To which he anſwered: The firſt thing you ſeem to ſtick at, concerning the ſonnets, epigrams, and elogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and ſhould be the work of grave perſonages, and people of quality, may be remedied by taking ſome pains yourſelf to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you pleaſe, fathering them on Preſter John *of the* Indies, *or on the emperor of* Trapiſonda; *of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not ſuch, and though ſome pedants and bachelors ſhould backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they ſhould convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand * that wrote it.*

As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the ſentences and ſayings you have interſperſed in your hiſtory, there is no more to do but to contrive it ſo, that ſome ſentences and phraſes may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at leaſt which will coſt you very little trouble to find. As for example; treating of liberty and ſlavery, Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro. *And then in the margin cite* Horace, *or whoever ſaid it. If you are treating of the power of death, preſently you have,* Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres †. *If of friendſhip and loving our enemies, as god enjoins, go to the holy ſcripture, if you have never ſo little curioſity, and ſet down god's own words,* Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos veſtros. *If you are ſpeaking of evil thoughts, bring in the goſpel again,* De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ. *On the inſtability of friends,* Cato *will lend you his diſtich,* Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris. *And ſo, with theſe ſcraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no ſmall honour and advantage in theſe days. As to clapping anno-*

* He loſt one hand in the ſea-fight at *Lepanto* againſt the *Turks*.

† This and the following period are omitted in *Shelton*'s tranſlation.

tations

tations at the end of the book, you may do it ſafely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, ſee that it be the giant Goliah; *and with this alone (which will coſt almoſt nothing) you have a grand annotation; for you may put: The giant* Golias *or* Goliat, *was a* Philiſtine, *whom the ſhepherd* David *ſlew with a great blow of a ſtone from a ſling, in the valley of* Terebinthus, *as it is related in the book of* Kings, *in the chapter wherein you ſhall find it.*

Then, to ſhew yourſelf a great humaniſt, and skilful in coſmography, let the river Tagus *be introduced into the hiſtory, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: The river* Tagus *was ſo called from a certain king of* Spain: *it has its ſource in ſuch a place, and is ſwallowed up in the ocean, firſt kiſſing the walls of the famous city of* Liſbon: *and ſome are of opinion, its ſands are of gold,* &c. *If you have occaſion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the ſtory of* Cacus, *for I have it by heart. If you write of courtezans, there is the biſhop of* Mondonedo *will lend you a* Lamia, Lais, *and* Flora, *and this annotation muſt needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women,* Ovid *will bring you acquainted with* Medea. *If enchanters and witches are your ſubject;* Homer *has a* Calypſo, *and* Virgil *a* Circe. *If you would give us a hiſtory of valiant commanders;* Julius Cæſar *gives you himſelf in his commentaries, and* Plutarch *will furniſh you with a thouſand* Alexanders. *If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the* Tuſcan *tongue, you will light on* Leon Hebreo, *who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to viſit foreign parts, you have at home* Fonſeca, Of the love of god, *where he deſcribes all that you, or the moſt ingenious perſons, can imagine upon that fruitful ſubject. In fine, there is no more to be done but naming theſe names, or hinting theſe ſtories in your book, and let me alone to ſettle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.*

We come now to the catalogue of authors, ſet down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very eaſy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book

that

that has them all, from A *down to* Z, *as you ſay, and then tranſcribe that very alphabet into your work; and ſuppoſe the falſhood be ever ſo apparent from the little need you have to make uſe of them, it ſignifies nothing; and perhaps ſome will be ſo fooliſh as to believe you had occaſion for them all in your ſimple and ſincere hiſtory. But, though it ſerved for nothing elſe, that long catalogue of authors will however, at the firſt bluſh, give ſome authority to the book. And who will go about to diſprove, whether you followed them or no, ſeeing they can get nothing by it?*

After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of theſe ornaments, you ſay it wants; for it is only an invective againſt the books of chivalry, which ſort of books Ariſtotle *never dreamed of, Saint* Baſil *never mentioned, nor* Cicero *once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciſeneſs of truth; nor do the obſervations of aſtronomy come within its ſphere: nor have the dimenſions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture, which no chriſtian judgment ſhould meddle with. All it has to do, is, to copy Nature: Imitation is the buſineſs, and how much the more perfect that is, ſo much the better what is written will be. And ſince this writing of yours aims at no more than to deſtroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no buſineſs to go begging ſentences of philoſophers, paſſages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of ſaints; but only to endeavour, with plainneſs, and in ſignificant, decent, and well ordered words, to give your periods a pleaſing and harmonious turn, expreſſing the deſign in all you advance, and as much as poſſible making your conceptions clearly underſtood, without being intricate or obſcure. Endeavour alſo, that, by reading your hiſtory, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humour be heightned, and the ſimple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wiſe for-*

bear

bear commending it. In concluſion, carry your aim ſteady to overthrow that ill compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a conſiderable one.

I liſtened with great ſilence to what my friend ſaid to me, and his words made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon me, that I approved them without diſputing, and out of them choſe to compoſe this preface, wherein, ſweet reader, you will diſcern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding ſuch a counſellor at ſuch a pinch, and your own eaſe in receiving, in ſo ſincere and unoſtentatious a manner, the hiſtory of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; *of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the diſtrict of the field of* Montiel, *that he was the chaſteſt lover, and the moſt valiant knight, that has been ſeen in thoſe parts for many years. I will not enhance the ſervice I do you in bringing you acquainted with ſo notable and ſo worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of ſome ſmall acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous* Sancho Pança, *his ſquire, in whom I think I have decyphered all the ſquire-like graces, that are ſcattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And ſo, god give you health, not forgetting me. Farewel.*

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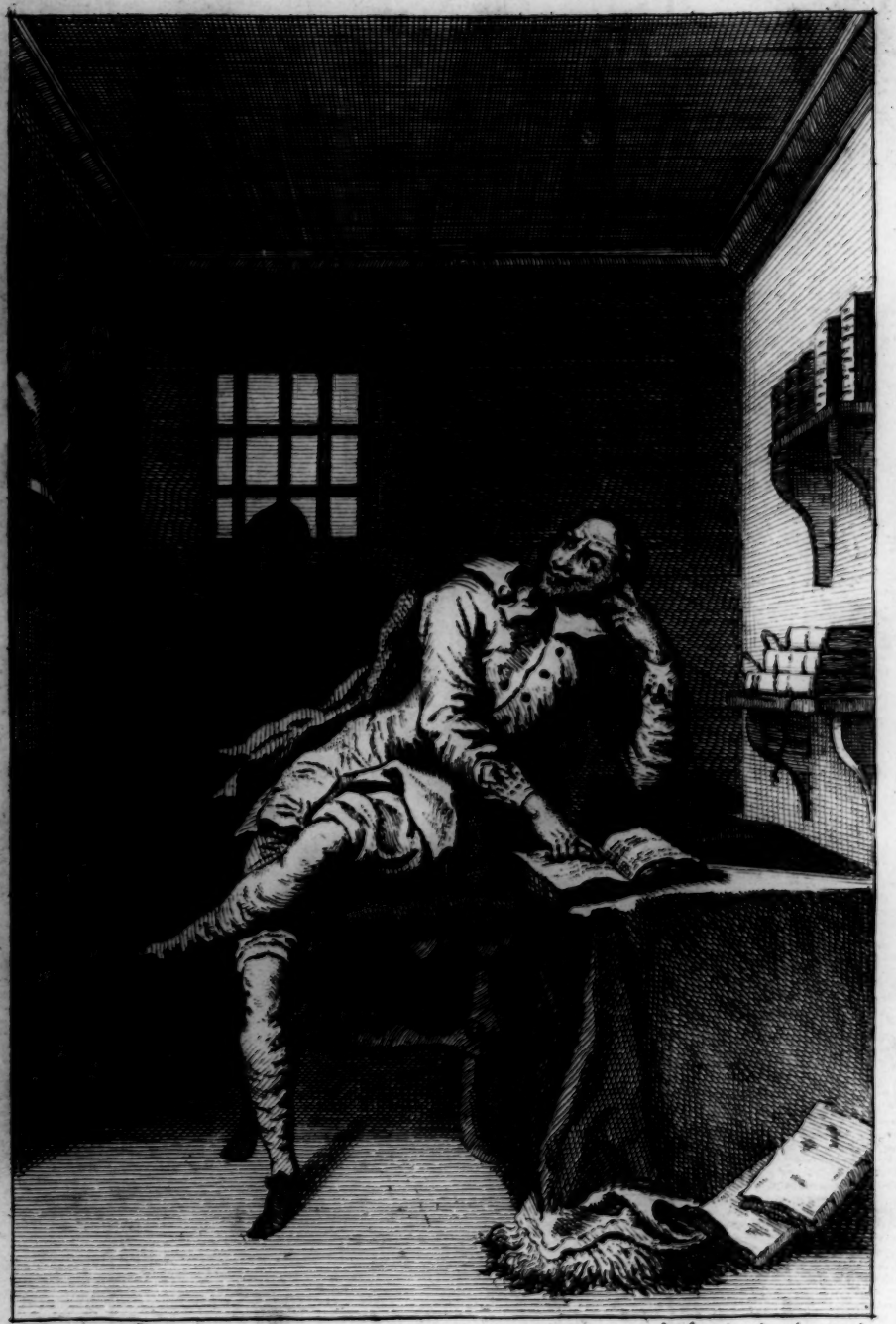
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THE LIFE *and* EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious gentleman

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Which treats of the quality and manner of life of the renown'd gentleman DON QUIXOTE de la Mancha.

IN a village of *La Mancha* [1], the name of which I purpoſely omit, there lived not long ago one of thoſe gentlemen, who uſually keep a launce upon a rack, an old target, a lean horſe, and a greyhound for courſing. A diſh of boiled meat conſiſting of ſomewhat more beef than mutton [2], the fragments ſerved up cold on moſt nights, an amlet [3] on *Saturdays*, lentils on *Fridays*, and a ſmall pigeon by way

1 A ſmall territory, partly in the kingdom of *Arragon*, and partly in *Caſtile*——

2 Beef being cheaper in *Spain* than mutton.

3 The original is *duelos y quebrantos*, literally *griefs and groans*. It is a cant-

way of addition on *Sundays*, consumed three fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a fourtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own homespun cloth. His family consisted of an house-keeper [4] somewhat above forty, a neice not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman border'd upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said his sirname was *Quixada*, or *Quesada* (for in this there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject) tho' by probable conjectures it may be gather'd that he was called *Quixana* [5]. But this is of little importance to our story: let it suffice that in relating it, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous *Feliciano de Silva:* for the glaringness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seem'd to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches, and challenges, wherein in several places he found written: *The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of your beauty:* and also when he read; *The high heavens that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness.* With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than *Aristotle* himself could do, were he

cant-phrase for some fasting-day-dish in use in *La Mancha*. Some say, it signifies *brains fry'd with eggs*, which the church allows in poor countries in defect of fish. Others have guess'd it to mean some windy kind of diet, as peas, herbs, *&c.* which are apt to occasion cholicks; as if one shou'd say, *greens and gripes on Saturdays.* As it is not easy to settle its true meaning, the translator has substituted an equivalent dish better known to the *English* Reader.

4 The old translators will have the *Don*'s house-keeper to be an old woman, tho' it is plain she is but little more than forty; and the original word *Ama* signifies only an upper woman-servant, or one who is *mistress* over the rest.

5 A derivation from the *Spanish* word *Quixas*, which signifies *lanthorn-jaws*.

to

to riſe again from the dead for that purpoſe alone. He had ſome doubts as to the dreadful wounds, which *Don Belianis* gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithſtanding the moſt expert ſurgeons had cured him, his face and whole body muſt ſtill be full of ſeams and ſcars. Nevertheleſs he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promiſe of that unfiniſhable adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finiſh it himſelf, preciſely as it is there promis'd: which he had certainly performed, and ſucceſsfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.

He had frequent diſputes with the prieſt [6] of his village (who was a learned perſon, and had taken his degrees in *Ciguenza*) which of the two was the better knight, *Palmerin* of *England* [7], or *Amadis de Gaul*. But maſter *Nicholas*, barber-ſurgeon of the ſame town, affirm'd, that none ever came up to the knight of the ſun; and that if any one could be compared to him, it was *Don Galaor* brother of *Amadis de Gaul*; for he was of a diſpoſition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor ſuch a whimperer as his brother; and as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In ſhort he ſo bewilder'd himſelf in this kind of ſtudy, that he paſs'd the nights in reading from ſun-ſet to ſun-riſe, and the days from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet: and thus, thro' little ſleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in ſuch a manner, that he came at laſt to loſe his wits. His Imagination was full of all that he read in his books, to wit, enchantments, battles, ſingle combats, challenges, wounds, courtſhips, amours, tempeſts, and impoſſible abſurdities. And ſo firmly was he perſuaded, that the whole ſyſtem of chimeras he read of was true, that he thought no hiſtory in the world was more to be depended upon. The *Cid Ruydiaz* [8], he was wont to ſay, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning-ſword, who with a ſingle back-ſtroke cleft aſunder two fierce and monſtrous giants. He was better pleaſed with *Bernardo del Carpio* for putting *Orlando* the enchanted to death in *Roncevalles*, by means of the ſame ſtratagem which *Hercules* uſed, when he ſuffocated *Anteus*, Son of the earth, by ſqueezing him between his arms. He ſpoke mighty well of the giant *Morgante*; for, tho' he was of that monſtrous brood who are always proud and inſolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But, above all, he was charm'd

6 *El cura*. The rector or pariſh-prieſt.

7 *England* ſeems to have been often made the ſcene of chivalry; for, beſides this *Palmerin*, we find *Don Florando* of *England*, and ſome others, not to mention *Amadis*'s miſtreſs the princeſs *Oriana* of *England*.

8 A famous *Spaniſh* commander, concerning whom many fables paſs among the vulgar.

with *Reynaldo de Montalvan*, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met [9]; and when abroad he seized that image of *Mahomet*, which was all of massive gold, as his history records. He would have given his house-keeper, and neice to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomly kicking the traitor *Galalon* [1].

In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever enter'd into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the publick good, that he shou'd commence knight-errant, and wander thro' the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knights-errant; redressing all kind of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprizes he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crown'd emperor of *Trapisonda* by the valour of his arm: And thus wrapt up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he hasten'd to put in execution what he so much desired.

And the first thing he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. These he clean'd and furbish'd up the best he could: but he perceived they had one grand defect, which was, that, instead of a helmet, they had only a simple morrion or steel-cap: but he dextrously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of paste-board, which being fix'd to the headpiece gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true, indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and, giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and, without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approv'd and look'd upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and tho' his bones stuck out like the corners of a real [2], and he had more

9 Here *Don Quixote*, in the hurry of his imaginations, confounds right and wrong, making his hero a common robber; whereas upon cooler thoughts he shou'd have long'd to have been upon his bones, as he does upon *Galalon* in the same breath: but perhaps *Reynaldo*'s catholic zeal against *Mahomet* atoned for such unknightly practice.

1 Who betray'd the *French* army at *Roncesvalles*.

2 A ludicrous Image drawn from the irregular figure of the *Spanish* money, to express the jutting bones of a lean beast.

faults

faults than *Gonela*'s horſe, which *tantum pellis & oſſa fuit*, he fancied that neither *Alexander*'s *Bucephalus*, nor *Cyd*'s *Babieca*, was equal to him. Four days was he conſidering what name to give him: for (as he ſaid within himſelf) it was not fit that a horſe ſo good, and appertaining to a knight ſo famous, ſhould be without ſome name of eminence; and therefore he ſtudied to accommodate him with one, which ſhou'd expreſs what he had been before he belong'd to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it ſeem'd highly reaſonable, if his maſter changed his ſtate, he likewiſe ſhould change his name, and acquire one famous and high ſounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life he now profeſſed. And ſo, after ſundry names deviſed and rejected, liked and diſliked again, he concluded at laſt to call him *Rozinante* [3]; a name, in his opinion, lofty and ſonorous, and at the ſame time expreſſive of what he had been when he was but a common ſteed, and before he had acquired his preſent ſuperiority over all the ſteeds in the world.

Having given his horſe a name ſo much to his ſatisfaction, he reſolved to give himſelf one. This conſideration took him up eight days more, and at length he determin'd to call himſelf *Don Quixote:* from whence, as is ſaid, the Authors of this moſt true Hiſtory conclude, that his name was certainly *Quixada*, and not *Queſada*, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous *Amadis*, not content with the ſimple appellation of *Amadis*, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and ſtyled himſelf *Amadis de Gaul*; ſo he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himſelf *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; whereby, in his opinion, he ſet forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his ſirname from thence.

And now, his armour being furbiſh'd up, the morrion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his ſteed and himſelf new-named, he perſuaded himſelf that he wanted nothing but to make choice of ſome lady to be in love with: for a knight-errant without a miſtreſs was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a ſoul. If, ſaid he, for the puniſhment of my ſins, or thro' my good-fortune, I ſhould chance to meet ſome giant, as is uſual with knights-errant, and ſhou'd overthrow him in fight, or cleave him aſunder, or in fine vanquiſh and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have ſome lady to ſend him to as a preſent; that, when he comes before her, he may kneel to her ſweet ladyſhip, and, with humble and ſub-

3 From *Rozin*, a common drudge-horſe, and *ante*, before; as *Alexander*'s *Bucephalus* from his bull-head, and the knight of the ſun's *Corneiro* from a horn in his forehead.

miſſive tone, accoſt her thus: 'Madam, I am the Giant *Ca-*
'*raculiambro*, lord of the iſland *Malindrania*, whom the
'never-enough to be prais'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has
'overcome in ſingle combat, and has commanded to preſent
'myſelf before your ladyſhip, that your grandeur may diſpoſe
'of me as you think proper.' Oh! how did our good gentle-man exult, when he had made this harangue, and eſpecially when he had found out a perſon, on whom to confer the title of his miſtreſs; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country laſs, with whom he had formerly been in love; tho' as it is ſuppoſed, ſhe never knew it, nor troubled herſelf about it. Her name was *Aldonza Lorenzo*; and her he pitch'd upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then caſting about for a name, which ſhou'd have ſome affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princeſs, he reſolved to call her *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, (for ſhe was born at that place:) a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon, and ſignificant, like the reſt he had deviſed for himſelf, and for all that belong'd to him.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the firſt ſally the ingenious Don Quixote *made from his Village.*

NOW theſe diſpoſitions being made, he would no longer defer putting his deſign in execution; being the more ſtrongly excited thereto by the miſchief he thought his delay occaſioned in the world; ſuch and ſo many were the grievances he propoſed to redreſs, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuſes to reform, and the debts to diſcharge. And therefore, without making any one privy to his deſign, or being ſeen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hotteſt of the month of *July*) he arm'd himſelf *cap-a-pee*, mounted *Rozinante*, adjuſted his ill-compoſed beaver, braced on his target [4], graſp'd his launce, and iſſued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greateſt ſatisfaction and joy, to find with how much eaſe he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprize. But ſcarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought aſſaulted him, and ſuch as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubb'd a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought, to enter the liſts againſt any knight: and tho' he had been dubb'd, ſtill he muſt wear

[4] The target or buckler was ſlung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

white

white armour, as a new knight, without any device on his ſhield, till he had acquir'd one by his proweſs. Theſe reflexions ſtagger'd his reſolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reaſon whatever, he purpoſed to get himſelf knighted by the firſt perſon he ſhou'd meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occaſion'd his madneſs. As to the white armour, he propoſed to ſcour his own, the firſt opportunity, in ſuch ſort that it ſhould be whiter than ermin: and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horſe pleaſed to take; believing that therein conſiſted the life and ſpirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogg'd on, talking to himſelf, and ſaying: Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful hiſtory of my famous exploits ſhall come to light, the ſage, who writes them, when he gives a relation of this my firſt ſally, ſo early in the morning, will do it in words like theſe: *Scarce had ruddy* Phœbus *ſpread the golden treſſes of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and ſpatious earth; and ſcarce had the painted birds, with the ſweet and melliſluous harmony of their forked tongues, ſaluted the approach of roſy* Aurora, *when, quitting the ſoft couch of her jealous huſband, ſhe diſcloſed herſelf to mortals thro' the gates and balconies of the* Manchegan *horizon* [5]; *when the renowned* Don Quixote de la Mancha, *abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courſer* Rozinante, *and began to travel thro' the ancient and noted field of* Montiel [6]; (and true it is, that was the very field;) and paſſing along it, he continued ſaying; Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits ſhall come to light, worthy to be engraved in braſs, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all poſterity! O thou ſage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whoſe lot it ſhall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful hiſtory, I beſeech thee not to forget my good *Rozinante*, the inſeparable companion of all my travels and excurſions. Then on a ſudden, as one really enamour'd, he went on, ſaying; O

5 A ridicule on the like affected deſcriptions, ſo common in romances; ſuch as that in the *Hiſtory of* Don Polindo *ſon to the king of* Numidia, *ch.* 1. '*Quando* ' *in aquel tiempo*, &c. In that ſeaſon, when the beauteous *Latona* moſt ſwel-' leth her bending horns, and her gilded ball beſtoweth brightneſs on the ' darkeſt night: And when *Apollo*, father of the unfortunate *Phaeton*, making ' the circle of the heavens, and reſting in *Gemini*, warmeth human nature, ' and beautifieth the flowery meads, adorning the open fields and ſhady groves ' with odoriferous purple flowers, whoſe diverſity rendereth their ſight more ' charming to mankind, &c.

6 A proper field to inſpire courage, being the ground upon which *Henry* the baſtard ſlew his legitimate brother *Don Pedro*, whom our brave *Black Prince Edward* had ſet upon the throne of *Spain*.

princeſs *Dulcinea!* miſtreſs of this captive heart, great injury haſt thou done me in diſcarding and diſgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the preſence of thy beauty. Vouchſafe, lady, to remember this thine inthralled heart, that endures ſo many afflictions for love of thee.

Thus he went on, ſtringing one extravagance upon another, in the ſtyle his books had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phraſe. He travelled on ſo leiſurely, and the ſun advanced ſo faſt, and with ſuch intenſe heat, that it was ſufficient to have melted his brains, if he had had any. He travell'd almoſt that whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which diſhearten'd him much; for he wanted immediately to have encounter'd ſomebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors ſay, his firſt adventure was that of the ſtraits of *Lapice*; others pretend, it was that of the windmills. But what I have been able to diſcover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of *La Mancha*, is, that he travelled all that day, and, toward the fall of night, his horſe and he found themſelves tired, and almoſt dead with hunger; and looking round about to ſee if he could diſcover ſome caſtle, or ſhepherd's cottage, to which he might retire, and relieve his extreme neceſſity, he perceived not far from the road an inn; which was as if he had ſeen a ſtar directing him to the porticos, or palaces, of his redemption [7]. He made all the haſte he could, and came up to it juſt as the day ſhut in. There chanced to ſtand at the door two young women, *ladies of pleaſure* as they are called, who were going to *Sevil* with certain carriers, who happen'd to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And as whatever our adventurer thought, ſaw, or imagined, ſeem'd to him to be done and tranſacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at ſight of the inn, he fancied it to be a caſtle, with four turrets and battlements of refulgent ſilver, together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances, with which ſuch caſtles are uſually deſcribed. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a caſtle, at ſome little diſtance from it, he check'd *Rozinante* by the bridle, expecting ſome dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice, by ſound of trumpet, of the arrival of a knight at the caſtle. But finding they delay'd, and that *Rozinante* preſs'd to get to the ſtable, he drew near to the inn door, and ſaw there

7 This compariſon of *Don Quixote's* joy, at the ſight of the inn, to that of the wiſe men, conducted to the like place by a ſtar, is in alluſion to thoſe pictures in popiſh churches, wherein the wiſe men, the ſtar, and the child Jeſus in the manger, are repreſented under ſome magnificent piece of architecture, with grand porticos, pillars, &c. and the good company, together with the ox and the aſs, for dignity's ſake, moſt ſumptuouſly lodg'd.

the

the two ſtrolling wenches, who ſeem'd to him to be two beautiful damſels, or graceful ladies, who were taking their pleaſure at the caſtle-gate.

It happen'd that a ſwineherd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, ſo they are call'd [8]) from the ſtubble field, winding his horn, at which ſignal they are wont to aſſemble; and at that inſtant *Don Quixote*'s imagination repreſented to him what he wiſh'd, namely, that ſome dwarf gave the ſignal of his arrival; and therefore, with wond'rous content, he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who, perceiving a man armed in that manner with launce and buckler, were frighted, and began to run into the houſe. But *Don Quixote*, gueſſing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his paſte-board vizor, and diſcovering his wither'd and duſty viſage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice, thus accoſted them: Fly not, ladies, nor fear any diſcourteſy; for the order of knighthood, which I profeſs, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much leſs to virgins of ſuch high rank as your preſence denotes. The wenches ſtared at him, and with all the eyes they had were looking to find his face, which the ſcurvy beaver almoſt covered. But when they heard themſelves ſtyled *virgins*, a thing ſo out of the way of their profeſſion, they could not contain their laughter, and that in ſo violent a manner, that *Don Quixote* began to grow angry, and ſaid to them: Modeſty well becomes the fair, and nothing is ſo fooliſh as exceſſive laughter proceeding from a ſlight occaſion: but I do not ſay this to diſoblige you, or to cauſe you to diſcover any ill diſpoſition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you ſervice. This language, which they did not underſtand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increaſed their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther, had not the inn-keeper come out at that inſtant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable) who, beholding ſuch an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were ſo ill ſorted, as were the bridle, launce, buckler and corſelet, cou'd ſcarce forbear keeping the damſels company in the demonſtrations of their mirth. But, being in ſome fear of a pageant equipp'd in ſo warlike a manner, he reſolv'd to ſpeak him fair, and therefore accoſted him thus: If your worſhip, Signor Cavalier, is in queſt of a lodging, bating a bed, (for in this inn there is none to be had) every thing elſe will be found here in great abundance. *Don Quixote*, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortreſs (for ſuch to him appeared the innkeeper

8 Our author here ridicules the affected delicacy of the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word *hog* or *ſwine*, as too groſs an image.

and

and the inn) answered; Any thing will serve me, Signor *Castellano*, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose. The host thought he called him *Castellano* because he took him for an honest *Castilian* [9], whereas he was an *Andalusian*, and of the coast of *Saint Lucar*, as arrant a thief as *Cacus*, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he reply'd: If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep the being always awake; and since it is so, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night. And so saying, he went and held *Don Quixote*'s stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broke his fast all that day. He presently requested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever eat bread in the world. The innkeeper view'd him, but did not think him so good as *Don Quixote* represented him to be, no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he return'd to see what his guest would be pleas'd to order; whom the damsels were unarming (for they were already reconciled to him) and tho' they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remain'd all that night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality, and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gaiety: *Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies, as was* Don Quixote, *after his departure from his village: damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed* [1]. O *Rozinante!* for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is my own; for tho' I was not willing to discover myself, 'till the exploits done for your service and benefit should discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of Sir *Lancelot* to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season: but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accustom'd to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat

9 *Castellano* in *Spanish* signifies both a *governor of a castle*, and a *native of* Castile.

1 In imitation of an old ballad, mention'd in book 2. ch. 5.

any

any thing. With all my heart, answered *Don Quixote*; any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happen'd to be *Friday*, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in *Castile* they call *Abadexo*, in *Andalusia Bacallao*, in some parts *Curadillo*, and in others *Truchuela* [2]. They asked him, whether he would be pleased to eat some *Truchuelas*, for they had no other fish to offer him. So there be many *troutlings*, answered *Don Quixote*, they may serve me instead of one *trout*; for I would as willingly be paid eight single reals, as one real of eight: and the rather, because perhaps these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But, be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the belly well. They laid the cloth at the door of the inn for the sake of the fresh breeze; and the landlord brought him some of the ill-water'd and worse-boil'd *Bacallao*, and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour: but it was matter of great laughter to see him eat; for, having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his own hands, but somebody must do it for him; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office. But to give him to drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other: and all this he suffer'd patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

In the mean time there came to the inn a sow-gelder, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times; which entirely confirmed *Don Quixote* in the thought, that he was in some famous castle, that they serv'd him with music, and that the poor jack was trouts, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken, and his sally attended with success. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubb'd a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, 'till he had first receiv'd the order of knighthood.

CHAP. III.

In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote *took to be dubb'd a knight.*

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he call'd the landlord, and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, he

2 The same which we call *Poor John*, or *little Trouts*.

fell

fell upon his knees before him, and ſaid: *I* will never riſe from this place, valorous knight, 'till your courteſy vouchſafes me a boon I mean to beg of you; which will redound to your own honour, and to the benefit of human kind. The hoſt, ſeeing his gueſt at his feet, and hearing ſuch expreſſions, ſtood confounded, gazing at him, and not knowing what to do or ſay: he then ſtrove to raiſe him from the ground, but in vain, 'till he had promiſed to grant him the boon he requeſted [3]. I expected no leſs, Sir, from your great magnificence, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore know, that the boon I wou'd requeſt, and has been vouchſafed me by your liberality, is, that you ſhall to-morrow morning dub me a knight; and this night in the chapel of your caſtle I will watch my armour [4]: and to-morrow, as I have ſaid, what I ſo earneſtly deſire ſhall be accompliſhed; that I may be duly qualified to wander thro' the four quarters of the world, in queſt of adventures, for the relief of the diſtreſſed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whoſe hearts, like mine, are ſtrongly bent on ſuch atchievements.

The hoſt, who (as we have ſaid) was an arch fellow, and had already entertained ſome ſuſpicions of the madneſs of his gueſt, was now, at hearing ſuch expreſſions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have ſomething to make ſport with that night, he reſolved to keep up the humour; and ſaid to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he deſired and requeſted; and that ſuch atchievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of ſuch prime quality as he ſeemed to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonſtrate: that he himſelf, in the days of his youth, had betaken himſelf to that honourable employ, wandering thro' divers parts of the world in ſearch of adventures, not omitting to viſit [5] the ſuburbs of *Malaga*, the iſles of *Riaran*, the compaſs of *Sevil*, the aqueduct-market of *Segovia*, the olive-yard of *Valencia*, the *Rondilla* of *Granada*, the *Coaſt* of *Saint Lucar*, the fountain of *Cordoua* [6], the hedge-taverns of *Toledo*, and ſundry other parts, where he had exerciſed the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing ſundry wrongs, ſolliciting ſundry widows, undoing ſome damſels, and bubbling ſeveral young heirs [7]; in fine, making himſelf

3. In the old romances, it is uſual for ſome cavalier or damſel upon her palfry to come to a knight, and beg ſome boon at his hands, which the knight is obliged by his rules to grant, unleſs it be diſhoneſt or diſhonourable.

4 On the eve of a holiday the *Romaniſts* perform certain ceremonies of devotion, *&c.* and wake over the body of a deceaſed perſon. Hence our country wakes, *&c.*

5 Names of certain infamous places in *Spain.*

6 Near which was the whipping-poſt.

7 Theſe expreſſions ſeeming a little too ſtrong and open in the original, the tranſlator

ſelf known to moſt of the tribunals and courts of judicature in *Spain:* and that at laſt he had retired to this caſtle, where he lived upon his own means and other peoples, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might ſhare their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no chapel in his caſtle, in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pull'd down in order to be rebuilt:) however, in caſes of neceſſity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleaſed, and that he might do it that night in a court of the caſtle; and the next day, if it pleaſed God, the requiſite ceremonies ſhould be performed, in ſuch manner that he ſhould be dubb'd a knight, and ſo effectually knighted, that no one in the world could be more ſo. He aſked him alſo, whether he had any money about him? *Don Quixote* replied, he had not a farthing, having never read in the hiſtories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the hoſt replied, he was under a miſtake; for, ſuppoſing it was not mention'd in the ſtory, the authors thinking it ſuperfluous to ſpecify a thing ſo plain, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary to be carried, as money and clean ſhirts, it was not therefore to be infer'd, that they had none: and therefore he might be aſſured, that all the knights-errant (of whoſe actions there are ſuch authentic hiſtories) did carry their purſes well lined for whatever might befall them, and that they carried alſo ſhirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, becauſe there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deſerts where they fought, unleſs they had ſome ſage enchanter for their friend, to aſſiſt them immediately, bringing ſome damſel or dwarf in a cloud thro' the air, with a viol of water of ſuch virtue, that, in taſting a drop of it, they ſhou'd inſtantly become as ſound and whole of their bruiſes and wounds, as if they had never been hurt: but that, ſo long as they wanted

tranſlator was inclined to have qualified them in the verſion; but upon reading *Don Belianis of Greece* (part 2. ch. 3.) he found *Don Brianel,* who was travelling to *Antioch* on the princeſs *Aurora*'s errand, and lodged in a houſe of good repute; the landlord of which *Palineé* had been trained up to chivalry. This hoſt offers his ſervice to wait upon *Don Brianel,* and, wanting a cloke, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloke behind him. *Don Brianel* approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it ſo cleverly, he believed it was not his firſt exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice ſuch pieces of dexterity. In alluſion to this approved ſtroke of knight-errantry, *Don Quixote*'s hoſt brags of divers wonders he had performed this way; and this was a ſtrong precedent, nor cou'd our knight object to any example fetch'd from his favourite *Don Belianis*'s approved hiſtory. So that this paſſage in *Cervantes,* which has been thought very faulty, appears from hence to be not only excuſable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpoſe of expoſing thoſe authors and their numberleſs abſurdities.

this

this advantage, the knights-errant of times paſt never failed to have their ſquires provided with money, and other neceſſary things, ſuch as lint and ſalves, to cure themſelves with; and when it happened, that the ſaid knights had no ſquires (which fell out very rarely) they carried all theſe things behind them upon their horſes, in a very ſmall wallet hardly viſible, as if it were ſomething of greater importance; for were it not upon ſuch an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant: therefore he adviſed him, tho' he might command him as his godſon (which he was to be very ſoon) that from thenceforward he ſhould not travel without money, and without the aforeſaid precautions; and he would find how uſeful they would be to him, when he leaſt expected it. *Don Quixote* promiſed to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was preſently given for performing the watch of the armour, in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and *Don Quixote*, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a ciſtern that ſtood cloſe to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and graſping his launce, with a ſolemn pace he began to walk backward and forward before the ciſtern, beginning his parade juſt as the day ſhut in.

The hoſt acquainted all that were in the inn with the phrenzy of his gueſt, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at ſo odd a kind of madneſs, and went out to obſerve him at a diſtance; and they perceiv'd, that, with a compoſed air, he ſometimes continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his launce, he looked wiſtfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon ſhone with ſuch a luſtre as might almoſt vie with his who lent it; ſo that whatever our new knight did was diſtinctly ſeen by all the ſpectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inn'd there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was neceſſary firſt to remove *Don Quixote*'s armour from off the ciſtern; who, ſeeing him approach, call'd to him with a loud voice: Ho, there, whoever thou art, raſh knight, that approacheſt to touch the arms of the moſt valorous adventurer that ever girded ſword, take heed what thou doeſt, and touch them not, unleſs thou wou'dſt leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity. The carrier troubled not his head with theſe ſpeeches (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have ſaved his carcaſe) but, inſtead of that, taking hold of the ſtraps, he toſſed the armour a good diſtance from him; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as it ſeem'd) on his miſtreſs *Dulcinea*, he ſaid: Aſſiſt me, dear lady, in this firſt affront offer'd to this breaſt enthrall'd to thee;

let

let not thy favour and protection fail me in this firſt moment of danger [8]. And uttering theſe and the like ejaculations, he let ſlip his target, and, lifting up his launce with both hands, gave the carrier ſuch a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground, in ſuch piteous plight, that, had he ſeconded his blow, there would have been no need of a ſurgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the ſame gravity as at firſt.

Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened (for ſtill the firſt lay ſtunn'd) came out with the ſame intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the ciſtern by removing the armour, *Don Quixote*, without ſpeaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let ſlip his target, and, lifting up his launce, broke the ſecond carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noiſe, and the inn-keeper among the reſt: which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he braced on his target, and, laying his hand on his ſword, he ſaid: O queen of beauty, the ſtrength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatneſs toward this thy captived knight, whom ſo prodigious an adventure at this inſtant awaits. Hereby, in his opinion, he recovered ſo much courage, that, if all the carriers in the world had attack'd him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of thoſe that were wounded (for they perceived them in that condition) began to let fly a ſhower of ſtones at *Don Quixote*; who ſheltered himſelf the beſt he could under his ſhield, and durſt not ſtir from the ciſtern, leſt he ſhould ſeem to abandon his armour. The hoſt cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman tho' he ſhould kill them all. *Don Quixote* alſo cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the caſtle a poltroon and a baſe-born knight, for ſuffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that, if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him ſmart for his treachery: but for you, raſcally and baſe ſcoundrels (ſaid he) I do not value you a ſtraw: draw near, come on, and do your worſt; you ſhall quickly ſee the reward you are like to receive of your folly and inſolence. This he uttered with ſo much vehemence and reſolution, that he ſtruck a terrible dread into the hearts of the aſſailants; and for this reaſon, together with the landlord's per-

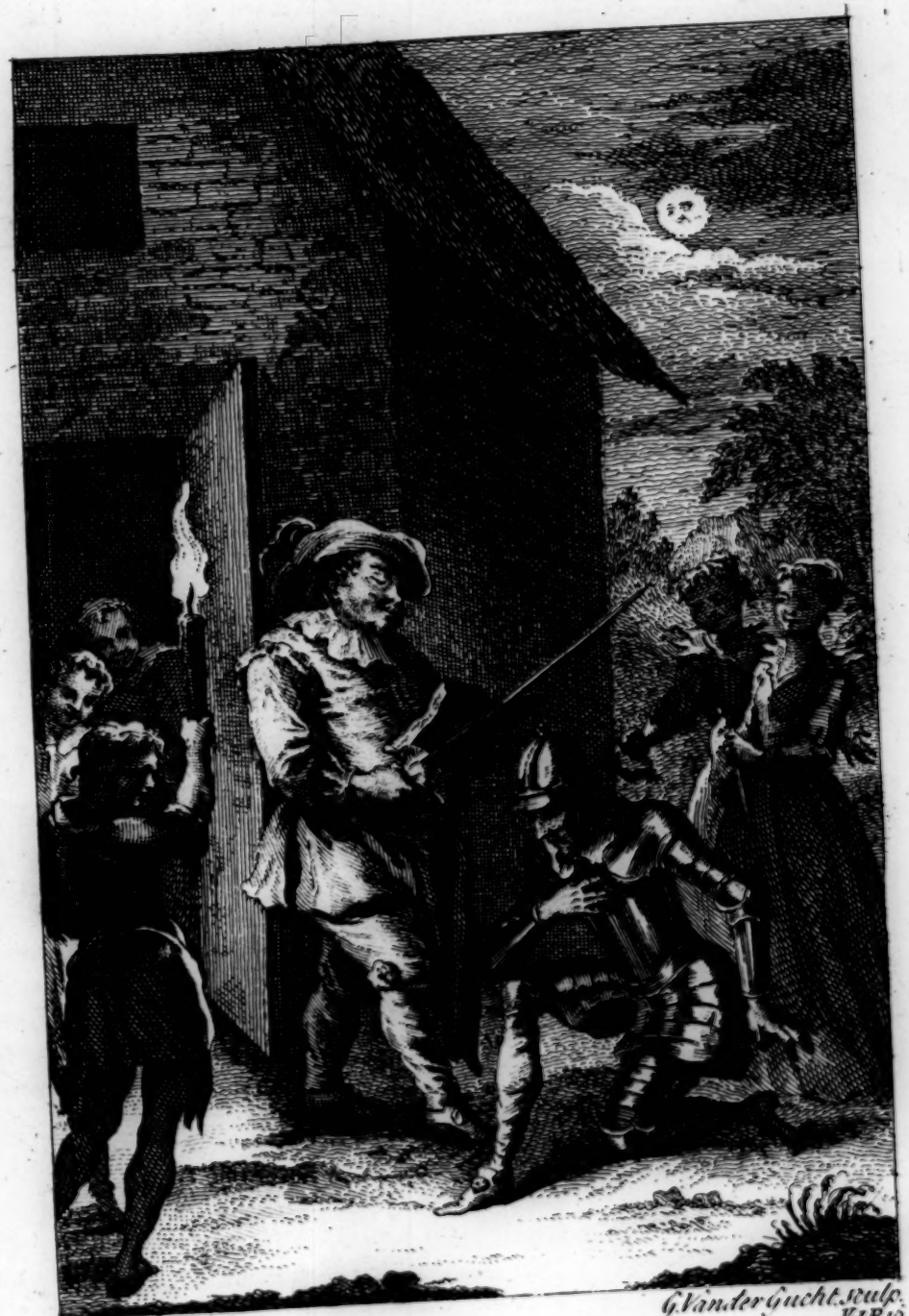
8 This abſurd practice of knights-errant invoking their miſtreſſes is cenſured in the old collection of *Spaniſh* laws. "In order to animate themſelves the more *(ſays the law)* they held it a noble thing to call upon the "names of their miſtreſſes, that their hearts might ſwell with an increaſe of "courage, and their ſhame be the greater, if they fail'd in their attempts." l. 22. tit. 2. part 2.

ſuaſions,

ſuaſions, they forbore throwing any more ſtones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the ſame tranquillity and ſedateneſs as before.

The hoſt did not reliſh theſe pranks of his gueſt, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him the *unlucky* order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther miſchief ſhou'd enſue; and ſo coming up to him, he begg'd pardon for the rudeneſs thoſe vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he ſaid, they had been ſufficiently chaſtiſed for their raſhneſs. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that caſtle, neither was it neceſſary for what remained to be done: for the whole ſtreſs of being dubb'd a knight lay in the blows on the neck and ſhoulders, as he had learn'd from the ceremonial of the order; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field: that he had already diſcharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was ſufficiently performed in two hours; and much more, ſince he had been above four about it. All which *Don Quixote* believ'd, and ſaid, he was there ready to obey him; and deſired him to finiſh the buſineſs with the utmoſt diſpatch, becauſe, if he ſhould be aſſaulted again, and found himſelf dubb'd a knight, he was reſolv'd not to leave a ſoul alive in the caſtle, except thoſe he ſhou'd command him to ſpare for his ſake. The conſtable, thus warned, and apprehenſive of what might be the event of this reſolution, preſently brought the book, in which he enter'd the accounts of the ſtraw and barley he furniſh'd to the carriers; and with the two aboveſaid damſels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them) he came where *Don Quixote* was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual (as if he had been ſaying ſome devout prayer) in the midſt of the reading he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that with his own ſword a handſom thwack on the ſhoulder, ſtill muttering between his teeth as if he was praying. This done, he order'd one of the ladies to gird on his ſword, which ſhe did with the moſt obliging freedom, and diſcretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from burſting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies; but indeed the exploits they had already ſeen our new knight perform kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the ſword, the good lady ſaid: God make you a fortunate knight, and give you ſucceſs in battle. *Don Quixote* ask'd her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a ſhare of the honour he ſhould acquire by the valour of his arm. She reply'd, with much humility, that ſhe was called *La Toloſa*,

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and was a cobler's daughter of *Toledo*, who lived at the little ſhops of *Sancho bien aya*; and wherever ſhe was, ſhe would ſerve and honour him as her lord. *Don Quixote* then deſir'd her, for his ſake, thenceforward to add to her name the *Don*, and to call herſelf *Donna Toloſa*; which ſhe promiſed to do. The other buckled on his ſpurs; with whom he held almoſt the ſame kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name alſo, and ſhe ſaid ſhe was called *La Molinera*, and was daughter of an honeſt miller of *Antequera*. *Don Quixote* intreated her alſo to add the *Don*, and call herſelf *Donna Molinera*, making her freſh offers of ſervice and thanks.

Thus the never-till-then-ſeen ceremonies being haſtily diſpatch'd, *Don Quixote*, who was impatient to ſee himſelf on horſeback, and ſallying out in queſt of adventures, immediately ſaddled *Rozinante*, and, embracing his hoſt, mounted; and at parting ſaid ſuch ſtrange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impoſſible to expreſs them. The hoſt, to get him the ſooner out of the inn, return'd his compliments with no leſs flouriſhes, tho' in fewer words, and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wiſh'd him a good journey.

CHAP. IV.

Of what befel our knight after he had ſallied out from the inn.

IT was about break of day, when *Don Quixote* iſſued forth from the inn, ſo ſatisfied, ſo gay, ſo blithe, to ſee himſelf knighted, that the joy thereof almoſt burſt his horſe's girths. But recollecting the advice of his hoſt concerning the neceſſary proviſions for his undertaking, eſpecially the articles of money and clean ſhirts, he reſolved to return home, and furniſh himſelf accordingly, and alſo provide himſelf with a Squire; purpoſing to take into his ſervice a certain country-fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor, and had children, yet was very fit for the ſquirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turn'd *Rozinante* towards his village; who, as it were knowing what his maſter would be at, began to put on with ſo much alacrity, that he hardly ſeem'd to ſet his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a perſon complaining. And ſcarcely had he heard it, when he ſaid; I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me ſo early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profeſſion, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable deſires. Theſe are, doubtleſs, the cries of ſome diſtreſſed perſon, who ſtands in need of my protection and aſſiſtance. And turning the reins, he put *Rozinante* forward toward the place, from whence he

thought the voice proceeded. And he had enter'd but a few paces into the wood, when he ſaw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waſte upwards, about fifteen years of age, who was the perſon that cried out; and not without cauſe, for a luſty country-fellow was laying him on very ſeverely with a belt, and accompanied every laſh with a reprimand and a word of advice; for ſaid he, *The tongue ſlow and the eyes quick.* The boy anſwer'd, I will do ſo no more, dear Sir, by the paſſion of God, I will never do ſo again; and I promiſe for the future to take more care of the flock.

Now *Don Quixote*, ſeeing what paſs'd, ſaid in an angry tone: Diſcourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one, who is not able to defend himſelf; get upon thy horſe, and take thy launce (for he had alſo a launce leaning againſt the oak, to which the mare was faſten'd,) for I'll make thee to know that 'tis cowardly to do what thou art doing. The country-man, ſeeing ſuch a figure coming towards him, arm'd from head to foot, and brandiſhing his launce at his face, gave himſelf up for a dead man, and with good words anſwered: Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chaſtiſing, is a ſervant of mine; I employ him to tend a flock of ſheep which I have hereabouts, and he is ſo careleſs, that I loſe one every day; and becauſe I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he ſays I do it out of covetouſneſs, and for an excuſe not to pay him his wages; but, before God, and on my conſcience, he lies [9]. *Lies*, in my preſence! pitiful raſcal, ſaid *Don Quixote*; by the ſun that ſhines upon us, I have a good mind to run thee thro' and thro' with this launce: pay him immediately without farther reply; if not, by that God that rules us, I will diſpatch and annihilate thee in a moment; untie him preſently. The country-man hung down his head, and, without replying a word, untied his boy. *Don Quixote* ask'd the lad, how much his maſter ow'd him; who anſwer'd, nine months wages at ſeven [1] reals a month. *Don Quixote* computed it, and found that it amounted to ſixty-three reals; and he bade the country-man inſtantly diſburſe them, otherwiſe he muſt expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright anſwer'd, that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (tho' by the way he had taken no oath) it was not ſo much; for he muſt deduct the price of three pair of ſhoes he had given him upon account,

9 This adventure reſembles that in *Amadis de Gaul* (b. 10. ch. 71.) where *Darnide* and *Galtazire*, paſſing near a wood, hear a loud and lamentable voice; whereat entring the wood, they ſee a knight tied naked to an oak, and two damſels, couſins, whipping him with rods of green twigs. They inquire the cauſe, and are anſwer'd, that he was a diſloyal knight, having pretended love, and promis'd marriage, to both of them at the ſame time.

1 A real is about ſix-pence *Engliſh*.

and

and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well. All this is very right, said *Don Quixote*; but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have given him undeservedly: for if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing. The mischief is, Signor Cavalier, quoth the country-man, that I have no money about me; but let *Andres* go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real. I go with him? said the lad; the devil a bit: no, Sir, I design no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any saint *Bartholomew* [2]. He will not do so, reply'd *Don Quixote*; it is sufficient, to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has receiv'd, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment. Take heed, good Sir, what you say, quoth the boy; for my master is no knight, nor ever receiv'd any order of knighthood: he is *John Aldudo* the rich, of the neighbourhood of *Quintanar*. That is little to the purpose, answer'd *Don Quixote*; there may be knights of the family of the *Aldudos* [3], and the rather since every man is the son of his own works. That's true, quoth *Andres*; but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour? I do not refuse thee, friend *Andres*, reply'd the country-man; and be so kind to go with me; for I swear, by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, and [4] perfum'd into the bargain. As to the perfuming, I thank you for that, said *Don Quixote*; give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return, to find you out, and chastise you; for I shall find you out, tho' you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you wou'd know, who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know that I am the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the redresser of wrongs and abuses; and so farewel, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid. And so saying, he clap'd spurs to *Rozinante*, and was soon got a good way off.

2 In the popish churches there is frequently an image or statue of a man without his skin, which is called *A Saint Bartholomew*.

3 This looks like a piece of Satire upon some family of that name, who probably had given *Cervantes* some provocation.

4 A *Spanish* phrase for paying or returning any thing with advantage, and used here as a satire on the effeminate custom of wearing every thing perfumed, insomuch that the very money in their pockets was scented.

The country-man followed him with all the eyes he had, and, when he found he was quite paſt the wood, and out of ſight, he turn'd to his man *Andres*, and ſaid: Come hither, child, I am reſolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redreſſer of wrongs commanded me. And I ſwear ſo you ſhall, quoth *Andres*; and you will do well to perform what that honeſt gentleman has commanded, whom god grant to live a thouſand years, and who is ſo brave a man, and ſo juſt a judge, that, adad, if you don't pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatned. And I ſwear ſo too, quoth the country-man; but to ſhew thee how much I love thee, I am reſolv'd to augment the debt, to increaſe the payment: and, taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him ſo many ſtripes, that he left him for dead. Now, maſter *Andres*, call upon that redreſſer of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redreſs this, tho' I believe I have not quite done with thee yet; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou fearedſt but now. But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in queſt of his judge, to execute the ſentence he had pronounced. *Andres* went away in dudgeon, ſwearing he would find out the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and tell him all that had paſſed, and that he ſhould pay for it ſevenfold. Notwithſtanding all this, away he went weeping, and his maſter ſtaid behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous *Don Quixote* redreſſed this wrong; and overjoyed at his ſucceſs, as thinking he had given a moſt fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, intirely ſatisfied with himſelf, and ſaying in a low voice: Well mayſt thou deem thyſelf happy above all women living on the earth, O *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, beauteous above the moſt beautiful, ſince it has been thy lot to have ſubject and obedient to thy whole will and pleaſure ſo valiant and renowned a knight, as is, and ever ſhall be, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; who (as all the world knows) received but yeſterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redreſſed the greateſt injury and grievance, that injuſtice could invent and cruelty commit: to-day hath he wreſted the ſcourge out of the hand of that pitileſs enemy, who ſo undeſervedly laſh'd that tender ſtripling.

Juſt as he had done ſpeaking, he came to the center of four roads, and preſently it came into his imagination, that the knights-errant, when they came to theſe croſs-ways, ſet themſelves to conſider which of the roads they ſhould take: and, to imitate them, he ſtood ſtill awhile, and, at laſt, after mature conſideration, he let go the reins, ſubmitting his own will to be guided by that of his horſe, who, following his firſt motion, took the direct road toward his ſtable. And having gone about

two

two miles, *Don Quixote* diſcovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appear'd, were certain merchants of *Toledo*, going to buy ſilks in *Murcia*. There were ſix of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four ſervants on horſe-back, and three *Muleteers* on foot. Scarce had *Don Quixote* eſpied them, when he imagined it muſt be ſome new adventure: and, to imitate, as near as poſſibly he could, the paſſages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpoſe for him to atchieve. And ſo, with a graceful deportment and intrepidity, he ſettled himſelf firm in his ſtirrups, graſped his launce, covered his breaſt with his target, and, poſting himſelf in the midſt of the high-way, ſtood waiting the coming-up of thoſe knights-errant; for ſuch he already judged them to be: and when they were come ſo near as to be ſeen and heard, *Don Quixote* raiſed his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out: Let the whole world ſtand, if the whole world does not confeſs, that there is not in the whole world a damſel more beautiful than the empreſs of *la Mancha*, the peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo* [5]. The merchants ſtop'd at the ſound of theſe words, and to behold the ſtrange figure of him who pronounced them; and by one and the other they ſoon perceived the madneſs of the ſpeaker: but they had a mind to ſtay and ſee what that confeſſion meant, which he required of them; and one of them, who was ſomewhat of a wag, but withal very diſcreet, ſaid to him: Signor Cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but ſee her, and, if ſhe is of ſo great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any conſtraint, confeſs that truth you demand from us. Should I ſhew her to you, replied *Don Quixote*, where would be the merit in confeſſing a truth ſo notorious? the buſineſs is, that, without ſeeing her, you believe, confeſs, affirm, ſwear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monſtrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require) or all together, as is the cuſtom and wicked practice of thoſe of your ſtamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the juſtice of my cauſe. Signor Cavalier, replied the merchant, I beſeech your worſhip, in the name of all the princes here preſent, that we may not lay a burden upon our conſciences, by confeſſing a thing we never ſaw nor heard, and eſpecially what is ſo much to the prejudice of the empreſſes and queens of *Alcarria* and

5 So, in *Amadis de Gaul* (b. 14. ch. 57.) the emperor of *Tartary*, *Agrican*, and his brother *Lepante*, require of the knights their antagoniſts, before they engage in the combat, to ſwear, that the ladies, the emperor and his brother ſerved and were in love with, ſurpaſs'd in beauty all the ladies of the world, and that they only were worthy to be their humble ſervants. The anſwer, one of the knights makes to this reaſonable demand, is not unlike the merchant's reply to *Don Quixote*.

Eſtremadura, that your worſhip would be pleaſed to ſhew us ſome picture [6] of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-corn; for we ſhall gueſs at the clue by the thread: and herewith we ſhall reſt ſatisfied and ſafe, and your worſhip remain contented and pleaſed: nay I verily believe we are already ſo far inclined to your ſide, that, tho' her picture ſhould repreſent her ſquinting with one eye, and diſtilling vermilion and brimſtone from the other, notwithſtanding all this, to oblige you, we will ſay whatever you pleaſe in her favour. There diſtils not, baſe ſcoundrels, anſwered *Don Quixote*, burning with rage, there diſtils not from her what you ſay, but rather ambergreaſe and civet among cotton [7]; neither is ſhe crooked, nor hump-back'd, but as ſtraight as a ſpindle of *Guadarrama* [8]: but you ſhall pay for the horrid blaſphemy you have uttered againſt ſo tranſcendent a beauty as my miſtreſs.

And ſo ſaying, with his launce couch'd, he ran at him who had ſpoken, with ſo much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not order'd it that *Rozinante* ſtumbled and fell in the midſt of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. *Rozinante* fell, and his maſter lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to riſe, but in vain, ſo encumber'd was he with his launce, target, ſpurs and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus ſtruggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out; Fly not, ye daſtardly rabble; ſtay, ye race of ſlaves; for 'tis through my horſe's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended. A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent ſuch arrogancies, cou'd not bear it without returning him an anſwer on his ribs; and, coming to him, he took the launce, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the ſplinters he ſo belaboured *Don Quixote*,

6 In a multitude of romances we meet with the cuſtom of painting the lady's face upon the knight's ſhield, who maintains from country to country, and from court to court, that his miſtreſs exceeds all others in beauty and all other perfections. Nay farther, they ſometimes carried a lady or ladies with them, and, at their arrival in any country or city, publiſhed a cartel or challenge, defying all the knights of thoſe parts to match thoſe vagrant beauties, ſtaking lady againſt lady, or three or four againſt one, according as they could ſettle it in reſpect to beauty or quality, and the conqueror to carry off the prize or prizes: ſometimes they refuſed to ſhew the lady, and only produced her picture in her ſtead.

7 In *Spain* and *Italy*, perfumes and eſſences are uſual preſents made to perſons of the firſt diſtinction, and put up in ſmall vials or ivory boxes, in neſts of cotton deck'd with raw ſilk of various dyes, and ranged in beautiful order, in caskets of filagree, or other coſtly work.

8 A ſmall town, nine leagues from *Madrid*, ſituated at the foot of a mountain, the rocks of which are ſo ſtraight and perpendicular, that they were called *The Spindles*. Near it ſtands the *Eſcurial*.

that,

that, in ſpite of his armour, he threſh'd him to chaff. His maſters cried out, not to beat him ſo much, and to leave him: but the muleteer was provoked, and wou'd not quit the game, 'till he had quite ſpent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the launce, he finiſhed the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight, who, notwithſtanding the tempeſt of blows that rained upon him, never ſhut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth, and thoſe aſſaſſins, for ſuch they ſeemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, ſufficiently furniſhed with matter of diſcourſe concerning the poor belaboured knight; who, when he found himſelf alone, tried again to raiſe himſelf; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how ſhould he, when bruiſed and almoſt battered to pieces? yet ſtill he thought himſelf a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horſe's fault; nor was it poſſible for him to raiſe himſelf up, his whole body was ſo horribly bruiſed.

CHAP. V.

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.

BUT finding that he was really not able to ſtir, he bethought himſelf of having recourſe to his uſual remedy, which was to recollect ſome paſſage of his books; and his frenzy inſtantly preſented to his remembrance that of *Valdovinos* and the marquis of *Mantua*, when *Carloto* left him wounded on the mountain; a ſtory known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of *Mahomet*. Now this example ſeemed to him as if it had been caſt in a mold to fit the diſtreſs he was in: and ſo, with ſigns of great bodily pain, he began to roll himſelf on the ground, and ſaid with a faint tone, what was ſaid by the wounded knight of the wood:

Where art thou, miſtreſs of my heart,
Unconſcious of thy lover's ſmart?
Ah me! thou know'ſt not my diſtreſs;
Or thou art falſe and pitileſs.

And in this manner he went on with the romance, till he came to thoſe verſes, where it is ſaid; *O noble marquis of* Mantua, *my uncle and lord by blood.* And it ſo fortuned, that, juſt as he came to that verſe, there paſs'd by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill: who, ſeeing a man lying ſtretched on the earth, came up, and asked him who he was, and what ailed

him, that he made ſuch a doleful lamentation? *Don Quixote* believed he muſt certainly be the marquis of *Mantua* his uncle, and ſo returned him no anſwer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's ſon with his ſpouſe, juſt in the ſame manner as it is there recounted. The peaſant ſtood confounded at hearing ſuch extravagancies; and, taking off his viſor, which was beaten all to-pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with duſt; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and ſaid, Ah Signor *Quixada* (for ſo he was called before he had loſt his ſenſes, and was transformed from a ſober gentleman to a knight-errant) how came your worſhip in this condition? but he anſwered out of his romance to whatever queſtion he asked him.

The good man, ſeeing this, made a ſhift to take off his back and breaſt-piece, to ſee if he had received any wound: but he ſaw no blood, nor ſign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raiſe him from the ground, and with much ado ſet him upon his aſs, as being the beaſt of eaſieſt carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the launce, and tied them upon *Rozinante*; and ſo taking him by the bridle, and his aſs by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflexion at hearing the extravagancies which *Don Quixote* uttered; and no leſs thoughtful was the knight, who, through the mere force of bruiſes and bangs, could ſcarce keep himſelf upon the aſs, and ever and anon ſent forth ſuch groans as ſeemed to pierce the skies; inſomuch that the peaſant was again forced to ask him what ailed him. And ſure nothing but the devil himſelf cou'd furniſh his memory with ſtories ſo ſuited to what had befallen him; for at that inſtant, forgetting *Valdovinos*, he bethought himſelf of the *Moor Abindarraez*, at the time when the governor of *Antequera*, *Roderigo* of *Narvaez*, had taken him priſoner, and convey'd him to his caſtle. So that, when the peaſant asked him again how he did, he anſwered him in the very ſame words and expreſſions, in which the priſoner *Abindarraez* anſwered *Roderigo* of *Narvaez*, according as he had read the ſtory in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*, applying it ſo patly to his own caſe, that the peaſant went on curſing himſelf to the devil, to hear ſuch a monſtrous heap of nonſenſe: from whence he collected that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haſte he cou'd to reach the village, to free himſelf from the vexation of *Don Quixote*'s tireſome and impertinent ſpeeches; who in concluſion ſaid: Be it known to your worſhip, Signor *Don Roderigo de Narvaez*, that this beauteous *Xarifa*, whom I mentioned, is now the fair *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the moſt famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or ſhall be ſeen in the world. To this the peaſant

anſwered:

anſwered: Look you, Sir, as I am a ſinner, I am not *Don Roderigo de Narvaez*, nor the marquis of *Mantua*, but *Pedro Alonſo* your neighbour: neither is your worſhip *Valdovinos*, nor *Abindarraez*, but the worthy gentleman Signor *Quixada*. I know who I am, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and I know too that I am not only capable of being thoſe I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of *France*, yea, and the nine worthies, ſince my exploits will far exceed all that they have, jointly or ſeparately, atchieved.

With theſe and the like diſcourſes, they reached the village about ſun-ſet: but the peaſant ſtaid till the night was a little advanced, that the people might not ſee the poor battered gentleman ſo ſcurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at *Don Quixote*'s houſe, which he found all in an uproar. The prieſt and the barber [9] of the place, who were *Don Quixote*'s great friends, happened to be there; and the houſe-keeper was ſaying to them aloud: what is your opinion, Signor *Licentiate Pero Perez*, (for that was the prieſt's name) of my maſter's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horſe, nor the target, nor the launce, nor the armour, have been ſeen theſe ſix days paſt. Woe is me! I am verily perſuaded, and 'tis as certainly true as I was born to die, that theſe curſed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is ſo often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have often heard him ſay, talking to himſelf, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in queſt of adventures. The devil and *Barabbas* take all ſuch books, that have thus ſpoiled the fineſt underſtanding in all *la Mancha*. The niece joined with her, and ſaid moreover: know, maſter *Nicholas* (for that was the barber's name) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on theſe confounded books of diſventures two whole days and nights; and then throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his ſword, and fence, back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would ſay, he had killed four giants as tall as ſo many ſteeples, and that the ſweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; and then he would preſently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us, that water was a moſt precious liquor, brought him by the ſage *Eſquife* [1], a great enchanter and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myſelf,

9 The barber is always a ſurgeon, and conſequently a country doctor; and a perſon of no ſmall importance, ſince he has the ordering and adjuſting of the *Muſtachios*, thoſe enſigns of the *Spaniſh* dignity and gravity.

1 Miſtaken by the girl for *Alquife*, a famous enchanter in *Amadis de Gaul* and *Don Belianis* of *Greece*.

ſelf, that I did not advertiſe you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all thoſe curſed books, of which he has ſo great ſtore, and which as juſtly deſerve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical. I ſay the ſame, quoth the prieſt, and in faith to-morrow ſhall not paſs, without holding a publick inquiſition againſt them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more miniſter occaſion to thoſe, who read them, to do what I fear my good friend has done.

All this the peaſant and *Don Quixote* over-heard, and it confirmed the country-man in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and ſo he began to cry aloud: Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor *Valdovinos* and the marquis of *Mantua*, who comes dangerouſly wounded, and to Signor *Abindarraez* the *Moor*, whom the valorous *Roderigo de Narvaez*, governor of *Antequera*, brings as his priſoner. At hearing this they all came out; and, as ſome knew their friend, and others their maſter and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the aſs, for indeed he could not. Forbear all of you, he cried, for I am ſorely wounded thro' my horſe's fault: carry me to my bed, and, if it be poſſible, ſend for the ſage *Urganda* [2], to ſearch and heal my wounds. Look ye, in the devil's name, ſaid the houſe-keeper immediately, if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my maſter halted. Get up ſtairs, in god's name; for, without the help of that ſame *Urganda*, we ſhall find a way to cure you ourſelves. Curſed, ſay I again, and a hundred times curſed be thoſe books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worſhip to this paſs. They carried him preſently to his chamber, and, ſearching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them he was only bruiſed by a great fall he got with his horſe *Rozinante*, as he was fighting with ten of the moſt prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. Ho, ho, ſays the prieſt, what! there are giants too in the dance [3]: by my faith, I ſhall ſet fire to them all before to-morrow night. They asked *Don Quixote* a thouſand queſtions, and he wou'd anſwer nothing,

2 A moſt notable enchantreſs in *Amadis de Gaul*, even beyond the ſage *Alquife*.

3 Alluding to a paſſage in *Amadis de Gaul* (b. 12. ch. 21.), where, while ſeveral emperors and kings are ſolacing themſelves and their conforts in the ſaloon of a palace, behold, four horrible giants enter, with twelve beautiful damſels of the ſame ſize, array'd in cloth of gold, with each a lighted torch in their left hand, and a drawn ſword in their right: the four giants ſnatch up the four chief beauties of the company, a pair of queens and a pair of princeſſes; and carrying them down into a lower court, the twelve damſels make a circle round the giants and their prize, and dance round them with ſuch ſwiftneſs, that it ſeem'd a wheel of fire.

but

but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest enquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found *Don Quixote*; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered, both at the time of finding him and all the way home; which increased the *Licentiate*'s desire to do what he did the next day; which was, to call on his friend master *Nicholas* the barber, with whom he came to *Don Quixote*'s house.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleasant and grand scrutiny made by the priest and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library.

WHILST *Don Quixote* still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber, where the books were, those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the house-keeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in *folio* very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the house-keeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and a bunch of hyssop, and said: Signor *Licentiate*, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, shou'd enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world. The priest smiled at the house-keeper's simplicity, and order'd the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps, they might find some, that might not deserve to be chastised by fire. No, said the niece, there is no reason why any of them should be spared; for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend no body. The house-keeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest would not agree to that, without first reading the titles at least.

The first that master *Nicholas* put into his hands, was *Amadis de Gaul* in four parts *; and the priest said: There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in *Spain*, and all the rest have had their

* Hence it appears, that only the first four books of *Amadis* were thought genuine by *Cervantes*. The subsequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemn'd hereby as spurious.

foundation

foundation and riſe from it; and therefore I think, as head of ſo pernicious a ſect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy. Not ſo, Sir, ſaid the barber; for I have heard alſo, that 'tis the beſt of all the books of this kind; and therefore, as being ſingular in his art, he ought to be ſpared. It is true, ſaid the prieſt, and for that reaſon his life is granted him for the preſent. Let us ſee that other that ſtands next him. It is, ſaid the barber, the *Adventures of Eſplandian*, the legitimate ſon of *Amadis de Gaul*. Verily, ſaid the prieſt, the goodneſs of the father ſhall avail the ſon nothing; take him, miſtreſs houſe-keeper; open yon caſement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire. The houſe-keeper did ſo with much ſatisfaction, and honeſt *Eſplandian* was ſent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatned. Proceed, ſaid the prieſt. The next, ſaid the barber, is *Amadis of Greece:* yea, and all theſe on this ſide, I believe, are of the lineage of *Amadis*. Then into the yard with them all, quoth the prieſt; for rather than not burn queen *Pintiquinieſtra* [5], and the ſhepherd *Darinel* [6] with his eclogues, and the deviliſh intricate diſcourſes of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant. Of the ſame opinion am I, ſaid the barber; and I too, added the niece. Since it is ſo, ſaid the houſe keeper, away with them all into the yard. They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them, to ſave herſelf the trouble of the ſtairs, ſhe threw them all, the ſhorteſt way, out of the window.

What tun of an author is that? ſaid the prieſt. This is, anſwered the barber, *Don Olivante de Laura*. The author of that book, ſaid the prieſt, was the ſame who compoſed *the garden of flowers*; and in good truth I know not which of the two books is the trueſt, or rather the leaſt lying; I can only ſay, that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and abſurdity. This that follows is *Floriſmarte* of *Hyrcania*, ſaid the barber. What! is Signor *Floriſmarte* there, replied the prieſt; now, in good faith, he ſhall ſoon make his appearance in the yard, notwithſtanding his ſtrange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harſhneſs and drineſs of his ſtile will admit of no excuſe. To the yard with him, and with this other, miſtreſs houſe-keeper. With all my heart, dear Sir, anſwered ſhe, and with much joy executed what ſhe was commanded. This is the knight *Platir*, ſaid the barber. That, ſaid the prieſt, is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deſerving pardon: let him keep the reſt company without more words; which was accordingly done. They

5 A terrible fighting giantеſs, in *Amadis de Gaul*, and one of the moſt ridiculous characters imaginable.

6 A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empreſs. *ibid.*

opened

opened another book, and found it intitled *The knight of the croſs*. So religious a title, quoth the prieſt, might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common ſaying, *The devil lurks behind the croſs*: ſo to the fire with him. The barber, taking down another book, ſaid, this is the *Mirrour of chivalry*. O! I know his worſhip very well, quoth the prieſt. Here comes Signor *Reynaldos de Montalvan*, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than *Cacus*; and the twelve peers, with the faithful hiſtoriographer *Turpin*. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual baniſhment, becauſe they contain ſome things of the famous *Mateo Boyardo*'s [7] invention; from whom alſo the chriſtian poet *Ludovico Arioſto* ſpun his web: but if I find even him here, and ſpeaking any other language than his own, I will ſhew him no reſpect; but, if he ſpeaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head [8]. I have him in *Italian*, ſaid the barber, but I do not underſtand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you underſtand him or not [9], anſwered the prieſt; and we wou'd willingly have excuſed the good captain from bringing him into *Spain*, and making him a *Caſtilian*; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all thoſe, who undertake to tranſlate books of verſe into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raiſe them to the pitch they were at in their firſt production. I pronounce, in ſhort, that this, and all other books that ſhall be found treating of *French* matters [1], be thrown aſide, and depoſited in ſome dry vault, 'till we can determine with more deliberation what is to be done with them; excepting *Bernardo del Carpio*, and another called *Roncevalles*, who, if they fall into my hands, ſhall paſs into the houſe-keeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remiſſion. The barber confirmed the ſentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the prieſt was ſo good a chriſtian, and ſo much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falſhood for all the world.

And ſo opening another book, he ſaw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, and next it another called *Palmerin of England*? which the Licentiate eſpying, ſaid: Let this *Oliva* be torn to pieces and burnt, that not ſo much as the aſhes may remain; but let *Palmerin of England* be preſerved, and kept, as a ſingular piece; and let ſuch another caſe be made for it, as that which *Alexander*

7 A famous *Italian* poet, author of ſeveral *cantos* of *Orlando Inamorato*; from whom *Arioſto* borrowed a great part of his *Orlando Furioſo*.

8 A mark of honour and reſpect.

9 It is plain from hence, that *Cervantes* did not reliſh *Arioſto*'s extravagancies.

1 Meaning the common ſubject of romances, the ſcene of which lay in *France*, under *Charlemagne*, and the *Paladins*.

found

found among the ſpoils of *Darius*, and appropriated to preſerve the works of the poet *Homer*. This book, goſſip, is conſiderable upon two accounts; the one that it is very good in itſelf; and the other, becauſe there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of *Portugal*. All the adventures of the Caſtle of *Miraguarda* are moſt excellent, and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the *decorum* preſerved in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, maſter *Nicholas*, ſaving your better judgment, let this, and *Amadis de Gaul*, be exempted from the fire, and let all the reſt periſh, without any farther enquiry. Not ſo, goſſip, replied the barber; for this that I have here is the renowned *Don Belianis*. The prieſt replied; This, with the ſecond, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its exceſſive choler: beſides, we muſt remove all that relates to the caſtle of *Fame*, and other impertinencies of greater conſequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of tranſportation, and as they ſhew ſigns of amendment, they ſhall be treated with mercy or juſtice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your houſe; but let no body read them. With all my heart, quoth the barber, and, without tiring himſelf any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the houſe-keeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not ſpoken to one ſtupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the fineſt and largeſt [2] web. And therefore laying hold of ſeven or eight at once, ſhe toſt them out at the window.

By her taking ſo many together, there fell one at the barber's feet; who had a mind to ſee what it was, and found it to be, *The hiſtory of the renowned knight Tirant the white*. God ſave me! quoth the prieſt, with a loud voice, is *Tirant the white* there? Give me him here, neighbour; for I make account I have found in him a treaſure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have *Don Kyrie-eleiſon of Montalvan*, a valorous knight, and his brother *Thomas of Montalvan*, and the knight *Fonſeca*, and the combat which the valiant *Detriante* fought with *Alano*, and the ſmart conceits of the damſel *Plazerdemivida* [3], with the amours and artifices of the widow *Repoſada* [3]; and madam the empreſs in love with her ſquire *Hypolito*. Verily, goſſip, in its way, it is the beſt book in the world: here the knights eat, and ſleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with ſeveral things, which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwith-

2 A concealed piece of ſatire on the lazineſs and want of good houſewifry of the *Spaniſh* women.

3 Qualities perſonified, or made into ſubſtantive names. *Plazerdemivida* ſignifies *pleaſure of my life*: *Repoſada*, *quiet* or *ſedate*.

ſtanding

ſtanding all this, I tell you, the author deſerved, for writing ſo many fooliſh things ſeriouſly, to be ſent to the gallies for all the days of his life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I ſay of him to be true. I will do ſo, anſwered the barber: but what ſhall we do with theſe little books that remain? Theſe, ſaid the prieſt, are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry: and opening one, he found it was the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, and ſaid (believing all the reſt to be of the ſame kind:) theſe do not deſerve to be burnt like the reſt; for they cannot do the miſchief, that thoſe of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do no body any hurt. O Sir, ſaid the niece, pray order theſe to be burnt with the reſt; for, ſhou'd my uncle be cured of this diſtemper of chivalry, he may poſſibly, by reading theſe books, take it into his head to turn ſhepherd [4], and wander thro' the woods and fields, ſinging and playing on a pipe; and, what wou'd be ſtill worſe, to turn poet, which, they ſay, is an incurable and contagious diſeaſe. The damſel ſays true, quoth the prieſt, and it will not be amiſs to remove this ſtumbling-block and occaſion out of our friend's way. And ſince we begin with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the ſage *Felicia*, and of the enchanted fountain, and almoſt all the longer poems; and leave him the proſe in god's name, and the honour of being the firſt in that kind of writing. This that follows, ſaid the barber, is the *Diana* called *the ſecond*, by *Salmantino*; and another of the ſame name, whoſe author is *Gil Polo*. The *Salmantinian*, anſwered the prieſt, may accompany and increaſe the number of the condemned; to the yard with him: but let that of *Gil Polo* be preſerved, as if it were written by *Apollo* himſelf. Proceed, goſſip, and let us diſpatch; for it grows late.

This, ſaid the barber, opening another, is the *Ten books of the fortune of love*, conpoſed by *Antonio de Loſraſo*, a *Sardinian* poet. By the holy orders I have received, ſaid the prieſt, ſince *Apollo* was *Apollo*, the muſes muſes, and the poets poets, ſo humorous and ſo whimſical a book as this was never written; it is the beſt, and moſt ſingular of the kind, that ever appeared in the world; and he, who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taſte: give it me here, goſſip; for I value the finding it more than if I had been preſented with a caſſock of *Florence* ſattin. He laid it aſide with exceeding pleaſure, and the barber proceeded, ſaying: Theſe that follow are the *Shepherd of Iberia*, the *Nymphs of Enares*, and the *Cures of jealouſy*. There is no more to be done, ſaid the prieſt, but to deliver them up to the

4 He did ſo, at the end of the ſecond part.

ſecular

ſecular arm [5] of the houſe-keeper; and ask me not why, for then we ſhou'd never have done. This that comes next is the *Shepherd of Filida*. He is no ſhepherd, ſaid the prieſt, but an ingenious courtier; let him be preſerved, and laid up as a precious jewel. This bulky volume here, ſaid the barber, is intitled *The treaſure of divers poems*. Had they been fewer, replied the prieſt, they would have been more eſteemed: it is neceſſary this book ſhould be weeded and cleared of all the low things interſperſed amongſt its ſublimities: let it be preſerved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing. This, purſued the barber, is a book of *Songs* by *Lopez Maldonado*. The author of this book alſo, replied the prieſt, is a great friend of mine: his verſes, ſung by himſelf, raiſe admiration in the hearers; and ſuch is the ſweetneſs of his voice in ſinging them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good: let it be kept with the ſelect.

But what book is that next to it? The *Galatea* of *Michael de Cervantes* [6], ſaid the barber. That *Cervantes* has been a great friend of mine theſe many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has ſomewhat of good invention in it; he propoſes ſomething, but concludes nothing: we muſt wait for the ſecond part, which he promiſes [7]; perhaps on his amendment, he may obtain that entire pardon, which is now denied him; in the mean time, goſſip, keep him a recluſe in your chamber. With all my heart, anſwered the barber; and here come three together: The *Araucana* of *Don Alonſo de Ercilla*, the *Auſtriada* of *John Rufo*, a magiſtrate of *Cordova*, and the *Monſerrato* of *Chriſtoval de Virves*, a poet of *Valencia*. Theſe three books, ſaid the prieſt, are the beſt that are written in heroic verſe in the *Caſtilian* tongue, and may ſtand in competition with the moſt famous of *Italy*: let them be preſerved as the beſt performances in poetry *Spain* can boaſt of. The prieſt grew tired of looking over ſo many books, and ſo, inſide and contents unknown [8], he would have all the reſt burnt. But the barber had already opened one called *The tears of Angelica*. I ſhould have ſhed tears myſelf

5 The clergy of the *Inquiſition* pretend to be ſo compaſſionate and averſe to bloodſhed, that when they have condemned an heretic to the flames, they only deliver him up to the *ſecular arm*, that is, into the hands of the civil magiſtrate, who is obliged to put their chriſtian ſentence in execution.

6 An ingenious advertiſement to help the ſale of his book. This, and ſome other paſſages, ſhew that our author lived by his writings.

7 *Cervantes* never performed this promiſe. See the *Account of the life and writings of the author*.

8 *A carga cerrada*. A mercantile phraſe uſed in bills of lading.

(ſaid

(ſaid the prieſt, hearing the name) had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the moſt famous poets, not of *Spain* only, but of the whole world, and tranſlated ſome fables of *Ovid* with great ſucceſs.

CHAP. VII.

Of the ſecond ſally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

WHILE they were thus employ'd, *Don Quixote* began to call out aloud, ſaying: Here, here, valorous knights, here ye muſt exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament. This noiſe and outcry, to which they all ran, put a ſtop to all farther ſcrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being ſeen or heard, went the *Carolea*, and *Leon* of *Spain*, with the *Acts of the Emperor* compoſed by *Don Louis de Avila*, which without doubt muſt have been among thoſe that were left: and perhaps had the prieſt ſeen them, they had not undergone ſo rigorous a ſentence. When they came to *Don Quixote*, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn Sword laying furiouſly about him, back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been aſleep. They cloſed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little compoſed, turning himſelf to talk to the prieſt, he ſaid: Certainly, my lord archbiſhop *Turpin*, it is a great diſgrace to us, who call ourſelves the *twelve peers*, to let the knights-courtiers [9] carry off the victory without more oppoſition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days. Say no more, good goſſip, ſaid the prieſt; it may be god's will to change our fortune, and what is loſt to-day may be won to-morrow: mind your health for the preſent; for I think you muſt needs be extremely fatigued, if not ſorely wounded. Wounded! no, ſaid *Don Quixote*; but bruiſed and battered I am for certain: for that baſtard, *Don Roldan* has pounded me to maſh with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, becauſe he ſees that I am the ſole rival of his proweſs. But let me never more be called *Rinaldo* of *Montauban*, if as ſoon as I am able

9 The *knights-courtiers* were thoſe who maintained the ſuperiority of their miſtreſſes beauty againſt all oppoſers: the *knights-adventurers* were thoſe who entered the liſts with them, without its being known who they were, or from whence they came. *Don Quixote* in his dream fancies himſelf one of the latter, and wakes under the concern of his party being in danger of being worſted.

to riſe from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in ſpite of all his enchantments: but at preſent bring me ſome breakfaſt, for I know nothing will do me ſo much good, and let me alone to revenge myſelf. They did ſo; they gave him ſome victuals, and he fell faſt aſleep again, and left them in freſh admiration at his madneſs.

That night the houſe-keeper ſet fire to, and burnt, all the books that were in the yard, and in the houſe too: and ſome muſt have periſhed that deſerved to be treaſured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the lazineſs of the ſcrutineer, would not permit it; and in them was fulfilled the ſaying, that *the juſt ſometimes ſuffer for the unjuſt*. One of the remedies, which the prieſt and barber preſcribed at that time for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them; in hopes that, the cauſe being removed, the effect might ceaſe; and that they ſhould pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was preſently done accordingly. Within two days after, *Don Quixote* got up, and the firſt thing he did was to viſit his books; and, not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it: he came to the place where the door uſed to be; and he felt with his hands, and ſtared about every way without ſpeaking a word: but after ſome time he asked the houſe-keeper wherenbouts the room ſtood, where his books were. She, who was already well-tutored what to anſwer, ſaid to him: What room, or what nothing, does your worſhip look for? there is neither room, nor books, in this houſe; for the devil himſelf has carried all away. It was not the devil, ſaid the niece, but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure hence, and alighting from a ſerpent on which he rode [1], entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but after ſome little time out he came, flying thro' the roof, and left the houſe full of ſmoke; and when we went to ſee what he had been doing, we ſaw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and miſtreſs houſe-keeper here, that when the old thief went away, he ſaid with a loud voice, that for a ſecret enmity he bore to the owner of thoſe books and of the room, he had done a miſchief in this houſe, which ſhould ſoon be manifeſt: he told us alſo, that he was called the

1 The enchantreſs *Urganda*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, carries her knights, or her priſoners, thro' the air, or over the ſea, in a machine figured like a ſerpent, and wrapt in fire and ſmoke. And in the ſame romance, *Friſtion* the enchanter, vice-roy of *Sicily*, introduces a vapour mixed with a ſtinking ſmoke, and accompanied with a dreadful clap of thunder, and carries off the emperor and his daughters. So that the niece tells her uncle nothing but what was common in books of knight-errantry, and eaſily to be believed by him.

ſage

ſage *Munniaton*[2]. *Freſton*[3] he meant to ſay, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know not, anſwer'd the houſe-keeper, whether his name be *Freſton*, or *Friton*; all I know is, that it ended in *ton*. It doth ſo, replied *Don Quixote*: he is a wiſe enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, becauſe by his skill and learning he knows, that, in proceſs of time, I ſhall engage in ſingle combat with a knight, whom he favours, and ſhall vanquiſh him, without his being able to prevent it; and for this cauſe he endeavours to do me all the diskindneſs he can: but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withſtand or avoid what is decreed by heaven. Who doubts of that? ſaid the niece; but, dear uncle, who puts you upon theſe ſquabbles? Would it not be better to ſtay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world, ſeeking for better bread than wheaten, and not conſidering that many go for wool and return ſhorn themſelves. O dear niece, anſwered *Don Quixote*, how little do you know of the matter? before they ſhall ſhear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all thoſe who dare think of touching the tip of a ſingle hair of mine. Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they ſaw his choler begin to take fire. He ſtaid after this fifteen days at home, very quiet, without diſcovering any ſymptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolicks; in which time there paſſed very pleaſant diſcourſes between him and his two goſſips, the prieſt and the barber; he affirming, that the world ſtood in need of nothing ſo much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The prieſt ſometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquieſced; for had he not made uſe of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reaſon.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honeſt man (if ſuch an epithet may be given to one that is poor) but very ſhallow-brained. In ſhort he ſaid ſo much, uſed ſo many arguments, and promiſed him ſuch great matters, that the poor fellow reſolved to ſally out with him, and ſerve him as his ſquire. Among other things, *Don Quixote* told him, he ſhould diſpoſe himſelf to go with him willingly; for ſome time or other ſuch an adventure might preſent, that an iſland might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. With theſe and the like promiſes, *Sancho Pança* (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and hired himſelf for a ſquire to his

2 The niece, by this fiction, thinks to frighten *Don Quixote* from his knight-errantry; for what miſchief might not ſuch an enchanter do him in time, when he begins by carrying away part of his houſe, and his choiceſt furniture? But, contrary to her intention, it rather confirms him in his phrenzy, by convincing him there are enchanters.

3 An enchanter in *Don Belianis of Greece*.

neighbour. *Don Quixote* preſently caſt about how to raiſe money, and, by ſelling one thing, and pawning another, and loſing by all, he ſcraped together a tolerable ſum. He fitted himſelf likewiſe with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and, patching up his broken helmet the beſt he could, he acquainted his ſquire *Sancho* of the day and hour he intended to ſet out, that he might provide himſelf with what he ſhould find to be moſt needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and *Sancho* ſaid, he would be ſure to carry one, and that he intended alſo to take with him an aſs he had, being a very good one, becauſe he was not uſed to travel much on foot. As to the aſs, *Don Quixote* pauſed a little, endeavouring to recollect whether any knight-errant had ever carried a ſquire mounted aſs-wiſe: but no inſtance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he conſented that he ſhould take his aſs with him, purpoſing to accommodate him more honourably, the firſt opportunity, by diſmounting the firſt diſcourteous knight he ſhould meet. He provided himſelf alſo with ſhirts, and what other things he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper.

All which being done and accompliſhed, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pança*, without taking leave, the one of his wife and children, and the other of his houſe-keeper and niece, one night ſallied out of the village, unperceived by any one; and they travelled ſo hard, that, by break of day, they believed themſelves ſecure of not being found, tho' ſearch were made after them. *Sancho Pança* went riding upon his aſs like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement deſire to find himſelf governor of the iſland, which his maſter had promiſed him. *Don Quixote* happen'd to take the ſame rout he had done in his firſt expedition, thro' the plain of *Montiel*, which he paſſed over with leſs uneaſineſs than the time before; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the ſun darting on them aſlant gave them no diſturbance. Now *Sancho Pança* ſaid to his maſter: I beſeech your worſhip, good ſir knight-errant, that you forget not your promiſe concerning that ſame iſland; for I ſhall know how to govern it, be it never ſo big. To which *Don Quixote* anſwer'd: You muſt know, friend *Sancho Pança*, that it was a cuſtom much in uſe among the knights-errants of old, to make their ſquires governors of the iſlands or kingdoms they conquered; and I am determined that ſo laudable a cuſtom ſhall not be loſt for me: on the contrary, I reſolve to outdo them in it: for they ſometimes, and perhaps moſt times, ſtaid till their ſquires were grown old; and when they were worn out in their ſervice, and had undergone many bad days, and worſe nights, they gave them ſome title, as that of *Count*, or at leaſt *Marquis*, of ſome valley or province, be it

greater

greater or leſs: but if you live, and I live, before ſix days are ended, I may probably win ſuch a kingdom, as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were caſt in a mold, for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter; for things fall out to ſuch knights, by ſuch unforeſeen and unexpected ways, that I may eaſily give thee even more than I promiſe. So then, anſwered *Sancho Pança*, if I were a king by ſome of thoſe miracles you are pleaſed to mention, *Mary Gutierrez*, my crooked rib, would at leaſt come to be a queen, and my children infantas. Who doubts it? anſwered *Don Quixote*. I doubt it, replied *Sancho Pança*; for I am verily perſuaded, that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would ſit well upon the head of *Maria Gutierrez*; for you muſt know, ſir, ſhe is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of counteſs would ſit better upon her, and that too with the help of god, and good friends. Recommend her to god, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and he will do what is beſt for her: but do thou have a care not to debaſe thy mind ſo low, as to content thyſelf with being leſs than a lord-lieutenant. Sir, I will not, anſwered *Sancho*, eſpecially having ſo great a man for my maſter as your worſhip, who will know how to give me whatever is moſt fitting for me, and what you find me beſt able to bear.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the good ſucceſs, which the valorous Don Quixote *had, in the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the wind-mills, with other events worthy to be recorded.*

AS they were thus diſcourſing, they perceived ſome thirty or forty wind-mills that are in that plain; and as ſoon as *Don Quixote* eſpied them, he ſaid to his ſquire: Fortune diſpoſes our affairs better than we ourſelves could have deſired: look yonder, friend *Sancho Pança*, where you may diſcover ſomewhat more than thirty monſtrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives; with whoſe ſpoils we will begin to enrich ourſelves: for it is lawful war, and doing god good ſervice to take away ſo wicked a generation from off the face of the earth. What giants? ſaid *Sancho Pança*. Thoſe you ſee yonder, anſwered his maſter, with thoſe long arms; for ſome of them are wont to have them almoſt of the length of two leagues. Conſider, ſir, anſwered *Sancho*, that thoſe, which appear yonder, are not giants, but wind-mills; and what ſeem to be arms, are the ſails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millſtone go. One may eaſily ſee, anſwered *Don Quixote*, that you are not verſed in the buſineſs of adventures:

they are giants; and, if you are afraid, get aſide, and pray, whilſt I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat. And ſo ſaying, he clap'd ſpurs to *Rozinante*, without minding the cries his ſquire ſent after him, aſſuring him, that thoſe he went to aſſault were, without all doubt, wind-mills, and not giants. But he was ſo fully poſſeſſed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his ſquire *Sancho*, nor yet diſcerned what they were, tho' he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: fly not, ye cowards and vile caitifs; for it is a ſingle knight who aſſaults you. Now the wind roſe a little, and the great ſails began to move; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he ſaid: Well, tho' you ſhou'd move more arms than the giant *Briareus*, you ſhall pay for it.

And ſo ſaying, and recommending himſelf devoutly to his lady *Dulcinea*, beſeeching her to ſuccour him in the preſent danger, being well covered with his buckler, and ſetting his launce in the reſt, he ruſhed on as faſt as *Rozinante* could galop, and attacked the firſt mill before him; and running his launce into the ſail, the wind whirled it about with ſo much violence, that it broke the launce to ſhivers, dragging horſe and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight, *Sancho Pança* haſtened to his aſſiſtance as faſt as his aſs cou'd carry him: and when he came up to him, he found him not able to ſtir; ſo violent was the blow he and *Rozinante* had received in falling. God ſave me, quoth *Sancho*, did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but wind-mills; and no body cou'd miſtake them, but one that had the like in his head. Peace, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for matters of war are, of all others, moſt ſubject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is moſt certainly ſo, that the ſage *Freſton*, who ſtole away my chamber and books, has metamorphoſed theſe giants into wind-mills, on purpoſe to deprive me of the glory of vanquiſhing them, ſo great is the enmity he bears me: but when he has done his worſt, his wicked arts will avail but little againſt the goodneſs of my ſword. God grant it, as he can, anſwered *Sancho Pança*; and, helping him to riſe, he mounted him again upon *Rozinante*, who was half ſhoulder-ſlip'd.

And diſcourſing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the paſs of *Lapice* [4]; for there, *Don Quixote* ſaid, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare: and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his launce; and, ſpeaking of it to his ſquire, he ſaid: I remember to have read, that a certain *Spaniſh* knight,

4 A paſs in the mountains, ſuch as they call *puerto ſeco*, a *dry port*, where the king's officers levy the tolls and cuſtoms upon paſſengers and goods

called

called *Diego Perez de Vargas*, having broken his ſword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed ſuch wonders with it that day, and daſhed out the brains of ſo many *Moors*, that he was ſirnamed *Machuca* [5]; and, from that day forward, he and his deſcendants bore the names of *Vargas* and *Machuca*. I tell you this, becauſe from the firſt oak or crabtree we meet I mean to tear ſuch another limb, at leaſt as good as that; and I purpoſe and reſolve to do ſuch feats with it, that you ſhall deem yourſelf moſt fortunate, in meriting to behold them; and to be an eye-witneſs of things, which can ſcarcely be believed. God's will be done, quoth *Sancho*; I believe all juſt as you ſay, Sir: but, pray, ſet yourſelf upright in your ſaddle; for you ſeem to me to ride ſideling, occaſioned, doubtleſs, by your being ſo ſorely bruiſed by the fall. It is certainly ſo, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and, if I do not complain of pain, it is becauſe knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, tho' their entrails came out at it. If it be ſo, I have nothing to reply, anſwered *Sancho*; but god knows I ſhould be glad to hear your worſhip complain, when any thing ails you. As for myſelf, I muſt complain of the leaſt pain I feel, unleſs this buſineſs of not complaining be underſtood to extend to the ſquires of knights-errant. *Don Quixote* could not forbear ſmiling at the ſimplicity of his ſquire, and told him he might complain whenever, and as much as, he pleaſed, with or without cauſe, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

Sancho put him in mind, that it was time to dine. His maſter anſwered, that at preſent he had no need; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, *Sancho* adjuſted himſelf the beſt he cou'd upon his beaſt; and, taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his maſter, very leiſurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth, with ſo much reliſh, that the beſt fed *victualler* of *Malaga* [6] might have envied him. And whilſt he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promiſes his maſter had made him; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in queſt of adventures, tho' never ſo perilous. In fine, they paſſed that night among ſome trees, and from one of them *Don Quixote* tore a withered branch, that might ſerve him in ſome ſort for a launce, and fixed to it the iron head or ſpear of that which was broken. All that night *Don Quixote* ſlept not a wink, ruminating on his lady *Dulcinea*, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to paſs many nights together, with-

5 From *machar*, to *pound* or *bruiſe in a mortar*.

6 The wines of *Malaga* were formerly moſt eſteemed in *Spain*, as were afterwards thoſe of the *Canaries*, and at preſent the *Cape* wines.

out closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did *Sancho* pass the night; whose stomach being full (and not of dandelion-water) he made but one sleep of it: and, if his master had not rouzed him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, cou'd have awaked him. At his uprising he took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before; which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. *Don Quixote* would not break his fast; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of *Lapice*, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. Here (said *Don Quixote*, espying it) brother *Sancho Pança*, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, tho' you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels; in that case you may assist me: but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle, 'till you are dubbed a knight. I assure you, sir, answered *Sancho*, your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles: but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him. I say no less, answered *Don Quixote*; but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your natural impetuosity. I say, I will do so, answered *Sancho*; and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day.

As they were thus discoursing, there appeared in the road two monks of the order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as was afterwards known, a certain *Biscaine* lady going to *Sevil* to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the *Indies* in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, tho' they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had *Don Quixote* espied them, when he said to his squire;

ſquire: Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the moſt famous adventure that ever was ſeen; for thoſe black bulks that appear yonder muſt be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away ſome princeſs, whom they have ſtolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redreſs this wrong to the utmoſt of my power. This may prove a worſe job than the wind-mills, ſaid *Sancho:* pray, ſir, take notice, that thoſe are *Benedictine* monks, and the coach muſt belong to ſome travellers. Pray, hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you. I have already told you, *Sancho,* anſwered *Don Quixote,* that you know little of the buſineſs of adventures: what I ſay is true, and you will ſee it preſently. And ſo ſaying, he advanced forward, and planted himſelf in the midſt of the high-way, by which the monks were to paſs; and when they were ſo near, that he ſuppoſed they could hear what he ſaid, he cried out with a loud voice: Diabolical and monſtrous race, either inſtantly releaſe the high-born princeſſes, whom you are carrying away in that coach againſt their wills, or prepare for inſtant death, as the juſt chaſtiſement of your wicked deeds [7]. The monks ſtopp'd their mules, and ſtood admiring, as well at the figure of *Don Quixote,* as at his expreſſions; to which they anſwered: Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monſtrous, but a couple of religious of the *Benedictine* order, who are travelling on our own buſineſs, and are entirely ignorant whether any princeſſes are carried away by force in that coach, or not. Soft words do nothing with me; for I know ye, treacherous ſcoundrels, ſaid *Don Quixote:* and, without ſtaying for any other reply, he clapped ſpurs to *Rozinante,* and, with his launce couched, ran at the foremoſt monk, with ſuch fury and reſolution, that, if he had not ſlid down from his mule, he wou'd have brought him to the ground, in ſpite of his teeth, and wounded to boot, if not kill'd outright.

The ſecond religious, ſeeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped ſpurs to his mule's ſides, and began to ſcour along the plain, lighter than the wind itſelf. *Sancho Pança,* ſeeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his aſs, and running to him began to take off his habit. In the mean while the monks two lacqueys coming up asked him why he was ſtripping their maſter of his clothes? *Sancho* anſwered, that

7 The uſual ſtyle of defiance in the old romances. So *Paciano* overtakes the knights, who are carrying off prince *Manireſo,* on a bier, ſorely wounded, and in a loud tone cries out; Hold, falſe and traiterous knights, for, by the order of knighthood, which I profeſs, you ſhall pay dearly for the villainy you have committed, *&c. Hiſtory of* D. Polindo, *ch.* 1.

they

they were his lawful perquiſites, as being the ſpoils of the battle, which his lord *Don Quixote* had juſt won. The lacqueys, who did not underſtand rallery, nor what was meant by ſpoils or battles, ſeeing *Don Quixote* at a diſtance, talking with thoſe in the coach, fell upon *Sancho*, and threw him down; and, leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him ſtretched on the ground, breathleſs, and ſenſeleſs. And, without loſing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frighted, and as pale as death; and no ſooner was he mounted, but he ſpurred after his companion, who ſtood waiting at a good diſtance, to ſee what would be the iſſue of that ſtrange encounter: but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, croſſing themſelves oftener than if the devil had been cloſe at their heels. *Don Quixote*, as was ſaid, ſtood talking to the lady in the coach, ſaying: Your beauty, dear lady, may diſpoſe of your perſon as pleaſeth you beſt; for your haughty raviſhers lie proſtrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerleſs and beauteous *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; and, in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I deſire, is that you would return to *Toboſo*, and, in my name, preſent yourſelves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.

All that *Don Quixote* ſaid was over-heard by a certain ſquire, who accompanied the coach, a *Biſcainer*; who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but inſiſted upon its immediately returning to *Toboſo*, flew at *Don Quixote*, and, taking hold of his launce, addreſſed him, in bad *Caſtilian* and worſe *Biſcaine*, after this manner. Be gone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee: I ſwear by the god that made me, if thou doſt not quit the coach, thou forfeiteſt thy life, as I am a *Biſcainer*. *Don Quixote* underſtood him very well, and with great calmneſs anſwered: Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chaſtiſed thy folly and preſumption, thou pitiful ſlave. To which the *Biſcainer* replied: I no gentleman! I ſwear by the great god thou lyeſt, as I am a chriſtian; if thou wilt throw away thy launce, and draw thy ſword, thou ſhalt ſee I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouſe: *Biſcainer* by land, gentleman by ſea, gentleman for the devil, and thou lyeſt: look then if thou haſt any thing elſe to ſay. Thou ſhalt ſee that preſently, as ſaid *Agrages*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and throwing down his launce, he drew his ſword, and graſping his buckler ſet upon the *Biſcainer*, with a reſolution to kill him. The *Biſcainer*, ſeeing him come on in that manner,

manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which, being of the worſt kind of hackneys, was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his ſword: but it happened well for him that he was cloſe to the coach-ſide, out of which he ſnatched a cuſhion, which ſerved him for a ſhield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The reſt of the company would have made peace between them: but they could not; for the *Biſcainer* ſwore in his gibberiſh, that, if they would not let him finiſh the combat, he would kill his miſtreſs, and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what ſhe ſaw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and ſo ſat at a diſtance, beholding the rigorous conflict: In the progreſs of which, the *Biſcainer* gave *Don Quixote* ſuch an huge ſtroke on one of his ſhoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleſt him down to the girdle. *Don Quixote*, feeling the weight of that unmeaſurable blow, cried out aloud, ſaying: O lady of my ſoul, *Dulcinea*, flower of all beauty, ſuccour this thy knight, who, to ſatisfy thy great goodneſs, expoſes himſelf to this rigorous extremity. The ſaying this, the drawing his ſword, the covering himſelf well with his buckler, and falling furiouſly on the *Biſcainer*, was all done in one moment, he reſolving to venture all on the fortune of one ſingle blow. The *Biſcainer*, who ſaw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his reſolution, reſolved to do the ſame thing that *Don Quixote* had done; and ſo he waited for him, covering himſelf well with his cuſhion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right, or the left, ſhe being already ſo jaded, and ſo little uſed to ſuch ſport, that ſhe would not ſtir a ſtep.

Now *Don Quixote*, as has been ſaid, advanced againſt the wary *Biſcainer*, with his lifted ſword, fully determined to cleave him in ſunder; and the *Biſcainer* expected him, with his ſword alſo lifted up, and guarded by his cuſhion. All the by-ſtanders were trembling, and in ſuſpence what might be the event of thoſe prodigious blows, with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach, and her waiting-women, were making a thouſand vows, and promiſes of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in *Spain*, that god would deliver them and their ſquire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this hiſtory, in this very criſis, leaves the combat unfiniſh'd [8], excuſing himſelf, that he could find no more written of theſe exploits of *Don*

8 The breaking off the combat in this place is very beautiful and artificial, as it keeps the reader in a moſt agreeable ſuſpence.

Quixote

Quixote than what he has already related. 'Tis true indeed, that the ſecond undertaker of this work could not believe, that ſo curious an hiſtory could be loſt in oblivion, or that the wits of *la Mancha* ſhould have ſo little curioſity, as not to preſerve in their archives, or their cabinets, ſome papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that preſumption he did not deſpair to find the concluſion of this delectable hiſtory; which, heaven favouring him, he has at laſt done, in the manner as ſhall be recounted in the ſecond part.



THE

THE
LIFE *and* EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is concluded, and an end put to, the ſtupendous battle between the vigorous Biſcainer *and the valiant* Manchegan.

IN the firſt part of this hiſtory, we left the valiant *Biſcainer* and the renowned *Don Quixote*, with their ſwords lifted up and naked, ready to diſcharge two ſuch furious and cleaving ſtrokes, as muſt, if they had lighted full, at leaſt have divided the combatants from head to heel, and ſplit them aſunder like a pomegranate: but in that critical inſtant this reliſhing hiſtory ſtopped ſhort, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. This grieved me extremely; and the pleaſure of having read ſo little was turned into diſguſt, to think what ſmall probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of ſo ſavoury a ſtory. It ſeemed to me

me impoſſible, and quite beſide all laudable cuſtom, that ſo accompliſhed a knight ſhould want a ſage, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits; a circumſtance that never before failed any of thoſe knights-errant, who travelled in queſt of adventures; every one of whom had one or two ſages, made as it were on purpoſe, who not only recorded their actions, but deſcribed likewiſe their moſt minute and trifling thoughts, though never ſo ſecret. Surely then ſo worthy a knight could not be ſo unfortunate, as to want what *Platir* [9], and others like him, abounded with. For this reaſon I could not be induced to believe, that ſo gallant a hiſtory could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and conſumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had deſtroyed it. On the other ſide, I conſidered, that, ſince among his books there were found ſome ſo modern as the *Cure of jealouſy*, and the *Nymphs and ſhepherds of Henares* [1], his Hiſtory alſo muſt be modern; and, if it was not as yet written, might, at leaſt, ſtill remain in the memories of the people of his village, and thoſe of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in ſuſpence, and made me deſirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned *Spaniard*, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the light and mirrour of *Manchegan* chivalry, and the firſt, who, in our age, and in theſe calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exerciſe of arms-errant; to redreſs wrongs, ſuccour widows, and relieve that ſort of damſels, who, with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley: for unleſs ſome miſcreant, or ſome leud clown, with hatchet and ſteel cap, or ſome prodigious giant, raviſhed them, damſels there were, in days of yore, who, at the expiration of fourſcore years, and never ſleeping in all that time under a roof, went as ſpotleſs virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. Now, I ſay, upon theſe, and many other accounts, our gallant *Don Quixote* is worthy of immortal memory and praiſe: nor ought ſome ſhare to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to diſcover the end of this delectable hiſtory; though I am very ſenſible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have ſtill been without that paſtime and pleaſure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

As I was walking one day on the exchange of *Toledo*, a boy came to ſell ſome bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I

9 A ſecond-rate knight in *Palmerin of England*.

1 The river that runs by the univerſity of *Alcala* in old *Caſtile*.

am

am fond of reading, though it be torn papers thrown about the ſtreets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a parcel of thoſe the boy was ſelling, and perceived therein characters, which I knew to be *Arabic*. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for ſome *Mooriſh* rabbi, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find ſuch an interpreter; for, had I ſought one for ſome better and more ancient language [2], I ſhould have found him there. In fine, my good fortune preſented one to me; and acquainting him with my deſire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and, reading a little in it, began to laugh. I asked him, what he ſmiled at? and he anſwered me, at ſomething which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I deſired him to tell me what it was; and he, laughing on, ſaid; there is written on the margin as follows: *This* Dulcinea del Toboſo, *ſo often mentioned in this hiſtory, had, they ſay, the beſt hand at ſalting pork, of any Woman in all* La Mancha. When I heard the name of *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, I ſtood amazed and confounded; for I preſently fancied to myſelf, that thoſe bundles of paper contained the hiſtory of *Don Quixote*.

With this thought, I preſs'd him to read the beginning; which he did, and rendring *extempore* the *Arabic* into *Caſtilian*, ſaid that it began thus: *The hiſtory of* Don Quixote de la Mancha, *written by* Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian *hiſtoriographer*. Much diſcretion was neceſſary to diſſemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and ſnatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promiſed himſelf, and have really had, more than ſix for the bargain. I went off immediately with the *Moriſco*, through the cloiſter of the great church, and deſired him to tranſlate for me thoſe papers (all thoſe that treated of *Don Quixote*) into the *Caſtilian* tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he ſhould demand. He was ſatisfied with fifty pounds of raiſins, and two buſhels of wheat; and promiſed to tranſlate them faithfully and expeditiouſly. But I, to make the buſineſs more ſure, and not to let ſo valuable a prize ſlip thro' my fingers, took him home to my own houſe, where, in little more than ſix weeks time, he tranſlated the whole, in the manner you have it here related [3].

2 Meaning ſome *Jew*, to interpret the *Hebrew* or *Chaldee*.

3 The author's pretending to have found the ſequel of *Don Quixote*'s hiſtory at *Toledo*, may allude to a current Belief among the vulgar at that time, that a perſon in that city had an *univerſal Hiſtory*, in which every one found whatever they ſought for or deſired. *D. Greg.*

In

In the firſt ſheet was drawn, in a moſt lively manner, *Don Quixote*'s combat with the *Biſcainer*, in the ſame attitude in which the hiſtory ſets it forth; the ſwords lifted up; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cuſhion; and the *Biſcainer*'s mule ſo to the life, that you might diſcover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-ſhot off. The *Biſcainer* had a label at his feet, on which was written, *Don Sancho de Azpetia*; which, without doubt, muſt have been his name: and at the feet of *Rozinante* was another, on which was written, *Don Quixote*. *Rozinante* was wonderfully well delineated; ſo long and lank, ſo lean and feeble, with ſo ſharp a back-bone, and ſo like one in a galloping conſumption, that you might ſee plainly with what exactneſs and propriety the name of *Rozinante* had been given him. Cloſe by him ſtood *Sancho Pança*, holding his aſs by the halter; at whoſe feet was another ſcroll, whereon was written, *Sancho Zancas:* and not without reaſon, if he was, as the painting expreſſed, paunch-bellied, ſhort of ſtature, and ſpindle-ſhanked: which, doubtleſs, gave him the names of *Pança* and *Zancas*; for the hiſtory ſometimes calls him by the one, and ſometimes by the other of theſe ſirnames. There were ſome other minuter particulars obſervable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the hiſtory; though none are to be deſpiſed, if true. But, if any objection lies againſt the truth of this hiſtory, it can only be, that the author was an *Arab*, thoſe of that nation being not a little addicted to lying: though, they being ſo much our enemies, one ſhould rather think he fell ſhort of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And ſo, in truth, he ſeems to have done; for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praiſes of ſo excellent a knight, it looks as if he induſtriouſly paſſed them over in ſilence: a thing ill done, and worſe deſigned; for hiſtorians ought to be preciſe, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither intereſt nor fear, hatred nor affection, ſhould make them ſwerve from the way of truth, whoſe mother is hiſtory, the rival of time, the depoſitory of great actions, the witneſs of what is paſt, the example and inſtruction to the preſent, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find whatever you can deſire in the moſt agreeable; and, if any perfection is wanting to it, it muſt, without all queſtion, be the fault of the infidel + its author, and not owing to any defect in the ſubject. In ſhort, its ſecond part, according to the tranſlation, began in this manner.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandiſhed aloft, ſeemed to ſtand threatning heaven, and earth, and the deep abyſs; ſuch was the courage and

+ In the original *Galgo*, a *grey-hound*, or *dog*. In *Spain* they call the *Moors dogs*.

gallantry

gallantry of their deportment. And the firſt, who diſcharged his blow, was the choleric *Biſcainer*; which fell with ſuch force and fury, that, if the edge of the ſword had not turned aſlant by the way, that ſingle blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight: but good fortune, that preſerved him for greater things, ſo twiſted his adverſary's ſword, that, though it lighted on the left ſhoulder, it did him no other hurt, than to diſarm that ſide, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good god! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breaſt of our *Manchegan*, at ſeeing himſelf ſo roughly handled? Let it ſuffice that it was ſuch, that he raiſed himſelf afreſh in his ſtirrups, and, graſping his ſword faſter in both hands, diſcharged it with ſuch fury upon the *Biſcainer*, taking him full upon the cuſhion, and upon the head (which he cou'd not defend) that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to guſh out at his noſtrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he ſeemed as if he was juſt falling down from his mule, which doubtleſs he muſt have done, if he had not laid faſt hold of her neck: but, notwithſtanding that, he loſt his ſtirrups, and let go his hold; and the mule, frighted by the terrible ſtroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her maſter flat upon the ground. *Don Quixote* ſtood looking on with great calmneſs, and, when he ſaw him fall, leaped from his horſe, and with much agility ran up to him, and, clapping the point of his ſword to his eyes, bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The *Biſcainer* was ſo ſtunned, that he could not anſwer a word; and it had gone hard with him (ſo blinded with rage was *Don Quixote*) if the ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great diſmay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earneſtly beſought him, that he would do them the great kindneſs and favour to ſpare the life of their ſquire. *Don Quixote* anſwered with much ſolemnity and gravity: Aſſuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your requeſt, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight ſhall promiſe me to repair to the town of *Toboſo*, and preſent himſelf, as from me, before the peerleſs *Dulcinea*, that ſhe may diſpoſe of him as ſhe ſhall think fit. The terrified and diſconſolate lady, without conſidering what *Don Quixote* required, and without enquiring who *Dulcinea* was, promiſed him her ſquire ſhould perform whatever he enjoined him. In reliance upon this promiſe, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deſerved it at my hands.

CHAP. II.

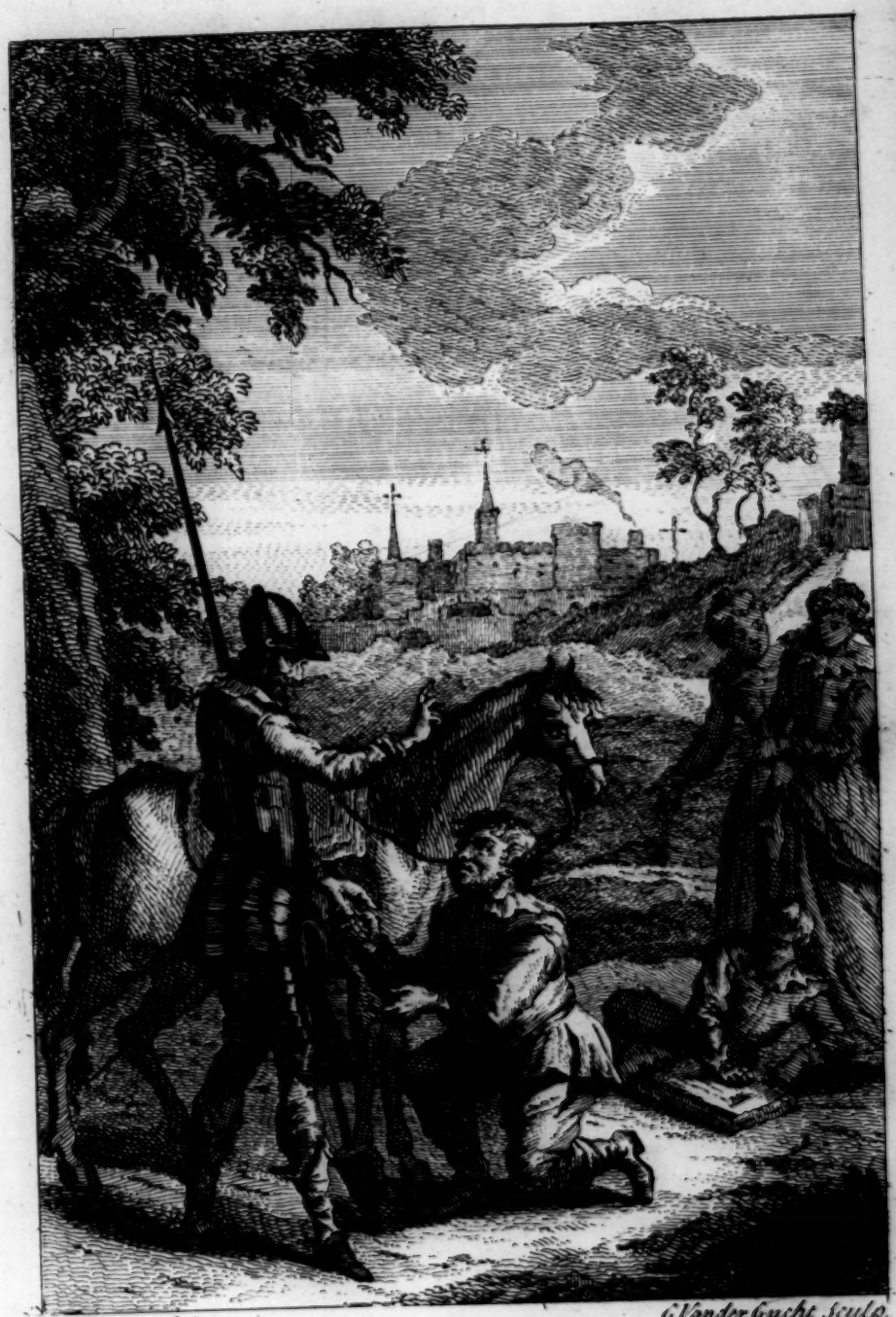
Of the diſcourſe Don Quixote *had with his good ſquire* Sancho Pança.

BY this time *Sancho Pança* had got upon his legs, ſomewhat roughly handled by the monks laqueys, and ſtood beholding very attentively the combat of his maſter *Don Quixote*, and beſought god in his heart, that he would be pleaſed to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win ſome iſland, of which to make him governor, as he had promiſed him. Now, ſeeing the conflict at an end, and that his maſter was ready to mount again upon *Rozinante*, he came and held his ſtirrup; and, before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and, taking hold of his hand, kiſſed it, and ſaid to him: Be pleaſed, my lord *Don Quixote*, to beſtow upon me the government of that iſland, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never ſo big, I find in myſelf ability ſufficient to govern it, as well as the beſt he that ever governed iſland in the world. To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: Conſider, brother *Sancho*, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of iſlands, but of croſs-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loſs of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but ſomething better. *Sancho* returned him abundance of thanks, and, kiſſing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon *Rozinante*, and himſelf mounting his aſs began to follow his maſter; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave, or ſpeaking to thoſe of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as faſt as his beaſt could trot; but *Rozinante* made ſuch way, that, ſeeing himſelf like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his maſter to ſtay for him. *Don Quixote* did ſo, checking *Rozinante* by the bridle, 'till his weary ſquire overtook him; who, as ſoon as he came near, ſaid to him: Methinks, ſir, it would not be amiſs to retire to ſome church; for conſidering in what condition you have left your adverſary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the *holy brotherhood* [5], and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches, we may chance to ſweat for it. Peace, quoth *Don Quixote*; for where have you ever ſeen or read of a knight-errant's being brought before a court of juſtice, let him have committed never ſo many homicides. I know nothing of your *Omecills*, anſwered *Sancho*, nor in my life have I ever concerned myſelf about them:

5 An inſtitution in *Spain* for the apprehending of robbers, and making the roads ſafe for travellers.

only



I Vanderbank inv. *G Vander Gucht Sculp.*

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only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have ſomething to ſay to thoſe who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it. Set your heart at reſt, friend, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I ſhould deliver you out of the hands of the *Chaldeans*; how much more out of thoſe of the holy brotherhood? But tell me, on your life, have you ever ſeen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in ſtory of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in aſſailing, more breath in holding out [6], more dexterity in wounding, or more addreſs in giving a fall? The truth is, anſwered *Sancho*, that I never read any hiſtory at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never ſerved a bolder maſter than your worſhip, in all the days of my life; and pray god we be not called to an account for theſe darings, where I juſt now ſaid. What I beg of your worſhip, is, that you would let your wound be dreſſed; for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have here ſome lint, and a little white ointment, in my wallet. All this would have been needleſs, anſwered *Don Quixote*, if I had bethought myſelf of making a vial of the balſam of *Fierabras*; for, with one ſingle drop of that, we might have ſaved both time and medicines. What vial, and what balſam is that? ſaid *Sancho Pança*. It is a balſam, anſwered *Don Quixote*, of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that has it need not fear death, nor ſo much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I ſhall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do, is, when you ſee me in ſome battle cleft aſunder, (as it frequently happens) to take up fair and ſoftly that part of my body, which ſhall fall to the ground, and, with the greateſt nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that ſhall remain in the ſaddle, taking eſpecial care to make them tally exactly. Then muſt you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balſam aforeſaid, and then will you ſee me become ſounder than any apple. If this be ſo, ſaid *Sancho*, I renounce from henceforward the government of the promiſed iſland, and deſire no other thing, in payment of my many and good ſervices, but only that your worſhip will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare ſay it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to paſs this life creditably and comfortably. But I ſhould be glad to know whether it will coſt much the making? For

6 When ſingle combat was in uſe, nothing was more frequent, than for the parties engaged to retreat by conſent, in order to take breath. If either of the combatants perceived the other to breathe ſhorter or thicker than himſelf, he was at liberty to take this advantage, and to preſs him cloſe; though even in this caſe it was uſual, out of a high point of generoſity, to agree to the adverſary's propoſal of taking breath.

leſs than three reals one may make nine pints, anſwered *Don Quixote*. Sinner that I am, replied *Sancho*, why then does your worſhip delay to make it, and to teach it me? Peace, friend, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I intend to teach thee greater ſecrets, and to do thee greater kindneſſes: and, for the preſent, let us ſet about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wiſh.

Sancho took ſome lint and ointment out of his wallet: but, when *Don Quixote* perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run ſtark mad; and, laying his hand on his ſword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he ſaid: I ſwear, by the creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangeliſts, to lead the life that the great marquis of *Mantua* led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew *Valdovinos*; (which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor ſolace himſelf with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expreſſed) till I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. *Sancho*, hearing this, ſaid to him: Pray, conſider, Signor *Don Quixote*, that, if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and preſent himſelf before my lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, he will then have done his duty, and deſerves no new puniſhment, unleſs he commit a new crime. You have ſpoken and remarked very juſtly, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and I annul the oath, ſo far as concerns the taking a freſh revenge; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, till I ſhall take by force ſuch another helmet, or one as good, from ſome other knight. And think not, *Sancho*, I undertake this lightly, or make a ſmoke of ſtraw: I know what example I follow therein; for the ſame thing happened exactly with regard to *Mambrino*'s helmet, which coſt *Sacripante* ſo dear [z]. Good ſir, replied *Sancho*, give ſuch oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conſcience. Beſides, pray tell me, if, perchance, in many days we ſhould not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what muſt we do then? muſt the oath be kept, in ſpite of ſo many difficulties and inconveniencies, ſuch as ſleeping in your clothes, and not ſleeping in any inhabited place, and a thouſand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the marquis of *Mantua*, which you, ſir, would now revive? Conſider well, that none of theſe roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only carriers and carters, who are ſo far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them ſo much as named, in all the days of their lives. You are miſtaken in this, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for we ſhall not be two hours in theſe croſs-

[z] The ſtory is in *Arioſto*'s *Orlando Furioſo*.

ways,

ways, before we ſhall ſee more armed men than came to the ſiege of *Albraca* [8], to carry off *Angelica the fair*. Well then, be it ſo, quoth *Sancho*; and god grant us good ſucceſs, and that we may ſpeedily win this iſland, which coſts me ſo dear; and then no matter how ſoon I die. I have already told you, *Sancho*, to be in no pain upon that account; for, if an iſland cannot be had, there is the kingdom of *Denmark*, or that of *Sobradiſa* [9], which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and moreover, being upon *Terra Firma* [1], you ſhould rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and ſee if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go preſently in queſt of ſome caſtle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balſam that I told you of; for I vow to god, my ear pains me very much. I have here an onion, and a piece of cheeſe, and I know not how many cruſts of bread, ſaid *Sancho*; but they are not eatables fit for ſo valiant a knight as your worſhip. How ill you underſtand this matter! anſwered *Don Quixote*: you muſt know, *Sancho*, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and, if they do eat, it muſt be of what comes next to hand: and, if you had read as many hiſtories as I have done, you would have known this: for though I have peruſed a great many, I never yet found any account given in them, that ever knights-errant did eat, unleſs it were by chance, and at certain ſumptuous banquets made on purpoſe for them; and the reſt of their days they lived, as it were, upon their ſmelling. And though it is to be preſumed, they could not ſubſiſt without eating, and without ſatisfying all other natural wants, it muſt likewiſe be ſuppoſed, that, as they paſſed moſt part of their lives in wandering through foreſts and deſerts, and without a cook, their moſt uſual diet muſt conſiſt of ruſtic viands, ſuch as thoſe you now offer me. So that, friend *Sancho*, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleaſure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw knight-errantry off its hinges. Pardon me, ſir, ſaid *Sancho*; for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profeſſion; and from henceforward I will furniſh my wallet with all ſorts of dried fruits for your worſhip, who are a knight; and for myſelf, who am none, I will ſupply it with poultry, and other things of more ſubſtance. I do not ſay, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you ſay; but that their moſt uſual ſuſtenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs, they found

8 Meaning king *Marſilio*, and the thirty-two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. *Arioſto*.

9 A fictitious kingdom in *Amadis de Gaul*.

1 In alluſion to the famous *Firm Iſland*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, the land of promiſe to the faithful ſquires of knights-errant.

up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and ſo do I. It is a happineſs to know theſe ſame herbs, anſwered *Sancho*; for I am inclined to think, we ſhall one day have occaſion to make uſe of that knowledge.

And ſo ſaying, he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being deſirous to ſeek out ſome place to lodge in that night, they ſoon finiſhed their poor and dry commons. They preſently mounted, and made what haſte they could to get to ſome inhabited place before night: but both the ſun, and their hopes, failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and ſo they determined to take up their lodging there: but, if *Sancho* was grieved, that they cou'd not reach ſome habitation, his maſter was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an *act poſſeſſive*, or ſuch an act as gave a freſh evidence of his title to chivalry.

CHAP. III.

Of what befel Don Quixote *with certain goatherds.*

HE was kindly received by the goatherds; and *Sancho*, having accommodated *Rozinante* and his aſs the beſt he could, followed the ſcent of certain pieces of goat's-fleſh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly, at that inſtant, have tried whether they were fit to be tranſlated from the kettle to the ſtomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themſelves took them off the fire, and, ſpreading ſome ſheep-skins on the ground, very ſpeedily ſerved up their rural meſs, and invited them both, with ſhew of much good-will, to take ſhare of what they had [2]. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, ſat down round about the skins, having firſt, with ruſtic compliments, deſired *Don Quixote* that he would ſeat himſelf upon a trough, with the bottom upwards, placed on purpoſe for him. *Don Quixote* ſat down, and *Sancho* remained ſtanding to ſerve the cup, which was made of horn. His maſter, ſeeing him ſtanding, ſaid to him: That you may ſee, *Sancho*, the intrinſic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a proſpect its meaneſt retainers have of ſpeedily gaining the reſpect and eſteem of the world, I will, that you ſit here by my ſide, and in company with theſe good folks, and that you be one and the ſame thing with me, who am your maſter and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the ſame cup in

2 So the knight of the *burning-ſword* comes to the ſhepherds at night, who bind up his wounds; and one gives him a cruſt of dry bread and a draught of water: and never was banquet at king *Magadan*'s court ſo ſavoury. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 7. ch. 11.

which

which I drink: for the ſame may be ſaid of knight-errantry, which is ſaid of love, that it makes all things equal. I give you a great many thanks, ſir, ſaid *Sancho*; but let me tell your worſhip, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, ſtanding, and alone by myſelf, than if I were ſeated cloſe by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, reliſhes better than turkeys at other folks tables, where I am forced to chew leiſurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither ſneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good ſir, as to theſe honours your worſhip is pleaſed to confer upon me, as a menial ſervant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being ſquire to your worſhip) be pleaſed to convert them into ſomething of more uſe and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world. All this notwithſtanding, ſaid *Don Quixote*, you ſhall ſit down; for whoſoever humbleth himſelf, god doth exalt; and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to ſit down next him. The goatherds did not underſtand this jargon of ſquires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and liſten, and ſtare at their gueſts, who, with much chearfulneſs and appetite, ſwallowed down pieces as big as one's fiſt. The ſervice of fleſh being finiſhed, they ſpread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheeſe, harder than if it had been made of plaiſter of *Paris*. The horn ſtood not idle all this while; for it went round ſo often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they preſently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After *Don Quixote* had ſatisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expreſſions like theſe.

3 Happy times, and happy ages! thoſe, to which the ancients gave the name of *golden*, not becauſe gold (which, in this our iron age, is ſo much eſteemed) was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but becauſe they, who then

3 *Cervantes* here ſeems to have had in view a long diſcourſe, made by *Mardocheo*, the princeſs *Helena*'s dwarf, in praiſe of a paſtoral life. See *Amadis de Gaul*, book 11. ch. 8. This harangue, together with another of the *Don*'s on the preeminence of arms above letters (ſee b. 4. ch. 10 & 11.) are a ridicule on the ſtiffneſs and pedantry then ſo much in vogue, particularly in ſpeeches and harangues, of which the *French* were ſo fond, that when they had tranſlated twenty-four books of *Amadis*, they publiſh'd two more of ſpeeches and ſentences taken out of that immenſe work, for the improvement of perſons of quality. *M. de Herberay*, the firſt tranſlator into *French*, is, by the writers of that age, ſtyled *the French Cicero*.

lived, were ignorant of these two words, *Meum* and *Tuum*. In that age of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertil produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plow had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertil and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion, to which the *Tyrian* purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixt with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause nor person, to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and leud designs of others; and, if they were undone, it was intirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of *Crete*; for even there, through some

cranny,

cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of curſed importunity, the amorous peſtilence finds entrance, and they miſcarry in ſpite of their cloſeſt retreat. For the ſecurity of whom, as times grew worſe, and wickedneſs increaſed, the order of knight-errantry was inſtituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and perſons diſtreſſed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my ſquire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing, that, without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reaſon that, with all poſſible good-will towards you, I ſhould acknowledge yours to me.

Our knight made this tedious diſcourſe (which might very well have been ſpared) becauſe the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the *golden age*, and inſpired him with an eager deſire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds; who ſtood in amaze, gaping and liſtening, without anſwering him a word. *Sancho* himſelf was ſilent, ſtuffing himſelf with the acorns, and often viſiting the ſecond wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote ſpent more time in talking than in eating; and, ſupper being over, one of the goatherds ſaid: that your worſhip, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly ſay, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you ſome diverſion and amuſement, by making one of our comrades ſing, who will ſoon be here: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck [4] to heart's content. The goatherd had ſcarce ſaid this, when the ſound of the rebeck reached their ears, and, preſently after, came he that plaid on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him, if he had ſupped; and he anſwering, yes, then, *Antonio*, ſaid he who had made the offer, you may afford us the pleaſure of hearing you ſing a little, that this gentleman, our gueſt, may ſee, we have here, among the mountains and woods, ſome that underſtand muſic. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you ſhew them, and make good what we have ſaid; and therefore I intreat you to ſit down, and ſing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary compoſed for you, and which was ſo well liked in our village. With all my heart, replied the youth; and, without farther intreaty, he ſat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a ſingular good grace, he began to ſing as follows.

4 A kind of inſtrument with three ſtrings, uſed by ſhepherds.

A N-

ANTONIO.

Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boaſt the conqueſt of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor ſpeaking eyes,
Have yet revealed the latent ſmart.

Thy wit and ſenſe aſſure my fate,
In them my love's ſucceſs I ſee;
Nor can he be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.

Yet ſometimes haſt thou frowned, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel ſhock;
Then did thy ſoul ſeem formed of braſs,
Thy ſnowy boſom of the rock.

But in the midſt of thy diſdain,
Thy ſharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to eaſe my pain,
The border of her robe diſplays.

Ah! lovely maid! in equal ſcale
Weigh well thy ſhepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor ſmiles can move.

If love, as ſhepherds wont to ſay,
Be gentleneſs and courteſy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My paſſion will rewarded be:

And if obſequious duty paid
The grateful heart can ever move,
Mine ſure, my fair, may well perſuade
A due return, and claim thy love.

For, to ſeem pleaſing in thy ſight,
I dreſs myſelf with ſtudious care,
And, in my beſt apparel dight,
My Sunday *clothes on* Monday *wear.*

And ſhepherds ſay, I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dreſs and ſpruce attire
Preſerve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.

To pleaſe my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and ſportive play,
And oft beneath thy window ſing,
When firſt the cock proclaims the day.

With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily ſpread thy beauty's fame;
And ſtill my tongue thy praiſe ſhall tell,
Though envy ſwell, or malice blame.

Tereſa *of the* Berrocal,
When once I praiſed you, ſaid in ſpite;
Your miſtreſs you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight:

Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the falſe and curled hair,
Which wary love himſelf might cheat.

I ſwore, 'twas falſe; and ſaid, ſhe ly'd;
At that, her anger fiercely roſe:
I box'd the clown that took her ſide,
And how I box'd my faireſt knows.

I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a looſe deſire;
My love is chaſte, without allay
Of wanton wiſh, or luſtful fire.

The church hath ſilken cords that tie
Conſenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, its yoke will try,
Thy ſwain its ready captive ſtands.

If not, by all the ſaints I ſwear,
On theſe bleak mountains ſtill to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilſome care,
But for the cloiſter and the cell.

Here ended the goatherd's ſong, and, though *Don Quixote* deſired him to ſing ſomething elſe, *Sancho Pança* was of another mind, being more diſpoſed to ſleep, than to hear ballads; and therefore he ſaid to his maſter: Sir, you had better conſider where you are to lie to-night; for the pains theſe honeſt men take all day will not ſuffer them to paſs the nights in ſinging. I underſtand

underſtand you, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I ſee plainly, that the viſits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with ſleep than muſic. It reliſhed well with us all, bleſſed be god, anſwered *Sancho*. I do not deny it, replied *Don Quixote*; but lay yourſelf down where you will, for it better becomes thoſe of my profeſſion to watch than to ſleep. However, it would not be amiſs, *Sancho*, if you would dreſs this ear again; for it pains me more than it ſhould. *Sancho* did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, ſeeing the hurt, bid him not be uneaſy, for he would apply ſuch a remedy as ſhould quickly heal it. And taking ſome roſemary-leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little ſalt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very faſt, aſſuring him, he would want no other ſalve, as it proved in effect.

CHAP. IV.

What a certain goatherd related to thoſe that were with Don Quixote.

WHILE this paſſed, there came another of thoſe young lads, who brought them their proviſions from the village, and ſaid: Comrades, do you know what paſſes in the village? How ſhould we know? anſwered one of them. Know then, continued the youth, that this morning died that famous ſhepherd, and ſcholar, *Chryſoſtom*; and it is whiſpered, that he died for love of that deviliſh untoward laſs *Marcela*, daughter of *William* the rich; ſhe, who rambles about theſe woods and fields, in the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs. For *Marcela!* ſay you? quoth one. For her, I ſay, anſwered the goatherd: and the beſt of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they ſhould bury him in the fields as if he had been a *Moor*, and that it ſhould be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree-fountain; for, according to report, and what, they ſay, he himſelf declared, that was the very place where he firſt ſaw her. He ordered alſo other things ſo extravagant, that the clergy ſay, they muſt not be performed; nor is it fit they ſhould, for they ſeem to be heatheniſh. To all which that great friend of his, *Ambroſio* the ſtudent, who accompanied him likewiſe in the dreſs of a ſhepherd, anſwers, that the whole muſt be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as *Chryſoſtom* enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar: but, by what I can learn, they will at laſt do what *Ambroſio*, and all the ſhepherd's friends, require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great ſolemnity, in the place I have already told you of. And I am of opinion, it will be very well worth ſeeing; at leaſt, I will not fail to go, though

though I knew I ſhould not return to-morrow to the village. We will do ſo too, anſwered the goatherds, and let us caſt lots who ſhall ſtay behind, to look after all our goats. You ſay well, *Pedro*, quoth another: but it will be needleſs to make uſe of this expedient; for I will ſtay for you all: and do not attribute this to virtue, or want of curioſity in me, but to the thorn which ſtruck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking. We are obliged to you, however, anſwered *Pedro*.

Don Quixote deſired *Pedro* to tell him, who the deceaſed was, and who that ſhepherdeſs. To which *Pedro* anſwered, that all he knew was, that the deceaſed was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among the hills thereabout, who had ſtudied many years in *Salamanca*; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing and well-read perſon: particularly, it was ſaid, he underſtood the ſcience of the ſtars, and what the ſun and moon are doing in the ſky: for he told us punctually the cliſe of the ſun and moon. Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, the obſcuration of thoſe two greater luminaries is called an *eclipſe*, and not a *clipſe*. But *Pedro*, not regarding niceties, went on with his ſtory, ſaying: he alſo foretold when the year would be plentiful, or eſtril. *Steril*, you would ſay, friend, quoth *Don Quixote*. Steril or eſtril, anſwered *Pedro*, comes all to the ſame thing. And as I was ſaying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. This year, he would ſay, ſow barley, and not wheat: in this you may ſow vetches, and not barley: the next year, there will be plenty of oil: the three following, there will not be a drop. This ſcience they call *aſtrology*, ſaid *Don Quixote*. I know not how it is called, replied *Pedro*; but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In ſhort, not many months after he came from *Salamanca*, on a certain day he appeared dreſſed like a ſhepherd, with his crook, and ſheep-skin jacket, having thrown aſide his ſcholar's gown; and with him another, a great friend of his, called *Ambroſio*, who had been his fellow-ſtudent, and now put himſelf into the ſame dreſs of a ſhepherd. I forgot to tell you, how the deceaſed *Chryſoſtom* was a great man at making verſes; inſomuch that he made the carols for *Chriſtmas-eve*, and the religious plays for *Corpus Chriſti*, which the boys of our village repreſented; and every body ſaid they were moſt excellent. When the people of the village ſaw the two ſcholars ſo ſuddenly habited like ſhepherds, they were amazed, and could not gueſs at the cauſe that induced them to make that ſtrange alteration in their dreſs. About this time the father of *Chryſoſtom* died, and he inherited a large eſtate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money; of all which the youth

youth remained diſſolute maſter; and indeed he deſerved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to thoſe that were good, and had a face like any bleſſing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit, for no other purpoſe, but that he might wander about theſe deſert places after that ſhepherdeſs *Marcela*, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceaſed *Chryſoſtom* was in love. And I will now tell you (for it is fit you ſhould know) who this young ſlut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were *as old as the itch*. Say, *as old as* Sarah, replied *Don Quixote*, not being able to endure the goatherd's miſtaking words. The *itch* is old enough, anſwered *Pedro*; and, ſir, if you muſt at every turn be correcting my words, we ſhall not have done this twelvemonth. Pardon me, friend, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I told you of it, becauſe there is a wide difference between the *itch* and *Sarah* [5]: and ſo go on with your ſtory; for I will interrupt you no more.

I ſay then, dear ſir of my ſoul, quoth the goatherd, that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of *Chryſoſtom*, called *William*; on whom god beſtowed, beſides much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and ſhe was the moſt reſpected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I ſee her now, with that preſence, looking as if ſhe had the ſun on one ſide of her, and the moon on the other [6]: and, above all, ſhe was a notable houſewife, and a friend to the poor; for which I believe her ſoul is at this very moment enjoying god in the other world. Her husband *William* died for grief at the death of ſo good a woman, leaving his daughter *Marcela*, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a prieſt, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with ſo much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great ſhare; and for all that it was judged that her daughter's would ſurpaſs her's. And ſo it fell out; for when ſhe came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, no body beheld her without bleſſing god for making her ſo handſom, and moſt men were in love with, and undone for

5 This wants explanation, it being impoſſible to give the force of it in an *Engliſh* tranſlation. *Viejo como la Sarna* is a *Spaniſh* proverb, ſignifying *as old as the itch*, which is of great antiquity; though it is agreed that this is only a corruption of ignorant people ſaying *Sarna* for *Sarra*: which laſt is uſually taken to ſignify *Sarah*, *Abraham*'s wife, either in regard ſhe lived 110 years, or becauſe of the long time it is ſince ſhe lived; though ſome ſay that *Sarra*, in the *Biſcaine* language, ſignifies *old age*, and ſo the proverb will be, *As old as old age itſelf*.

6 This ſeems to be a ridicule on the extravagant metaphors uſed by the *Spaniſh* poets, in praiſe of the beauty of their miſtreſſes.

her.

her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close: notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, sollicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he (who, to do him justice, is a good christian) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest, in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of, and every thing censured. And, my life for yours, that clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country-towns.

It is true, said *Don Quixote*, and proceed: for the story is excellent, and, honest *Pedro*, you tell it with a good grace. May the grace of the lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know, quoth *Pedro*, that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular, of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy *Marcela* appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country-lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in publick, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you, how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken *Chrysostom*'s dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said, that he rather adored, than loved, her. But think not, that, because *Marcela* has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve

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and ſollicit her, no one has boaſted, or can boaſt with truth, that ſhe has given him the leaſt hope of obtaining his deſire. For though ſhe does not fly nor ſhun the company and converſation of the ſhepherds, but treats them with courteſy, and in a friendly manner, yet, upon any one's beginning to diſcover his intention, though it be as juſt and holy as that of marriage, ſhe caſts him from her as out of a ſtone-bow. And by this ſort of behaviour, ſhe does more miſchief in this country, than if ſhe carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of thoſe who converſe with her, to ſerve and love her; but her diſdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of deſpair: and ſo they know not what to ſay to her, and can only exclaim againſt her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with ſuch other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, ſir, a while, you would hear theſe mountains and valleys reſound with the complaints of thoſe undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of *Marcela* written and engraved on its ſmooth bark; and over ſome of them is a crown carved in the ſame tree, as if the lover would more clearly expreſs, that *Marcela* bears away the crown, and deſerves it above all human beauty. Here ſighs one ſhepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous ſonnets, there deſpairing ditties. You ſhall have one paſs all the hours of the night, ſeated at the foot of ſome oak or rock; and there, without cloſing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and tranſported in his thoughts, the ſun finds him in the morning. You ſhall have another, without ceſſation or truce to his ſighs, in the midſt of the moſt irkſome noon-day heat of the ſummer, extended on the burning ſand, and ſending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful *Marcela*, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to ſee what her haughtineſs will come to, and who is to be the happy man that ſhall ſubdue ſo intractable a diſpoſition, and enjoy ſo incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being ſo aſſured a truth, I the more eaſily believe what our companion told us concerning the cauſe of *Chryſoſtom*'s death. And therefore I adviſe you, ſir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth ſeeing: for *Chryſoſtom* has a great many friends; and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himſelf to be buried.

I will certainly be there, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and I thank you for the pleaſure you have given me by the recital of ſo entertaining a ſtory. O, replied the goatherd, I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to *Marcela*'s lovers; but

but to-morrow, perhaps, we ſhall meet by the way with ſome ſhepherd, who may tell us more: at preſent it will not be amiſs, that you get you to ſleep under ſome roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the ſalve I have put to it is ſuch, that you need not fear any croſs accident. *Sancho Pança*, who, for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, preſs'd his maſter to lay himſelf down to ſleep in *Pedro*'s hut. He did ſo, and paſſed the reſt of the night in remembrances of his lady *Dulcinea*, in imitation of *Marcela*'s lovers. *Sancho Pança* took up his lodging between *Rozinante* and his aſs, and ſlept it out, not like a diſcarded lover, but like a perſon well rib-roaſted.

CHAP. V.

The concluſion of the ſtory of the ſhepherdeſs Marcela, *with other accidents.*

BUT ſcarce had the day began to diſcover itſelf through the balconies of the eaſt, when five of the ſix goatherds got up, and went to awake *Don Quixote*, and asked him, whether he continued in his reſolution of going to ſee the famous funeral of *Chryſoſtom*, for they would bear him company. *Don Quixote*, who deſired nothing more, got up, and bid *Sancho* ſaddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and with the ſame diſpatch they all preſently ſet out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon croſſing a path-way, they ſaw ſix ſhepherds making towards them, clad in black ſheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypreſs and bitter roſemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came alſo with them two cavaliers on horſeback, in very handſom riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined companies, they ſaluted each other courteouſly; and asking one another, whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and ſo they began to travel in company.

One of thoſe on horſeback, ſpeaking to his companion, ſaid: I fancy, Signor *Vivaldo*, we ſhall not think the time miſpent in ſtaying to ſee this famous funeral; for it cannot chooſe but be extraordinary, conſidering the ſtrange things theſe ſhepherds have recounted, as well of the deceaſed ſhepherd, as of the murdering ſhepherdeſs. I think ſo too, anſwered *Vivaldo*; and I do not only not think much of ſpending one day, but I would even ſtay four to ſee it. *Don Quixote* asked them, what it was they had heard of *Marcela* and *Chryſoſtom*? The traveller ſaid, they had met thoſe ſhepherds early that morning, and that, ſeeing them in that mournful dreſs, they had asked the occaſion

of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the ſtory, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain ſhepherdeſs called *Marcela*, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of *Chryſoſtom*, to whoſe burial they were going. In fine, he related all that *Pedro* had told to *Don Quixote*.

This diſcourſe ceaſed, and another began; he, who was called *Vivaldo*, asking *Don Quixote*, what might be the reaſon, that induced him to go armed in that manner, through a country ſo peaceable? To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: The profeſſion I follow will not allow, or ſuffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for ſoft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, diſquietude, and arms, were deſigned for thoſe, whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I, though unworthy, am the leaſt. Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madneſs his was, *Vivaldo* asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? Have you not read, Sir, anſwered *Don Quixote*, the annals and hiſtories of *England*, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King *Arthur*, whom in our *Caſtilian* tongue, we perpetually call king *Artus*; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of *Great-Britain*, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art, he was turned into a raven; and that, in proceſs of time, he ſhall reign again, and recover his kingdom and ſcepter: for which reaſon it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any *Engliſhman* hath killed a raven. Now, in this good king's time, was inſtituted that famous order of the knights of the round-table; and the amours therein related, of Sir *Lancelot of the Lake* with the queen *Ginebra*, paſſed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable *Duenna Quintaniona* being their go-between and confidante: which gave birth to that well-known ballad, ſo cried up here in *Spain*, of *Never was knight by ladies ſo well ſerved, as was Sir* Lancelot *when he came from* Britain: with the reſt of that ſweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and ſpreading itſelf through many and divers parts of the world: and in this profeſſion many have been diſtinguiſhed and renowned for their heroic deeds; as, the valiant *Amadis de Gaul*, with all his ſons and nephews, to the fifth generation; the valorous *Felixmarte* of *Hircania*; and the-never-enough to be praiſed *Tirant the white:* and we, in our days, have, in a manner, ſeen, heard, and converſed with, the invincible and valorous knight *Don Belianis* of *Greece*. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry: of which, as I ſaid before, I, though a ſinner, have

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made profeſſion; and the very ſame thing that the aforeſaid knights profeſſed, I profeſs: and ſo I travel through theſe ſolitudes and deſerts, ſeeking adventures, with a determined reſolution to oppoſe my arm, and my perſon, to the moſt perilous that fortune ſhall preſent, in aid of the weak and the needy.

By theſe diſcourſes the travellers were fully convinced, that *Don Quixote* was out of his wits, and what kind of madneſs it was that influenced him; which ſtruck them with the ſame admiration, that it did all others at the firſt hearing. And *Vivaldo*, who was a very diſcerning perſon, and withal of a mirthful diſpoſition, that they might paſs without irkſomneſs the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral-mountain, reſolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. And therefore he ſaid to him: Methinks, Sir knight-errant, you have taken upon you one of the ſtricteſt profeſſions upon earth: and I verily believe, that of the *Carthuſian* monks themſelves is not ſo rigid. It may be as ſtrict, for ought I know, anſwered our *Don Quixote*; but that it is ſo neceſſary to the world, I am within two fingers breadth of doubting: for, to ſpeak the truth, the ſoldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no leſs than the captain himſelf, who gives him the orders. I would ſay, that the religious, with all peace and quietneſs, implore heaven for the good of the world; but we ſoldiers, and knights, really execute what they pray for, defending it with the ſtrength of our arms, and the edge of our ſwords: and that, not under covert, but in open field; expoſed to the unſufferable beams of ſummer's ſun, and winter's horrid ice. So that we are god's miniſters upon earth, and the arms, by which he executes his juſtice in it. And conſidering that matters of war, and thoſe relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without ſweat, toil, and labour, it follows, that they, who profeſs it, do unqueſtionably take more pains, than they, who, in perfect peace and repoſe, are employed in praying to heaven to aſſiſt thoſe, who can do but little for themſelves [7]. I mean not to ſay, nor do I ſo much as imagine, that the ſtate of the knight-errant is as good as that of the recluſe religious: I would only infer from what I ſuffer, that it is doubtleſs more laborious, more baſtinadoed, more hungry and thirſty, more wretched, more ragged, and more louſy. For there is no doubt, but that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the courſe of their lives; and, if ſome of them roſe to be emperors, by the valour of their arm, in good truth, they paid dearly for it in blood and ſweat: and if thoſe, who arrived to ſuch honour, had wanted enchanters and ſages to aſſiſt them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much diſappointed in their expectations.

7 A ſly ſatire on the uſeleſsneſs of recluſe religious ſocieties.

I am of the ſame opinion, replied the traveller: but there is one thing, in particular, among many others, which I diſlike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in ſome great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifeſt danger of loſing their lives, in the very inſtant of the encounter, they never once remember to commend themſelves to god, as every chriſtian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themſelves to their miſtreſſes, and that with as much fervor and devotion, as if they were their god; a thing, which, to me, ſavours ſtrongly of paganiſm [8]. Signor, anſwered *Don Quixote*, this can by no means be otherwiſe; and the knight-errant, who ſhould act in any other manner, would digreſs much from his duty: for it is a received maxim and cuſtom in chivalry, that the knight-errant, who, being about to attempt ſome great feat of arms, has his lady before him, muſt turn his eyes fondly and amorouſly toward her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection, in the doubtful moment of diſtreſs he is juſt entering upon. And, though no body hears him, he is obliged to mutter ſome words between his teeth, by which he commends himſelf to her with his whole heart: and of this we have innumerable examples in the hiſtories. And you muſt not ſuppoſe by this, that they are to neglect commending themſelves to god; for there is time and leiſure enough to do it in the progreſs of the work. But, for all that, replied the traveller, I have one ſcruple ſtill remaining; which is, that I have often read, that, words ariſing between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horſes round, and, fetching a large compaſs about the field, immediately, without more ado, encounter at full ſpeed; and, in the midſt of their career, they commend themſelves to their miſtreſſes: and what commonly happens in the encounter, is, that one of them tumbles back over his horſe's crupper, pierced through and through by his adverſary's launce; and, if the other had not laid hold of his horſe's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now, I cannot imagine what leiſure the deceaſed had to commend himſelf to god, in the courſe of this ſo haſty a work. Better it had been, if the words he ſpent in commending himſelf to his lady, in the midſt of the career, had been employed about that, to which, as a chriſtian, he was obliged. And beſides, it is certain all knights-errant have not ladies to commend themſelves to; becauſe they are not all in love. That cannot be, anſwered *Don Quixote:* I ſay, there cannot be a knight-errant without a miſtreſs; for it is as proper

8 Here it is remarkable, that *Cervantes* ſpeaks only of recommending ourſelves to god, without taking notice of the doing it to any ſaint, though that be the known practice in the *Romiſh* church, and is what the proteſtants charge, in the very words of this author, with ſavouring ſtrongly of paganiſm.

and

and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of ſtars. And I affirm, you cannot ſhew me an hiſtory, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour: and for the very reaſon of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a baſtard, and one that got into the fortreſs of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber [9]. Yet, for all that, ſaid the traveller, I think (if I am not much miſtaken) I have read, that *Don Galaor*, brother to the valorous *Amadis de Gaul*, never had a particular miſtreſs, to whom he might commend himſelf: notwithſtanding which, he was not the leſs eſteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight. To which our *Don Quixote* anſwered: Signor, one ſwallow makes no ſummer. Beſides, I very well know, that this knight was in ſecret very deeply enamoured: He was a general lover, and could not reſiſt his natural inclination towards all ladies, whom he thought handſome. But, in ſhort, it is very well atteſted, that he had one, whom he had made miſtreſs of his will, and to whom he often commended himſelf, but very ſecretly; for it was upon this quality of ſecrecy that he eſpecially valued himſelf.

If it be eſſential, that every knight-errant muſt be a lover, ſaid the traveller, it is to be preſumed, that your worſhip is one, as you are of the profeſſion: and, if you do not pique yourſelf upon the ſame ſecrecy as *Don Galaor*, I earneſtly intreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your miſtreſs, who cannot but account herſelf happy if all the world knew, that ſhe is loved and ſerved by ſo worthy a knight as your worſhip appears to be. Here *Don Quixote* fetched a deep ſigh, and ſaid: I cannot poſitively affirm, whether this ſweet enemy of mine is pleaſed, or not, that the world ſhould know I am her ſervant: I can only ſay, in anſwer to what you ſo very courteouſly enquire of me, that her name is *Dulcinea*; her country *Toboſo*, a town of *la Mancha*; her quality at leaſt that of a princeſs, ſince ſhe is my queen and ſovereign lady; her beauty more than human, ſince in her all the impoſſible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets aſcribe to their miſtreſſes, are realized: for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the *Elyſian* fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes ſuns, her cheeks roſes, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaſter, her boſom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteneſs ſnow; and the parts, which modeſty veils from human ſight, ſuch as (to my thinking) the moſt exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a compariſon for. We would know, replied *Vivaldo*, her lineage, race, and family. To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: She is not of the antient

9 This is one inſtance of *Cervantes*'s frequent uſe of *ſcriptural* expreſſions.

Roman Curtii, *Caii*, and *Scipios*, nor of the modern *Colonnas* and *Urſinis*; nor of the *Moncadas* and *Requeſenes* of *Catalonia*; neither is ſhe of the *Rebellas* and *Villanovas* of *Valentia*; the *Palafoxes*, *Nuças*, *Rocabertis*, *Corellas*, *Lunas*, *Alagones*, *Urreas*, *Foçes*, and *Gurreas* of *Arragon*; the *Cerdas*, *Manriques*, *Mendoças* and *Guſmans* of *Caſtile*; the *Alencaſtros*, *Pallas* and *Meneſes* of *Portugal*: but ſhe is of thoſe of *Toboſo de la Mancha*; a lineage, though modern, yet ſuch as may give a noble beginning to the moſt illuſtrious families of the ages to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unleſs it be on the conditions that *Cerbino* fixed under *Orlando*'s arms, where it was ſaid: *Let no one remove theſe, who cannot ſtand a trial with* Orlando. Although mine be of the *Cachopines* of *Laredo*, replied the traveller, I dare not compare it with that of *Toboſo de la Mancha*; though, to ſay the truth, no ſuch appellation hath ever reached my ears 'till now. Is it poſſible you ſhould never have heard of it? replied *Don Quixote* [1].

All the reſt went on liſtening with great attention to the dialogue between theſe two: and even the goatherds and ſhepherds perceived the notorious diſtraction of our *Don Quixote*. *Sancho Pança* alone believed all that his maſter ſaid to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he ſomewhat doubted of, was, what concerned the fair *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; for no ſuch a name, or princeſs, had ever come to his hearing, though he lived ſo near *Toboſo*.

In theſe diſcourſes they went on, when they diſcovered, thro' an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty ſhepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which (as appeared afterward) were ſome of yew, and ſome of cypreſs. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs. Which one of the goatherds eſpying, he ſaid: They, who come yonder, are thoſe, who bring the corps of *Chryſoſtom*; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haſte therefore to arrive; which they did juſt as the bier was ſet down on the ground: and four of them, with ſharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the ſide of a hard rock. They ſaluted one another courteouſly: and preſently *Don Quixote*, and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they ſaw a dead body, ſtrewed with flowers [2], in the dreſs of a ſhepherd, ſeemingly about thirty

1 All the time they are going to the burial, how artfully does the author entertain the reader, by way of digreſſion, with this dialogue between *Don Quixote* and *Vivaldo*!

2 It is the cuſtom in *Spain* and *Italy* to ſtrew flowers on the dead bodies, when laid upon their biers.

years

years of age: and, tho' dead, you might perceive, that he had been, when alive, of a beautiful countenance, and hale conſtitution. Several books, and a great number of papers, ſome open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were preſent, as well thoſe who looked on, as thoſe who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous ſilence; 'till one of thoſe, who brought the deceaſed, ſaid to another: Obſerve carefully, *Ambroſio*, whether this be the place, which *Chryſoſtom* mentioned, ſince you are ſo punctual in performing what he commanded in his will. This is it, anſwered *Ambroſio*; for in this very place he often recounted to me the ſtory of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he firſt ſaw that mortal enemy of human race: here it was that he declared to her his no leſs honourable, than ardent, paſſion: here it was that *Marcela* finally undeceived, and treated him with ſuch diſdain, that ſhe put an end to the tragedy of his miſerable life: and here, in memory of ſo many misfortunes, he deſired to be depoſited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then, turning himſelf to *Don Quixote* and the travellers, he went on, ſaying: This body, ſirs, which you are beholding with compaſſionate eyes, was the receptacle of a ſoul, in which heaven had placed a great part of its treaſure: this is the body of *Chryſoſtom*, who was ſingular for wit, matchleſs in courteſy, perfect in politeneſs, a phœnix in friendſhip, magnificent without oſtentation, grave without arrogance, chearful without meanneſs; in fine, the firſt in every thing that was good, and ſecond to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was ſcorned: he courted a ſavage; he ſolicited marble; he purſued the wind; he called aloud to ſolitude; he ſerved ingratitude; and the recompence he obtained, was, to become a prey to death, in the midſt of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain ſhepherdeſs, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men; as theſe papers you are looking at would ſufficiently demonſtrate, had he not ordered me to commit them to the flames, at the ſame time that his body was depoſited in the earth. You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them, ſaid *Vivaldo*, than their maſter himſelf; for it is neither juſt nor right to fulfil the will of him, who commands ſomething utterly unreaſonable: *Auguſtus Cæſar* would not conſent to the execution of what the divine *Mantuan* had commanded in his will. So that, Signor *Ambroſio*, tho' you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a perſon injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiſcreet: rather act ſo, that, by giving life to theſe papers, the cruelty of *Marcela* may never be forgotten, but may ſerve for an example to thoſe, who

ſhall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices: for I, and all here preſent, already know the ſtory of this your enamoured and deſpairing friend: we know alſo your friendſhip, and the occaſion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable hiſtory may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of *Marcela*, the love of *Chryſoſtom*, and the ſincerity of your friendſhip; as alſo the end of thoſe, who run headlong in the path that inconſiderate and ungoverned love ſets before them. Laſt night, we heard of *Chryſoſtom*'s death, and that he was to be interred in this place: and ſo, out of curioſity and compaſſion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come, and behold with our eyes, what had moved us ſo much in the recital: and, in return for our pity, and our deſire to remedy it, if we could, we beſeech you, O diſcreet *Ambroſio*, at leaſt I requeſt it on my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away ſome of them. And, without ſtaying for the ſhepherd's reply, he ſtretched out his hand, and took ſome of thoſe that were neareſt. Which *Ambroſio* perceiving, he ſaid: Out of civility, Signor, I will conſent to your keeping thoſe you have taken; but to imagine that I ſhall forbear burning thoſe that remain, is a vain thought. *Vivaldo*, who deſired to ſee what the papers contained, preſently opened one of them, which had for its title: *The ſong of deſpair*. *Ambroſio* hearing it, ſaid: This is the laſt paper the unhappy man wrote; and that you may ſee, Signor, to what ſtate he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it ſo as to be heard; for you will have leiſure enough, while they are digging the grave. That I will with all my heart, ſaid *Vivaldo*: and, as all the by-ſtanders had the ſame deſire, they drew round about him, and he read, in an audible voice, as follows.

CHAP. VI.

Wherein are rehearſed the deſpairing verſes of the deceaſed ſhepherd, with other unexpected events.

CHRYSOSTOM's SONG.

I.

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
From clime to clime the triumphs of your ſcorn,
Let hell itſelf inſpire my tortur'd breaſt
With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
Whilſt the ſad pieces of my broken heart
Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.

Hear

Hear then, and liſten with attentive ear,
Not to harmonious ſounds, but echoing groans,
Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breaſt,
To eaſe, in ſpite of thee, my raging ſmart.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
The ſcaly ſerpent's hiſs, the raven's croak,
The burſt of fighting winds that vex the main,
The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
From my griev'd ſoul forth iſſue in one ſound,
Leaving my ſenſes all confus'd and loſt.
For ah! no common language can expreſs
The cruel pains that torture my ſad heart.

III.

Yet let not echo bear the mournful ſounds
To where old Tagus *rowls his yellow ſands,*
Or Betis, *crown'd with olives, pours his flood.*
But here, midſt rocks and precipices deep,
Or to obſcure and ſilent vales remov'd,
On ſhores by human footſteps never trod,
Where the gay ſun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
Or with th' invenom'd race of ſavage beaſts
That range the howling wilderneſs for food,
Will I proclaim the ſtory of my woes;
Poor privilege of grief! whilſt echoes hoarſe
Catch the ſad tale, and ſpread it round the world.

IV.

Diſdain gives death; ſuſpicions, true or falſe,
O'erturn th' impatient mind; with ſurer ſtroke
Fell jealouſy deſtroys; the pangs of abſence
No lover can ſupport; nor firmeſt hope
Can diſſipate the dread of cold neglect:
Yet I, ſtrange fate! though jealous, though diſdain'd,
Abſent and ſure of cold neglect, ſtill live.
And midſt the various torments I endure,
No ray of hope e'er darted on my ſoul:
Nor would I hope; rather in deep deſpair
Will I ſit down, and brooding o'er my griefs
Vow everlaſting abſence from her ſight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the ſoul poſſeſs,
Or hope ſubſiſt with ſurer cauſe of fear?
Shall I, to ſhut out frightful jealouſy,
Cloſe my ſad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel,
Preſents the hideous phantom to my view?

What

What wretch ſo credulous, but muſt embrace
Diſtruſt with open arms, when he beholds
Diſdain avow'd, ſuſpicions realized,
And truth itſelf converted to a lye?
O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
Fierce jealouſy, arm with a ſword this hand,
Or thou, diſdain, a twiſted cord beſtow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
The man moſt bleſt who loves, the ſoul moſt free
That love has moſt enthrall'd: ſtill to my thoughts
Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
Beauteous in mind as face, and in myſelf
Still let me find the ſource of her diſdain;
Content to ſuffer, ſince imperial love
By lovers woes maintains his ſovereign ſtate.
With this perſuaſion, and the fatal nooſe,
I haſten to the doom her ſcorn demands,
And dying offer up my breathleſs corſe,
Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whiſtling winds.

VII.

O thou, whoſe unrelenting rigor's force
Firſt drove me to deſpair, and now to death,
When the ſad tale of my untimely fall
Shall reach thy ear, tho' it deſerve a ſigh,
Veil not the heav'n of thoſe bright eyes in grief,
Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy ſcorn:
But dreſs thy face in ſmiles, and celebrate,
With laughter and each circumſtance of joy,
The feſtival of my diſaſtrous end.
Ah! need I bid thee ſmile? too well I know
My death's thy utmoſt glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come all ye phantoms of the dark abyſs;
Bring, Tantalus, *thy unextinguiſh'd thirſt,*
And, Siſyphus, *thy ſtill-returning ſtone;*
Come, Tityus, *with the vultur at thy heart,*
And thou, Ixion, *bring thy giddy wheel;*
Nor let the toiling ſiſters ſtay behind.
Pour your united griefs into this breaſt,
And in low murmurs ſing ſad obſequies
(If a deſpairing wretch ſuch rights may claim)
O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-ſheet.
And let the triple porter of the ſhades,
The ſiſter furies, and chimæra's dire,

With

With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
By beauty ſent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my ſong, ſad child of my deſpair,
Complain no more; but ſince my wretched fate
Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
Be all thy ſorrows buried in my tomb.

Chryſoſtom's ſong was very much approved by thoſe who heard it: but he, who read it, ſaid, it did not ſeem to agree with the account he had heard of the reſerve and goodneſs of *Marcela*; for *Chryſoſtom* complains in it of jealouſies, ſuſpicions, and abſence, all in prejudice of the credit and good name of *Marcela*. To which *Ambroſio* anſwered, as one well acquainted with the moſt hidden thoughts of his friend: To ſatisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you muſt know, that, when this unhappy perſon wrote this ſong, he was abſent from *Marcela*, from whom he had voluntarily baniſhed himſelf, to try whether abſence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an abſent lover is diſturbed by every thing, and ſeized by every fear, ſo was *Chryſoſtom* perplexed with imaginary jealouſies, and ſuſpicious apprehenſions, as much as if they had been real. And thus the truth, which fame proclaims of *Marcela*'s goodneſs, remains unimpeached; and, excepting that ſhe is cruel, ſomewhat arrogant, and very diſdainful, envy itſelf neither ought, nor can, lay any defect to her charge. It is true, anſwered *Vivaldo*; and, going to read another paper of thoſe he had ſaved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful viſion (for ſuch it ſeemed to be) which on a ſudden preſented itſelf to their ſight: for on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the ſhepherdeſs *Marcela*, ſo beautiful, that her beauty ſurpaſſed the very fame of it. Thoſe, who had never ſeen her till that time, beheld her with ſilence and admiration; and thoſe, who had been uſed to the ſight of her, were no leſs ſurpriſed than thoſe, who had never ſeen her before. But *Ambroſio* had ſcarcely eſpied her, when, with ſigns of indignation, he ſaid to her: Comeſt thou, O fierce baſiliſk of theſe mountains [3], to ſee whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afreſh at thy appearance? or comeſt thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman diſpoſition? or to behold from that eminence, like another pitileſs *Nero*, the flames of burning *Rome*? or inſolently to trample on this unhappy corſe, as did the impious daughter on that of

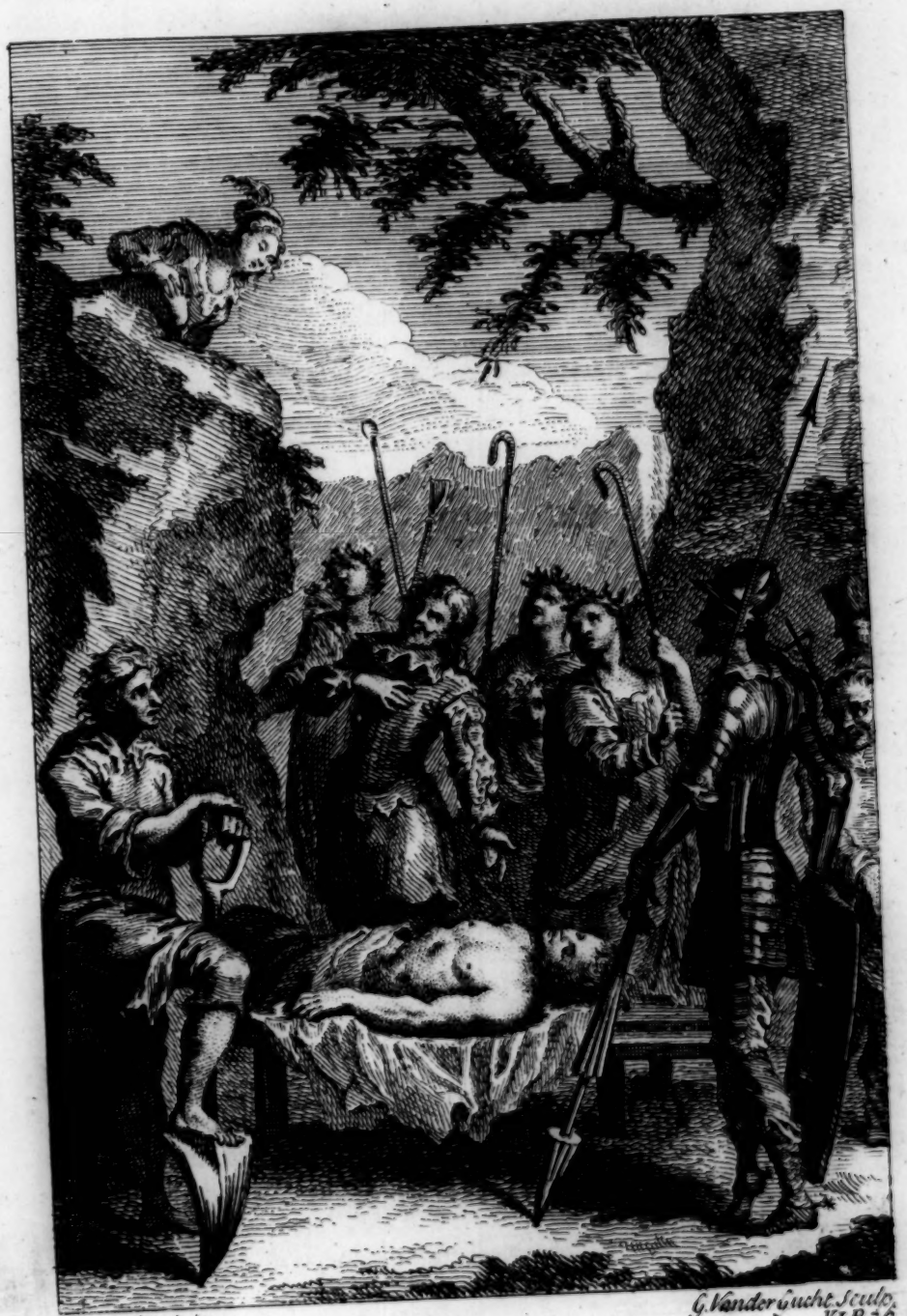
3 The little *Fortunia*'s beauty was ſo ſurpaſſing, that ſhe was called *The baſiliſk of human kind*. Amad. de Gaul, b. 13. ch. 43.

her

her father *Tarquin?* tell us quickly, what you come for, or what is it you would have: for, ſince I know, that *Chryſoſtom*, while living never diſobeyed you, ſo much as in thought, I will take care that all thoſe, who called themſelves his friends, ſhall obey you, tho' he be dead."

I come not, O *Ambroſio*, for any of thoſe purpoſes you have mentioned, anſwered *Marcela*; but to vindicate myſelf, and to let the world know, how unreaſonable thoſe are, who blame me for their own ſufferings, or for the death of *Chryſoſtom*: and therefore I beg of all here preſent, that they would hear me with attention; for I need not ſpend much time, nor uſe many words, to convince perſons of ſenſe of the truth. Heaven, as you ſay, made me handſom, and to ſuch a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And, in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and inſiſt, that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural ſenſe god has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable: but I do not comprehend, that, merely for being loved, the perſon that is loved for being handſom is obliged to return love for love. Beſides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful perſon may be ugly; and, what is ugly deſerving to be loathed, it would ſound oddly to ſay; I love you for being handſom; you muſt love me, though I am ugly. But, ſuppoſing the beauty on both ſides to be equal, it does not therefore follow, that the inclinations ſhould be ſo too: for all beauty does not inſpire love; and there is a kind of it, which only pleaſes the ſight, but does not captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix: for, the beautiful objects being infinite, the deſires muſt be infinite too. And, as I have heard ſay, true love cannot be divided, and muſt be voluntary and unforced. This being ſo, as I believe it is, why would you have me ſubject my will by force, being no otherwiſe obliged thereto, than only becauſe you ſay you love me? For, pray, tell me, if, as heaven has made me handſom, it had made me ugly, would it have been juſt that I ſhould have complained of you, becauſe you did not love me? Beſides, you muſt conſider, that my beauty is not my own choice; but, ſuch as it is, heaven beſtowed it on me freely, without my asking or deſiring it. And, as the viper does not deſerve blame for her ſting, though ſhe kills with it, becauſe it is given her by nature, as little do I deſerve reprehenſion for being handſom. Beauty in a modeſt woman is like fire at a diſtance, or like a ſharp ſword: neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound, thoſe that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the ſoul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought ſo. Now, if modeſty

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be one of the virtues, which moſt adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why ſhould ſhe, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it, to gratify the deſires of him, who, merely for his own pleaſure, uſes his utmoſt endeavours to deſtroy it? I was born free, and, that I might live free, I choſe the ſolitude of theſe fields: the trees on theſe mountains are my companions; the tranſparent waters of theſe brooks my looking-glaſs: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and my beauty. I am fire at a diſtance, and a ſword afar off. Thoſe, whom the ſight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And, if deſires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to *Chryſoſtom*, nor to any one elſe, all hope being at an end, ſure it may well be ſaid, that his own obſtinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. If it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them; I anſwer, that, when in this very place, where they are now digging his grave, he diſcovered to me the goodneſs of his intention, I told him, that mine was to live in perpetual ſolitude, and that the earth alone ſhould enjoy the fruit of my reſervedneſs, and the ſpoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithſtanding all this plain-dealing, would obſtinately perſevere againſt hope, and ſail againſt the wind, what wonder if he drowned himſelf in the midſt of the gulph of his own indiſcretion? If I had held him in ſuſpence, I had been falſe: if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better intention and reſolution. He perſiſted, tho' undeceived; he deſpaired, without being hated. Conſider now whether it be reaſonable to lay the blame of his ſufferings upon me. Let him, who is deceived, complain; let him, to whom I have broken my promiſe, deſpair; let him, whom I ſhall encourage, preſume; and let him pride himſelf, whom I ſhall admit: but let not him call me cruel, or murtheress, whom I neither promiſe, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained, that I ſhould love by deſtiny; and from loving by choice, I deſire to be excuſed. Let every one of thoſe, who ſolicit me, make their own particular uſe of this declaration; and be it underſtood from henceforward, that, if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealouſy or diſdain; for ſhe, who loves nobody, ſhould make nobody jealous; and plain-dealing ought not to paſs for diſdain. Let him, who calls me a ſavage and a baſilisk, ſhun me as a miſchievous and evil thing: let him, who calls me ungrateful, not ſerve me; him, who thinks me ſhy, not know me; who cruel, not follow me: for this ſavage, this baſilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this ſhy thing, will in no wiſe either ſeek, ſerve, know, or follow them. If *Chryſoſtom*'s impatience and precipitate deſires killed him, why ſhould he blame my modeſt procedure and reſerve? If I preſerve my purity

purity unſpotted among theſe trees, why ſhould he deſire me to loſe it among men? You all know, that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to ſubject myſelf: I neither love, nor hate, any body; I neither deceive this man, nor lay ſnares for that; I neither toy with one, nor divert myſelf with another. The modeſt converſation of the ſhepherdeſſes of theſe villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My deſires are bounded within theſe mountains, and, if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, thoſe ſteps, by which the ſoul advances to its original dwelling ——And, in ſaying this, without ſtaying for an anſwer, ſhe turned her back, and entered into the moſt inacceſſible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all thoſe preſent in admiration as well of her ſenſe as of her beauty.

Some of thoſe, who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, diſcovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by ſo expreſs a declaration, as they had heard her make. Which *Don Quixote* perceiving, and thinking this a proper occaſion to employ his chivalry in the relief of diſtreſſed damſels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his ſword, and, with a loud and intelligible voice, ſaid: Let no perſon, of what ſtate or condition ſoever he be, preſume to follow the beautiful *Marcela*, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonſtrated, by clear and ſufficient reaſons, the little or no fault ſhe ought to be charged with on account of *Chryſoſtom*'s death, and how far ſhe is from countenancing the deſires of any of her lovers: for which reaſon, inſtead of being followed and perſecuted, ſhe ought to be honoured and eſteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it, whoſe intentions are ſo virtuous. Now, whether it were through *Don Quixote*'s menaces, or becauſe *Ambroſio* deſired them to finiſh that laſt office to his friend, none of the ſhepherds ſtirred from thence, 'till, the grave being made and *Chryſoſtom*'s papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-ſtanders. They cloſed the ſepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, 'till a tomb-ſtone could be finiſhed, which, *Ambroſio* ſaid, he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner.

Here lyes a gentle ſhepherd ſwain,
Through cold neglect untimely ſlain.
By rigor's cruel hand he died,
A victim to the ſcorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful, ingrate,
Whoſe eyes enlarge love's tyrant ſtate.

Then they ſtrewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and, condoling with his friend *Ambroſio*, took leave, and departed.

departed. *Vivaldo* and his companion did the ſame; and *Don Quixote* bid adieu to his hoſts and the travellers, who intreated him to accompany them to *Sevil*, that being a place the moſt likely to furniſh him with adventures, ſince, in every ſtreet, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. *Don Quixote* thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the diſpoſition they ſhewed to do him a courteſy, and ſaid, that for the preſent he could not, and ought not, to go to *Sevil*, till he had cleared all thoſe mountains of robbers and aſſaſſins, of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers, ſeeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but, taking leave again, left him, and purſued their journey: in which they wanted not a ſubject for diſcourſe, as well of the ſtory of *Marcela* and *Chryſoſtom*, as of the madneſs of *Don Quixote*, who reſolved to go in queſt of the ſhepherdeſs *Marcela*, and offer her all that was in his power for her ſervice. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progreſs of this true hiſtory, the ſecond part ending here.

THE

THE LIFE *and* EXPLOITS

Of the ingenious gentleman

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure, which befel Don Quixote, *in meeting with certain bloody-minded* Yangueſes [4].

THE ſage *Cid Hamet Benengeli* relates, that, when *Don Quixote* had taken leave of his hoſts, and of all thoſe who were preſent at *Chryſoſtom*'s funeral, he and his ſquire entered the ſame wood, into which they had ſeen the ſhepherdeſs *Marcela* enter before. And having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they ſtopped in a meadow full of freſh graſs, near which ran a pleaſant and refreſhing brook; inſomuch that it invited and compelled them to paſs there the ſultry hours of the noon-day heat, which already began to come on with great violence. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* alighted, and, leaving the aſs and *Rozinante* at large, to feed upon the abundance of graſs that ſprung in the

4 Carriers of *Galicia*, commonly ſo called.

place,

place, they ranſacked the wallet; and, without any ceremony, in friendly and ſocial wiſe, maſter and man eat what they found in it. *Sancho* had taken no care to fetter *Rozinante*, being well aſſured he was ſo tame and ſo little gameſome, that all the mares of the paſtures of *Cordova* would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil, who is not always aſleep, ſo ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of *Galician* mares, belonging to certain *Yangueſian* carriers, whoſe cuſtom it is to paſs the mid-day, with their drove, in places where there is graſs and water: and that, where *Don Quixote* chanced to be, was very fit for the purpoſe of the *Yangueſes*. Now it fell out, that *Rozinante* had a mind to ſolace himſelf with the fillies, and, having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accuſtomed pace, and, without asking his maſter's leave, betook himſelf to a ſmart trot, and went to communicate his need to them. But they, as it ſeemed, having more inclination to feed than any thing elſe, received him with their heels and their teeth, in ſuch a manner, that in a little time his girts broke, and he loſt his ſaddle. But what muſt have more ſenſibly affected him, was, that the carriers, ſeeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-ſtaves, and ſo belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who had ſeen the drubbing of *Rozinante*, came up out of breath; and *Don Quixote* ſaid to *Sancho:* By what I ſee, friend *Sancho*, theſe are no knights, but raſcally people, of a ſcoundrel race. I tell you this, becauſe you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to *Rozinante* before our eyes. What the devil of revenge can we take, anſwered *Sancho*, they being above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half? I am as good as a hundred, replied *Don Quixote:* and, without ſaying more, he laid his hand on his ſword, and flew at the *Yangueſes*; and *Sancho* did the ſame, incited and moved thereto by the example of his maſter. At the firſt blow, *Don Quixote* gave one of them a terrible wound, through a leathern doublet which he wore, on the ſhoulder. The *Yangueſes*, ſeeing themſelves aſſaulted in this manner by two men only, they being ſo many, betook themſelves to their clubs, and hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animoſity. It is true, that at the ſecond pale they brought *Sancho* to the ground; and the ſame befel *Don Quixote*, neither his dexterity nor courage ſtanding him in any ſtead: And, as fate would have it, he fell juſt at *Rozinante*'s feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-ſtaves will bruiſe, when put into ruſtic and wrathful hands. The *Yangueſes*, perceiving the miſchief they had done, loaded

their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was *Sancho Pança*; who finding himself close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried: Signor *Don Quixote!* ah, Signor *Don Quixote!* What would you have, brother *Sancho?* answered *Don Quixote*, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. I could wish if it were possible, answered *Sancho Pança*, your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of *Feo Blas*, if you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones, as it does for wounds. Unhappy I, that we have it not! answered *Don Quixote*. But I swear to you, *Sancho Pança*, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune does not order it otherwise) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out. But in how many days, do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet, replied *Sancho Pança?* For my part, said the battered knight *Don Quixote*, I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men, who were not dubbed knights like myself [5]. And therefore, I believe, the god of battles has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother *Sancho*, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you; for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this; that, when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay till I lay hand on my sword against them, for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword, and chastise them to your own heart's content: but, if any knights shall come up to their assistance, I shall then know how to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends: so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant *Biscainer*.

But *Sancho Pança* did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering, and saying: Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet, man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, Sir, to tell you, by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant, nor against knight; and that, from this time forward, in the presence of god, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low,

5 This was an inviolable law of chivalry, as appears from numberless instances in the books of knight-errantry.

rich

rich or poor, gentle or ſimple, without excepting any ſtate or condition whatever. Which his maſter hearing, he anſwered: I wiſh I had breath to talk a little at my eaſe, and that the pain I feel in this rib would ceaſe ever ſo ſhort a while, that I might convince you, *Pança*, of the error you are in. Harkye, ſinner, ſhould the gale of fortune, hitherto ſo contrary, come about in our favour, filling the ſails of our deſires, ſo that we may ſafely, and without any hindrance, make the port of ſome one of thoſe iſlands I have promiſed you, what would become of you, if, when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you ſhould render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor deſiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you muſt know, that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never ſo quiet, nor ſo much in the intereſt of their new maſter, but there is ſtill ground to fear, that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, try their fortune: and therefore the new poſſeſſor ought to have underſtanding to know how to conduct himſelf, and courage to act offenſively and defenſively, whatever ſhall happen. In this that hath now befallen us, anſwered *Sancho*, I wiſh I had been furniſhed with that underſtanding and valour your worſhip ſpeaks of; but I ſwear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plaiſters than diſcourſes. Try, Sir, whether you are able to riſe, and we will help up *Rozinante*, though he does not deſerve it; for he was the principal cauſe of all this mauling. I never believed the like of *Rozinante*, whom I took to be chaſte, and as peaceable as myſelf. But it is a true ſaying, that *much time is neceſſary to come to a thorough knowledge of perſons*; and that *we are ſure of nothing in this life*. Who could have thought, that, after ſuch ſwinging ſlaſhes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there ſhould come poſt, as it were, in purſuit of you, this vaſt tempeſt of pack-ſtaves, which has diſcharged itſelf upon our ſhoulders? Thine, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, ſhould, one would think, be uſed to ſuch ſtorms; but mine, that were brought up between muſlins and cambricks, muſt needs be more ſenſible of the grief of this miſhap. And were it not that I imagine (do I ſay, imagine?) did I not know for certain, that all theſe inconveniencies are inſeparably annexed to the profeſſion of arms, I would ſuffer myſelf to die here out of pure vexation. To this replied the ſquire: Sir, ſince theſe miſhaps are the genuine fruits and harveſts of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their ſet times in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two more ſuch harveſts will diſable us from ever reaping a third, if god of his infinite mercy does not ſuccour us.

Learn, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, that the life of knights-errant is ſubject to a thouſand perils and miſhaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath ſhewn us in many and divers knights, whoſe hiſtories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of ſome, who, by the ſtrength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned: and theſe very men were, before and after, involved in ſundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous *Amadis de Gaul* ſaw himſelf in the power of his mortal enemy, *Archelaus* the enchanter, of whom it is poſitively affirmed, that, when he had him priſoner, he gave him above two hundred laſhes with his horſe's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard. And moreover there is a private author, of no ſmall credit, who tells us, that the *knight of the ſun*, being caught by a trap-door, which ſunk under his feet, in a certain caſtle, found himſelf, at the bottom, in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they adminiſtred to him one of thoſe things they call a clyſter, of ſnow-water and ſand, that almoſt did his buſineſs; and if he had not been ſuccoured in that great diſtreſs by a certain ſage, his ſpecial friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight. So that I may very well ſuffer among ſo many worthy perſons, who underwent much greater affronts than thoſe we now undergo: for I would have you know, *Sancho*, that wounds, which are given with inſtruments that are accidentally in ones hand, are no affront. And thus it is expreſly written in the law of combat, that if a ſhoemaker ſtrikes a perſon with the laſt he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be ſaid, that the perſon thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I ſay this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this ſcuffle, we are diſgraced: for the arms thoſe men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-ſtaves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, ſword, or dagger. They gave me no leiſure, anſwered *Sancho*, to obſerve ſo narrowly; for ſcarcely had I laid hand on my whyniard [6], when they croſſed my ſhoulders with their ſaplins, in ſuch a manner, that they deprived my eyes of ſight, and my feet of ſtrength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not ſo much concerned to think whether the buſineſs of the threſhing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impreſſion in my memory, as on my ſhoulders. All this notwithſtanding, I tell you, brother *Pança*, replied *Don Quixote*, there is no remem-

6 *Tizona*: a romantic name given to the ſword of *Roderick Diaz de Bivar*, the famous *Spaniſh* General againſt the *Moors*.

brance,

brance, which time does not obliterate, nor pain, which death does not put an end to. What greater misfortune can there be, replied *Pança*, than that, which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which people cure with a couple of plaisters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for ought I see, all the plaisters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again.

Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for so I purpose to do: and let us see how *Rozinante* does; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share. That is not at all strange, answered *Sancho*, since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear. Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy, said *Don Quixote*. I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of *Rozinante*, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old *Silenus*, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass. It is like he rode as your worship says, answered *Sancho:* but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish. To which *Don Quixote* answered: The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so that, friend *Pança*, answer me no more, but, as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence, before night comes on, and overtakes us in this uninhabited place. Yet I have heard your worship say, quoth *Pança*, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate. That is, said *Don Quixote*, when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was *Amadis*, when, calling himself *Beltenebros* [7], he took up his lodging on the *poor rock*, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady *Oriana*. But let us

7 The *lovely obscure*.

have done with this, *Sancho*, and diſpatch, before ſuch another misfortune happens to the aſs as hath befallen *Rozinante*.

That would be the devil indeed, quoth *Sancho*; and ſending forth thirty alas's, and ſixty ſighs, and a hundred and twenty curſes on whoſoever had brought him thither, he raiſed himſelf up, but ſtaid bent by the way like a *Turkiſh* bow, entirely unable to ſtand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a ſhift to ſaddle his aſs, who had alſo taken advantage of that day's exceſſive liberty, to go a little aſtray. He then heaved up *Rozinante*, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, moſt certainly would not have been outdone either by *Sancho* or his maſter. In fine, *Sancho* ſettled *Don Quixote* upon the aſs, and, tying *Rozinante* by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faſter now ſlower toward the place where he thought the road might lie. And he had ſcarce gone a ſhort league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) diſcovered to him the road, in which he eſpied an inn; which, to his ſorrow and *Don Quixote*'s joy, muſt needs be a caſtle. *Sancho* poſitively maintained it was an inn, and his maſter that it was a caſtle; and the obſtinate diſpute laſted ſo long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado *Sancho* entered into it with his ſtring of cattle.

CHAP. II.

Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a caſtle.

THE inn-keeper, ſeeing *Don Quixote* laid acroſs the aſs, enquired of *Sancho*, what ailed him? *Sancho* anſwered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were ſomewhat bruiſed. The inn-keeper had a wife of a different diſpoſition from thoſe of the like occupation; for ſhe was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: ſo that ſhe preſently ſet herſelf to cure *Don Quixote*, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, aſſiſt her in the cure of her gueſt [8]. There was alſo a ſervant in the inn, an *Aſturian* wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and ſaddle-noſed, with one eye ſquinting, and the other not much better [9]. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for

8 So, in *Amadis de Gaul* (b. 13. ch. 13.) the conſtable of the caſtle's daughter knows ſo much of ſurgery, and applies ſuch ointments and balſams to the wounds of *Don Rogel* of *Greece*, and *Brianges* of *Bœotia*, that ſhe heals the former in twelve days, and the latter in thirty.

9 The very deſcription of the damſel, who conducts prince *Lindamart* to the cavern, where the ſavages had convey'd the princeſs *Roſalva*. *Amadis de Gaul*, vol. 19. ch. 28.

her

her other defects. She was not ſeven hands high from her feet to her head; and her ſhoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than ſhe cared to do. Now this agreeable laſs helped the damſel; and they two made *Don Quixote* a very ſorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly ſerved many years as a horſe-loft. In which room lodged alſo a carrier, whoſe bed lay a little beyond that of our *Don Quixote*. And though it was compoſed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of *Don Quixote's*, which conſiſted of four not very ſmooth boards, upon two not very equal treſſels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if one had not ſeen through the breaches that they were wool, by the hardneſs might have been taken for pebble-ſtones; with two ſheets like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without loſing a ſingle one of the account.

In this wretched bed was *Don Quixote* laid; and immediately the hoſteſs and her daughter plaiſtered him from head to foot, *Maritornes* (for ſo the *Aſturian* was called) holding the light. And as the hoſteſs laid on the plaiſters, perceiving *Don Quixote* to be ſo full of bruiſes in all parts, ſhe ſaid, that they ſeemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, ſaid *Sancho*; but the rock had many ſharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark: he ſaid alſo; pray, forſooth, order it ſo, that ſome towe may be left; ſomebody elſe may have occaſion for it, for my ſides alſo ake a little. So then, ſaid the hoſteſs, you have had a fall too. No fall, ſaid *Sancho Pança*; but the fright I took at ſeeing my maſter fall has made my body ſo ſore, that methinks I have received a thouſand drubs. That may very well be, ſaid the girl; for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from ſome high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myſelf as bruiſed and battered, as if I had really fallen. But here is the point, miſtreſs, anſwered *Sancho Pança*, that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myſelf with almoſt as many bruiſes as my maſter *Don Quixote*. How is this cavalier called, quoth the *Aſturian Maritornes? Don Quixote de la Mancha*, anſwered *Sancho Pança*: he is a knight-errant, and one of the beſt and moſt valiant that has been ſeen this long time in the world. What is a knight-errant, replied the wench? Are you ſuch a novice, that you do not know, anſwered *Sancho Pança?* Then learn, ſiſter of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing, that, in two words is ſeen cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the moſt unfortunate creature in the world, and the moſt neceſſitous, and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give

to his ſquire. How comes it then to paſs, that you, being ſquire to this ſo worthy a gentleman, ſaid the hoſteſs, have not yet, as it ſeems, got ſo much as an earldom? It is early days yet, anſwered *Sancho*; for it is but a month ſince we ſet out in queſt of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deſerve the name. And ſometimes one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my maſter *Don Quixote* recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not diſabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the beſt title in *Spain*.

All this diſcourſe *Don Quixote* liſtened to very attentively; and, ſetting himſelf up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hoſteſs by the hand, he ſaid to her: Believe me, beauteous lady, you may reckon yourſelf happy in having lodged my perſon in this your caſtle, and ſuch a perſon, that, if I do not praiſe myſelf, it is becauſe, as is commonly ſaid, ſelf-praiſe depreciates: but my ſquire will inform you who I am. I only ſay, that I ſhall retain the ſervice you have done me eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilſt my life ſhall remain. And had it pleaſed the high heavens, that love had not held me ſo inthralled, and ſubjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whoſe name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been miſtreſſes of my liberty.

The hoſteſs, her daughter, and the good *Maritornes*, ſtood confounded at hearing our knight-errant's diſcourſe, which they underſtood juſt as much as if he had ſpoken *Greek:* though they gueſſed that it all tended to compliments and offers of ſervice. And, not being accuſtomed to ſuch kind of language, they ſtared at him with admiration, and thought him another ſort of man than thoſe now in faſhion; and ſo, thanking him, with inn-like phraſe, for his offers, they left him. The *Aſturian Maritornes* doctored *Sancho*, who ſtood in no leſs need of it than his maſter. The carrier and ſhe had agreed to ſolace themſelves together that night; and ſhe had given him her word, that, when the gueſts were a-bed, and her maſter and miſtreſs aſleep, ſhe would repair to him, and ſatisfy his deſire as much as he pleaſed. And it is ſaid of this honeſt wench, that ſhe never made the like promiſe, but ſhe performed it, though ſhe had made it on a mountain, and without any witneſs: for ſhe ſtood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no diſgrace to be employed in that calling of ſerving in an inn; often ſaying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that ſtate.

Don Quixote's hard, ſcanty, beggarly, feeble bed, ſtood firſt in the middle of that illuſtrious cock-loft; and cloſe by it ſtood *Sancho*'s, which conſiſted only of a flag-mat, and a rug that ſeemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next theſe

two

two ſtood the carrier's, made up, as has been ſaid, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the beſt mules he had; which were twelve in number, ſleek, fat and ſtately: for he was one of the richeſt carriers of *Arevalo*, as the author of this hiſtory relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, ſome go ſo far as to ſay, he was ſomewhat of kin to him. Beſides, *Cid Hamet Benengeli* was a very curious and very punctual hiſtorian in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumſtances already related, which, however ſeemingly minute and trivial, he would not paſs over in ſilence. Which may ſerve as an example to the grave hiſtorians, who relate facts ſo very briefly and ſuccinctly, that we have ſcarcely a taſte of them, leaving behind [1], either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the moſt ſubſtantial part of the work. The bleſſing of god a thouſand times on the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the Count *de Tomillas!* with what punctuality do they deſcribe every thing!

I ſay then, that, after the carrier had viſited his mules, and given them their ſecond courſe, he laid himſelf down upon his pannels, in expectation of his moſt punctual *Maritornes*. *Sancho* was already plaiſtered, and laid down; and, though he endeavoured to ſleep, the pain of his ribs would not conſent; and *Don Quixote*, through the anguiſh of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound ſilence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous ſtillneſs, and the thoughts, which our knight always carried about him, from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the ſtrangeſt whimſies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous caſtle (for, as has been ſaid, all the inns, where he lodged, were, in his opinion, caſtles) and that the inn-keeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the caſtle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promiſed him, that night, unknown to her parents, to ſteal privately to him, and paſs a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera (which he had formed to himſelf) for reality and truth, he began to be uneaſy, and to reflect on the dangerous criſis, to which his fidelity was going to be expoſed; and he reſolved in his heart not to commit diſloyalty againſt his lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, though queen *Ginebra* herſelf, with the lady *Quintaniona*, ſhould preſent themſelves before him.

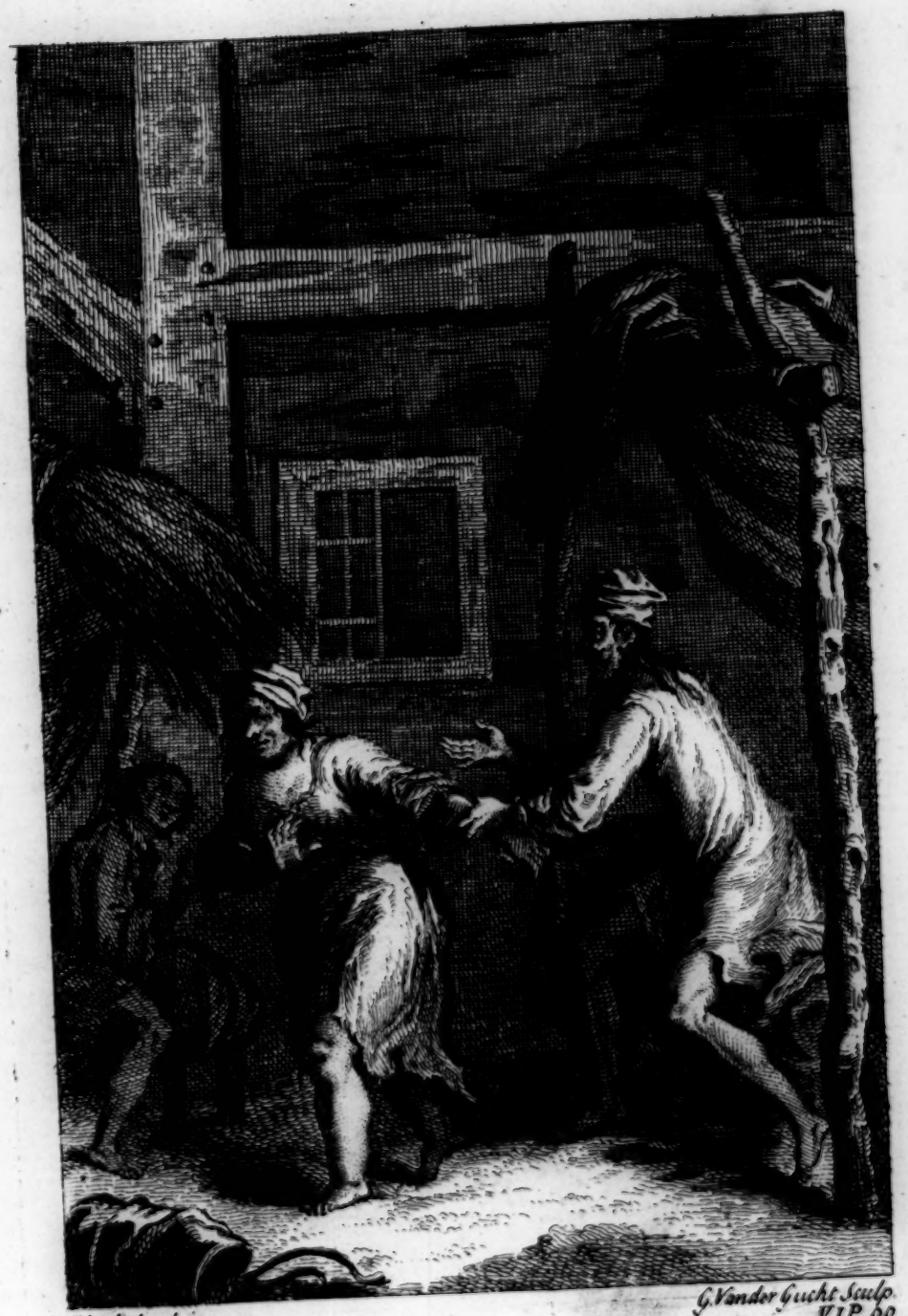
[1] Literally, *leaving at the bottom of the inkhorn.*

Whilſt

Whilſt his thoughts were taken up with theſe extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the *Aſturian*'s coming drew near; who in her ſmock, and bare-footed, her hair tucked up under a fuſtian coif, came with ſilent and cautious ſteps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But ſcarce was ſhe come to the door, when *Don Quixote* perceived her, and, ſitting up in his bed, in ſpite of his plaiſters and the pain of his ribs, ſtretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damſel the *Aſturian*, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus ſhe encountered *Don Quixote*'s arms, who caught faſt hold of her by the wriſt, and pulling her toward him, ſhe not daring to ſpeak a word, made her ſit down on the bed by him [2]. Preſently he fell to feeling her ſmock, which, though it was of canvas, ſeemed to him to be of the fineſt and ſofteſt lawn. She had on her wriſt a ſtring of glaſs-beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike thoſe of a horſe's mane, he took for threads of the brighteſt gold of *Arabia*, whoſe ſplendour obſcures that of the ſun itſelf. And though her breath, doubtleſs, ſmelled of ſtale laſt-night's ſalt-fiſh, he fancied himſelf ſucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In ſhort, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner, he had read deſcribed in his books, of ſome princeſs, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to viſit the dangerouſly wounded knight, with whom ſhe is in love. And ſo great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddeſs of beauty between his arms; and claſping her faſt, with an amorous and low voice, he began to ſay to her: O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return ſo vaſt a favour, as this you have done me by the preſence of your great beauty: but fortune, who is never weary of perſecuting the good, is pleaſed to lay me on this bed, where I lie ſo bruiſed and diſabled, that, though I were ever ſo much inclined to gratify your deſires, it would be impoſſible. And to this is added another ſtill greater impoſſibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, the ſole miſtreſs of my moſt hidden thoughts. Had it not been for theſe obſtacles, I ſhould not have been ſo dull a knight, as to let ſlip the happy opportunity your great goodneſs has put into my hands.

2 So *Don Polindo*, being inchanted by the old magician, his hoſt, miſtakes his daughter *Leoniſa* for the princeſs *Beliſia*, embraces her, and is very ſweet upon her. *D. Polind.* ch. 25.

Maritornes



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Maritornes was in the utmoſt pain, and in a violent ſweat, to find herſelf held ſo faſt by *Don Quixote*; and not hearing or minding what he ſaid to her, ſhe ſtruggled, without ſpeaking a word, to get looſe from him. The honeſt carrier, whoſe looſe deſires kept him awake, heard his ſweetheart from the firſt moment ſhe entered the door, and liſtened attentively to all that *Don Quixote* ſaid; and, jealous that the *Aſturian* had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to *Don Quixote*'s bed, and ſtood ſtill, to ſee what would come of thoſe ſpeeches which he did not underſtand. But, ſeeing that the wench ſtrove to get from him, and that *Don Quixote* laboured to hold her, not liking the jeſt, he lifted up his arm, and diſcharged ſo terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood: and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, ſomewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the ſtrongeſt, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground: at which great noiſe the hoſt awaked, and preſently imagined it muſt be ſome prank of *Maritornes*'s; for having called to her aloud, ſhe made no anſwer. With this ſuſpicion he got up, and lighting a candle went toward the place where he had heard the buſtle. The wench, perceiving her maſter coming, and knowing him to be terribly paſſionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herſelf to *Sancho Pança*'s bed, who was now aſleep; and creeping in, ſhe lay cloſe to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering ſaid: Where are you, ſtrumpet? theſe are moſt certainly ſome of your doings. Now *Sancho* awaked, and, perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every ſide: and not a few of his fiſty-cuffs reached *Maritornes*, who, provoked by the ſmart, and laying all modeſty aſide, made *Sancho* ſuch a return in kind, that ſhe quite rouzed him from ſleep, in ſpite of his drowzineſs: who finding himſelf handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raiſed himſelf up as well as he could, and grappled with *Maritornes*; and there began between theſe two the tougheſt and pleaſanteſt ſkirmiſh in the world. The carrier, perceiving, by the light of the hoſt's candle, how it fared with his miſtreſs, quitted *Don Quixote*, and ran to give her the neceſſary aſſiſtance. The landlord did the ſame, but with a different intention; for his was to chaſtiſe the wench, concluding without doubt, that ſhe was the ſole occaſion of all this harmony. And ſo, as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the ſtick: the carrier belaboured *Sancho*, *Sancho* the wench, the wench him, the inn-keeper the wench; and all laid about them

them ſo thick, that they gave themſelves not a minute's reſt: and the beſt of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threſhed one another ſo unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing ſound [3].

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer, of thoſe they call the old holy brotherhood of *Toledo* [4]; who, likewiſe hearing the ſtrange noiſe of the ſcuffle, catched up his wand, and the tin-box which held his commiſſion, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: forbear, in the name of juſtice; forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood. And the firſt he lighted on was the battered *Don Quixote*, who lay on his demoliſhed bed, ſtretched upon his back, and quite ſenſeleſs; and laying hold of his beard, as he was groping about, he cried out inceſſantly: I charge you to aid and aſſiſt me: but, finding that the perſon he had laid hold of neither ſtirred nor moved, he concluded that he muſt be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this ſuſpicion he raiſed his voice ſtill louder, crying; Shut the inn-door, ſee that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here. This voice aſtoniſhed them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her ſtraw: only the unfortunate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* could not ſtir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go *Don Quixote*'s beard, and went out to get a light, to ſearch after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for the inn-keeper had purpoſely extinguiſhed the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourſe to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

3 This whole adventure, with ſome variety of humourous circumſtances, ſeems borrow'd from that of *Don Regel* (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 12. ch. 32.) who, with his two companions, and each their ſquire, takes up his lodging at a caſtle, the conſtable whereof had married a young lady the day before. This lady, dancing with *Don Regel*, falls deſperately in love with him; and gets her waiting-woman to take her place with her husband, while ſhe goes to bed to the knight. This arch huſſy, having agreed with *Don Regel*'s ſquire to entertain him, while her miſtreſs is employ'd with his maſter, and it being impoſſible for her to ſupply her own maſter and the knight's man at the ſame time, procures the ſcullion-wench, a *black*, to ſolace the ſquire in her place; which ſhe undertakes with great alacrity. She is deſcribed with thick lips, flat noſe, wide noſtrils, *&c.* much like *Maritornes*.

4 They patrol in ſquadrons, to apprehend robbers and diſorderly perſons.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Wherein are continued the numberleſs hardſhips which the brave Don Quixote *and his good ſquire* Sancho Pança *underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a caſtle.*

BY this time *Don Quixote* was come to himſelf, and, with the very ſame tone of voice, with which, the day before, he had called to his ſquire, when he lay ſtretched along in the valley of pack-ſtaves, he began to call to him, ſaying: *Sancho*, friend, ſleepeſt thou? ſleepeſt thou, friend *Sancho?* How ſhould I ſleep? woe is me! anſwered *Sancho*, full of trouble and vexation; I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night. You may very well believe ſo, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and either I know little, or this caſtle is enchanted. For you muſt know --- but what I am now going to tell you, you muſt ſwear to keep ſecret till after my death. Yes, I ſwear, anſwered *Sancho*. I ſay it, replied *Don Quixote*, becauſe I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation. I do ſwear, ſaid *Sancho* again, I will keep it ſecret till after your deceaſe, and god grant I may diſcover it to-morrow. Have I done you ſo many ill turns, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, that you would willingly ſee me dead ſo very ſoon? It is not for that, anſwered *Sancho*; but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping. Be it for what it will, ſaid *Don Quixote*; I truſt for greater matters than that to your love and kindneſs: and therefore you muſt know, that this night there has befallen me one of the ſtrangeſt adventures imaginable; and, to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this caſtle, who is the moſt accompliſhed and beautiful damſel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulneſs of her perſon? what of the ſprightlineſs of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preſerve the fidelity I owe to my lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, I will paſs over untouched and in ſilence? only I muſt tell you, that heaven, envying ſo great happineſs as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps (which is more probable) this caſtle, as I ſaid before, being enchanted, at the time that ſhe and I were engaged in the ſweeteſt and moſt amorous converſation, without my ſeeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, faſtened to the arm of ſome monſtrous giant, and gave me ſuch a douſe on the chops, that they were all bathed in blood; and it afterwards pounded me in ſuch ſort, that I am in a worſe caſe than yeſterday, when the carriers, for *Rozinante*'s frolic, did us the miſchief

miſchief you know. Whence I conjecture, that the treaſure of this damſel's beauty is guarded by ſome enchanted *Moor*, and is not reſerved for me [5]. Nor for me neither, anſwered *Sancho*; for more than four hundred *Moors* have cudgelled me in ſuch a manner, that the baſting of the pack-ſtaves was tarts and cheeſe-cakes to it. But tell me, pray, Sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in ſuch a pickle? though it was not quite ſo bad with your worſhip, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforeſaid. But I, what had I, beſides the heavieſt blows that, I hope, I ſhall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the miſadventures, the greater part ſtill falls to my ſhare. What! have you been pounded too? anſwered *Don Quixote*. Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage! quoth *Sancho*. Be in no pain, friend, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for I will now make the precious balſam, with which we will cure ourſelves in the twinkling of an eye. By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to ſee the perſon he thought was killed; and *Sancho*, ſeeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his ſhirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his maſter; Pray, ſir, is this the enchanted *Moor*, coming to finiſh the correction he has beſtow'd upon us [6]? It cannot be the *Moor*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for the enchanted ſuffer not themſelves to be ſeen by any body. If they will not be ſeen, they will be felt, ſaid *Sancho*; witneſs my ſhoulders. Mine might ſpeak too, anſwered *Don Quixote*: but this is not ſufficient evidence to convince us, that what we ſee is the enchanted *Moor*.

The officer enter'd, and, finding them communing in ſo calm a manner, ſtood in ſuſpence. It is true indeed, *Don Quixote* ſtill lay flat on his back, without being able to ſtir, through mere pounding and plaiſtering. The officer approached him, and ſaid: How fares it, honeſt friend? I would ſpeak more reſpectfully, anſwered *Don Quixote*, were I in your place. Is it the faſhion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead? The officer, ſeeing himſelf ſo ill-treated by one of ſo ſcurvy an appearance, could not bear it,

5 So *Amadis*, conſidering a *Greek* prophecy, concludes, that the treaſure of the enchanted chamber was not reſerved for him, but for his ſon *Eſplandian*. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 4. ch. 36.

6 Liberally, *to chaſtiſe us again, if any thing be left at the bottom of the inkhorn*. The ſame figurative expreſſion (not ſo proper for an *Engliſh* Tranſlation) is to be found in the preceding chapter, where *Cervantes* praiſes the punctuality of *Cid Hamete Benengeli*, in recounting the minuteſt circumſtances of the hiſtory.

and,

and, lifting up the braſs-lamp, with all its oil, gave it *Don Quixote* over the pate, in ſuch ſort, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran inſtantly out of the room. Doubtleſs, ſir, quoth *Sancho Pança*, this is the enchanted *Moor*; and he reſerves the treaſure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks [7]. It is even ſo, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and it is to no purpoſe to regard this buſineſs of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them: for as they are inviſible and phantaſtical only, we ſhall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never ſo much. Get you up, *Sancho*, if you can, and call the governor of this fortreſs; and take care to get me ſome oil, wine, ſalt, and roſemary, to make the healing balſam: for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very faſt.

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, and, meeting with the officer, who was liſtening to diſcover what his enemy would be at, ſaid to him: Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindneſs to help us to a little roſemary, oil, ſalt and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the beſt knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, ſorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted *Moor* that is in this inn. The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his ſenſes. And, the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and, calling the hoſt, told him what that honeſt man wanted. The inn-keeper furniſhed him with what he deſired, and *Sancho* carried them to *Don Quixote*, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raiſing a couple of bumps pretty much ſwelled: and what he took for blood was nothing but ſweat, occaſioned by the anguiſh of the paſt ſtorm. In fine, he took his ſimples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, 'till he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a viol to put it in; and there being no ſuch thing in the inn, he reſolved to put it in a cruze, or oil-flask of tin, which the hoſt made him a preſent of. And immediately he ſaid over the cruze above fourſcore *Pater-noſters*, and as many *Ave-maries*, *Salves* and *Credos*, and every word was accompanied with a croſs by way of benediction: at all which were preſent *Sancho*, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone ſoberly about the buſineſs of tending his mules.

This done, he reſolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balſam, as he imagined it to be; and ſo

7 *Candilazos*. A new-coined word in the original.

he

he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruze could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infuſed and boiled in: and ſcarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit ſo violently, that nothing was left in his ſtomach; and, thro' the convulſive reachings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a moſt copious ſweat: wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did ſo, and he continued faſt aſleep above three hours, when he awoke, and found himſelf greatly relieved in his body, and ſo much recovered of his bruiſing, that he thought himſelf as good as cured. And he was thoroughly perſuaded that he had hit on the true balſam of *Fierabras*, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter without fear any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never ſo perilous.

Sancho Pança, who likewiſe took his maſter's amendment for a miracle, deſired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no ſmall quantity. *Don Quixote* granting his requeſt, he took it in both hands, and, with a good faith and better will, toſſed it down into his ſtomach, ſwilling very little leſs than his maſter had done. Now the caſe was, that poor *Sancho*'s ſtomach was not ſo nice and ſqueamiſh as his maſter's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him ſuch pangs and loathings, with ſuch cold ſweats and faintings, that he verily thought his laſt hour was come: and finding himſelf ſo afflicted and tormented, he curſed the balſam, and the thief that had given it him. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing him in that condition, ſaid to him: I believe, *Sancho*, that all this miſchief has befallen you becauſe you are not dubbed a knight: for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to thoſe who are not. If your worſhip knew that, replied *Sancho* (evil betide me and all my generation!) why did you ſuffer me to drink it? By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor ſquire began to diſcharge at both ends with ſo much precipitation, that the flag-mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himſelf, were never after fit for uſe. He ſweated and ſweated again, with ſuch faintings and fits, that not only himſelf, but every body elſe thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation laſted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his maſter did, but ſo ſhattered and broken, that he was not able to ſtand. But *Don Quixote*, who, as is ſaid, found himſelf at eaſe and whole, would needs depart immediately in queſt of adventures, believing, that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the diſtreſſed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather through the ſecurity and confidence he placed in the balſam: and thus, hurried away by this ſtrong deſire, he ſaddled *Rozinante* with his own hands, and pannelled his ſquire's beaſt,

beaſt, whom he alſo helped to dreſs, and to mount him upon the aſs. He preſently got on horſeback, and, coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that ſtood there, to ſerve him for a launce. All the folks in the inn ſtood gazing at him, being ſomewhat above twenty perſons: among the reſt the hoſt's daughter ſtared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then ſent forth a ſigh, which he ſeemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at leaſt thoſe, who the night before had ſeen how he was plaiſtered.

They being now both mounted, and ſtanding at the door of the inn, he called to the hoſt, and, with a very ſolemn and grave voice, ſaid to him: Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your caſtle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any inſolent, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profeſſion is no other than to ſtrengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chaſtiſe the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promiſe you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you ſatisfaction and amends to your heart's deſire. The hoſt anſwered with the ſame gravity: Sir knight, I have no need of your worſhip's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me: I only deſire your worſhip to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the ſtraw and barley for your two beaſts, as for your ſupper and lodging. What, then, is this an inn? replied *Don Quixote?* And a very creditable one, anſwered the hoſt. Hitherto then I have been in an error, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for in truth I took it for a caſtle, and no bad one neither: but ſince it is ſo, that it is no caſtle, but an inn, all that can now be done, is, that you excuſe the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging, or any thing elſe, in any inn where they have lain; and that becauſe, of right and good reaſon, all poſſible good accommodation is due to them, in recompence of the inſufferable hardſhips they endure in queſt of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in ſummer, on foot and on horſeback, with thirſt and with hunger, with heat and with cold, ſubject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniencies upon earth. I ſee little to my purpoſe in all this, anſwered the hoſt: pay me what is my due,

and let us have none of your ſtories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own. Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper, anſwered *Don Quixote:* ſo clapping ſpurs to *Rozinante*, and brandiſhing his launce, he ſallied out of the inn, without any body's oppoſing him, and, without looking to ſee whether his ſquire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The hoſt, ſeeing him go off, without paying him, ran to ſeize on *Sancho Pança*, who ſaid, that, ſince his maſter would not pay, he would not pay neither; for being ſquire to a knight-errant, as he was, the ſame rule and reaſon held as good for him as for his maſter, not to pay any thing in publick-houſes and inns. The inn-keeper grew very teſty at this, and threatned him, if he did not pay him, he would get it in a way he ſhould be ſorry for. *Sancho* ſwore by the order of chivalry, which his maſter had received, that he would not pay a ſingle farthing, though it ſhould coſt him his life; for the laudable and ancient uſage of knights-errant ſhould not be loſt for him, nor ſhould the ſquires of future knights have reaſon to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of ſo juſt a right.

Poor *Sancho*'s ill luck would have it, that, among thoſe who were in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of *Segovia*, three needle-makers of the horſe-fountain of *Cordova* [8], and two butchers of *Sevil*, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolickſome fellows; who, as it were, inſtigated and moved by the ſelf-ſame ſpirit, came up to *Sancho*, and diſmounting him from the aſs, one of them went in for the landlord's bed-blanket: and putting him therein, they looked up, and ſaw that the cieling was ſomewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. There, *Sancho* being placed in the midſt of the blanket, they began to toſs him aloft, and to divert themſelves with him, as with a dog at *Shrovetide*. The cries, which the poor blanketted ſquire ſent forth, were ſo many, and ſo loud, that they reached his maſter's ears; who, ſtopping to liſten attentively, believed that ſome new adventure was at hand, 'till he found plainly that he who cried was his ſquire: and turning the reins, with a conſtrained gallop, he came up to the inn; and finding it ſhut, he rode round it to diſcover, if he could, an entrance. But he was ſcarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked ſport they were making with his ſquire. He ſaw him aſcend and deſcend thro' the air with ſo much grace and agility, that, if his choler would

8 *El potro de Cordova.* A ſquare in the city of *Cordova*, where a fountain guſhes out from a horſe's mouth; near which is alſo a whipping-poſt.

have

have ſuffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed [9]. He tried to get from his horſe upon the pales: but he was ſo bruiſed and battered, that he could not ſo much as alight, and ſo from on horſeback he began to utter ſo many reproaches and revilings againſt thoſe, who were toſſing *Sancho*, that it is impoſſible to put them down in writing: but they did not therefore deſiſt from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying *Sancho* forbear his complaints, mixed ſometimes with menaces, ſometimes with intreaties: yet all availed little, nor would have availed; but at laſt they left off for pure wearineſs. They then brought him his aſs, and, wrapping him in his looſe coat, mounted him thereon. The compaſſionate *Maritornes*, ſeeing him ſo haraſſed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which ſhe fetch'd from the well, that it might be the cooler. *Sancho* took it, and, as he was lifting it to his mouth, ſtopped at his maſter's calling to him aloud, ſaying: Son *Sancho*, drink not water; child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: ſee here, I hold the moſt holy balſam (ſhewing him the cruze of the potion) by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtleſs be whole and ſound again. At theſe words *Sancho* turned his eyes as it were askew, and ſaid with a louder voice: Perhaps, you have forgot, ſir, that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my guts, after laſt night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone. His ceaſing to ſpeak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment: but at the firſt ſip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed *Maritornes* to bring him ſome wine: which ſhe did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they ſay of her, that, though ſhe was in that ſtation, ſhe had ſome ſhadows and faint outlines of a chriſtian. As ſoon as *Sancho* had done drinking, he fell a kicking his aſs; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily ſatisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expence of his accuſtomed ſurety, his carcaſe. The landlord, indeed, was in poſſeſſion of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but *Sancho* never miſſed them, ſo confuſed was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have faſtened the door well after him, as ſoon as he ſaw him out; but the blanketteers would not conſent, being

9 The adventure of *Sancho*'s being toſs'd in a blanket alludes to the ſtory of poor *Fidelio*, the ſquire of *Don Florando*; who, following his maſter at ſome diſtance, is ſeized by hobgoblins, who hoiſt him up into the air, and tear his fleſh with burning pincers. He cries out for help: the knight knows his voice, and forces back his ſteed towards the place; where he ſees the miſerable condition of his ſquire, but makes no attempt to deliver him, concluding it to be a viſion only, and not any thing real. *Don Florando of England*, part 3. ch. 8.

perſons of that ſort, that, though *Don Quixote* had really been one of the knights of the round table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

CHAP. IV.

In which is rehearſed the diſcourſe, which Sancho Pança *held with his maſter* Don Quixote, *with other adventures worth relating.*

SANCHO came up to his maſter, pale, and diſpirited to that degree, that he was not able to ſpur on his aſs. *Don Quixote*, perceiving him in that condition, ſaid: Now am I convinced, honeſt *Sancho*, that that caſtle, or inn, is doubtleſs enchanted; for they who ſo cruelly ſported themſelves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that, when I ſtood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your ſad tragedy, I could not poſſibly get over them, nor ſo much as alight from *Rozinante*; ſo that they muſt certainly have held me enchanted: for I ſwear to you, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in ſuch a manner, as would have made thoſe poltroons and aſſaſſins remember the jeſt as long as they lived, though I knew I had tranſgreſſed the laws of chivalry thereby: for, as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his ſword againſt any one who is not ſo, unleſs it be in defence of his own life and perſon, and in caſe of urgent and extreme neceſſity. And I too, quoth *Sancho*, would have revenged myſelf if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they, who diverted themſelves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of fleſh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were toſſing me, had his proper name: one was called *Pedro Martinez*, another *Tenorio Hernandez*; and the landlord's name is *John Palomeque the left-handed*: ſo that, ſir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horſe, the fault lay in ſomething elſe, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this, is, that theſe adventures we are in queſt of will at the long run bring us into ſo many diſventures, that we ſhall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and ſurer way would be, to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our buſineſs, and not run rambling from *Ceca* to *Mecca* [1], leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

How

[1] *Ceca* was a place of devotion among the *Moors* in the city of *Cordova*,

to

How little do you know, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will ſee with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profeſſion: for tell me, what greater ſatisfaction, can there be in the world, or what pleaſure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? none without doubt. It may be ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, though I do not know it. I only know, that, ſince we have been knights-errant, or you have been, Sir, (for there is no reaſon I ſhould reckon myſelf in that honourable number) we have never won any battle, except that of the *Biſcainer*; and even there you came off with the loſs of half an ear, and half a helmet; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beſide my blanket-toſſing into the bargain, and that by perſons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myſelf, to know how far the pleaſure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worſhip is pleaſed to ſay. That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote:* but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a ſword made by ſuch art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of *Amadis*, when he called himſelf *knight of the burning ſword*, which was one of the beſt weapons that ever knight had in the world: for, beſide the virtue aforeſaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour, though ever ſo ſtrong, or ever ſo much enchanted, could ſtand againſt it. I am ſo fortunate, quoth *Sancho*, that, though this were ſo, and you ſhould find ſuch a ſword, it would be of ſervice and uſe only to thoſe who are dubbed knights, like the balſam: as for the poor ſquires, they may ſing ſorrow. Fear not that, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*; heaven will deal more kindly by thee.

Don Quixote and his ſquire went on thus conferring together, when *Don Quixote* perceived, on the road they were in, a great and thick cloud of duſt coming towards them; and ſeeing it, he turned to *Sancho*, and ſaid: This is the day, O *Sancho*, wherein will be ſeen the good that fortune has in ſtore for me. This is the day, I ſay, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the ſtrength of my arm; and in which I ſhall perform ſuch exploits, as ſhall remain written in the book of fame, to all ſucceeding ages. Seeſt thou yon cloud of duſt, *Sancho?* it is raiſed by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way. By this account there muſt be two armies, ſaid *Sancho*; for on this oppoſite ſide there riſes ſuch

to which they uſed to go in pilgrimage from other places; as *Mecca* is among the *Turks:* whence the proverb comes to ſignify *ſauntring about to no purpoſe.* ——A banter upon popiſh pilgrimages.

another cloud of duſt. *Don Quixote* turned to view it, and, ſeeing it was ſo, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted, they were two armies coming to engage in the midſt of that ſpacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges, which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he ſaid, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the cloud of duſt he ſaw was raiſed by two great flocks of ſheep, going the ſame road from different parts, and the duſt hindered them from being ſeen, 'till they came near. But *Don Quixote* affirmed with ſo much poſitiveneſs, that they were armies, that *Sancho* began to believe it, and ſaid: Sir, what then muſt we do? What, replied *Don Quixote*, but favour and aſſiſt the weaker ſide? Now you muſt know, *Sancho*, that the army, which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor *Alifanfaron*, lord of the great iſland of *Taprobana*: this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the *Garamantes*, *Pentapolin* of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare [2]. But why do theſe two princes hate one another ſo, demanded *Sancho?* They hate one another, anſwered *Don Quixote*, becauſe this *Alifanfaron* is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of *Pentapolin*, who is a moſt beautiful and ſuperlatively graceful lady, and a chriſtian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unleſs he will firſt renounce the religion of his falſe prophet *Mahomet*, and turn chriſtian. By my beard, ſaid *Sancho*, *Pentapolin* is in the right, and I am reſolved to aſſiſt him to the utmoſt of my power [3]. In ſo doing, you will do your duty, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for, in order to engage in ſuch fights, it is not neceſſary to be dubbed a knight. I eaſily comprehend that, anſwered *Sancho:* but where ſhall we diſpoſe of this aſs, that we may be ſure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the faſhion to go to battle upon ſuch a kind of beaſt. You are in the right, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be loſt or not: for we ſhall have ſuch choice of horſes after the victory, that *Rozinante* himſelf will run a riſque of being trucked for another. But liſten with attention, whilſt I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. And, that you may ſee and obſerve them the better, let us retire to yon riſing ground, from whence both the armies may be diſtinctly ſeen. They

2 Alluding to the ſtory of *Scanderbeg* king of *Epirus*.

3 So, in *Don Florando of England*, ch. 26. the king of *Aquilea* refuſes to give the infanta his daughter to the king of *Meſopotamia*, becauſe he is the ugliest fellow in the world: whereupon a war enſues between them, in which prince *Paladine*, a knight-errant, ſides with the king of *Aquilea*.

did

did ſo, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks, which *Don Quixote* took for two armies, might eaſily have been diſcerned, had not the clouds of duſt they raiſed obſtructed and blinded the ſight: but, for all that, ſeeing in his imagination what he neither did, nor cou'd ſee, he began with a loud voice to ſay:

4 The knight you ſee yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his ſhield a lion crowned *couchant* at a damſel's feet, is the valorous *Laurcalco*, lord of the ſilver bridge: the other with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns *argent*, in a field *azure*, is the formidable *Micocolembo*, grand duke of *Quiracia*: the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted *Brandabarbaran* of *Boliche*, lord of the three *Arabias*; he is armed with a ſerpent's skin, and bears, inſtead of a ſhield, a gate, which, fame ſays, is one of thoſe belonging to the temple, which *Sampſon* pulled down, when with his death he avenged himſelf upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other ſide, and you will ſee, in the front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquiſhed *Timonel de Carcajona*, prince of the *New Biſcay*, who comes armed with armour *quartered*, *azure*, *vert*, *argent*, and *or*, bearing in his ſhield a cat *or* in a field *gules*, with a ſcroll inſcribed *MIAU*, being the beginning of his miſtreſs's name, who, it is reported, is the peerleſs *Miaulina*, daughter to *Alphenniquen* duke of *Algarve*. That other, who burthens and oppreſſes the back of yon ſprightly ſteed, whoſe armour is as white as ſnow, and his ſhield white, without any device, is a new knight, by birth a *Frenchman*, called *Peter Papin*, lord of the baronies of *Utrique*. The other, whom you ſee, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pyed fleet courſer, and his armour of pure azure, is the powerful duke of *Nerbia*, *Eſpartafilardo* of the wood, whoſe

4 This notable review is a ridicule on the like deſcriptions ſo frequent in romances, particularly that in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 17. ch. 59. where the king of *Sibilla*, with his queen, and the princeſs *Soſtiliana*, poſt themſelves upon an eminence, to ſee the troops upon a march. The firſt that march'd by, was the great *Soldan* of *Baldoque*, valiant and hardy, with a puiſſant army, his device a white eagle in a field *or*. The next was the king's ſon, his device a *Centaur* fighting with a knight, becauſe the king himſelf, when prince, had been a knight-errant, and had killed a *Centaur*, with an army of 80000 horſe and 150000 foot, with four kings his vaſſals. Next march'd the king of *Belmarina*, with a powerful army, his device a cloven rock in a field *azure*; an aged perſon, mighty in ſtrength and council, and attended by three giants, *Famogant* the fierce, *Rhadamant* the cruel, and *Marbigliot* the proud. Then followed the king of *Tana*, with another army, having with him two famous and redoubted giants, *Monigant* and *Galacaſſi* of the battle-ax, their enſign a moon *azure* in a field *blanch*. Then follow ſo many bodies of men, ſo many kings, and ſo many giants, with ſo many devices, as take up ſeveral pages.

device is an *aſparagus-bed*, with this motto in *Caſtilian* [5], *Raſtrea mi ſuerte*, *Thus drags my fortune.*

In this manner he went on, naming ſundry knights of each ſquadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, *ex tempore*, carried on by the ſtrength of his imagination and unaccountable madneſs: and ſo, without heſitation, he went on thus. That body fronting us is formed and compoſed of people of different nations: [6] here ſtand thoſe, who drink the ſweet waters of the famous *Xanthus*; the mountaineers, who tread the *Maſſilian* fields; thoſe, who ſift the pure and fine gold-duſt of *Arabia Fœlix*; thoſe, who dwell along the famous and refreſhing banks of the clear *Thermodon*; thoſe, who drein, by ſundry and divers ways, the golden veins of *Pactolus*; the *Numidians*, unfaithful in their promiſes; the *Perſians*, famous for bows and arrows; the *Parthians* and *Medes*, who fight flying; the *Arabians*, perpetually ſhifting their habitations; the *Scythians*, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped *Ethiopians*; and an infinity of other nations, whoſe countenances I ſee and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other ſquadron come thoſe, who drink the cryſtal ſtreams of olive-bearing *Betis*; thoſe, who brighten and poliſh their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden *Tagus*; thoſe, who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine *Genil*; thoſe, who tread the *Tarteſian* fields, abounding in paſture; thoſe, who recreate themſelves in the *Elyſian* meads of *Xereza*; the rich *Manchegans*, crowned with yellow ears of corn; thoſe clad in iron, the antique remains of the *Gothic* race; thoſe, who bathe themſelves in *Piſuerga*, famous for the gentleneſs of its current; thoſe, who feed their flocks on the ſpacious paſtures of the winding *Guadiana*, celebrated for its hidden ſource; thoſe, who ſhiver on the cold brow of ſhady *Pyreneus*, and the ſnowy tops of lofty *Apenninus*; in a word, all that *Europe* contains and includes.

Good god! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readineſs, its peculiar attributes, wholly abſorped and wrapped up in

5 This paſſage has been utterly miſtaken by all tranſlators in all languages. The original word *Eſparaguera* is a mock alluſion to *Eſpartaſilardo*, and the gingle between the words is a ridicule upon the fooliſh quibbles ſo frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a ſatire upon ſeveral great names and ſounding titles in *Spain*, whoſe owners were arrant beggars. The *dragging* of his fortune may allude to the word *Eſparto*, a ſort of ruſh, with which they make ropes: and, perhaps, the device of the *aſparagus-bed* may imply, that this duke of *Nerbia* had no miſtreſs; for in *Spain* they have a proverb, *as ſolitary as an aſparagus*, becauſe every one of them ſprings up by itſelf.

6 An imitation of *Homer*'s catalogue of ſhips.

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what he had read in his lying books. *Sancho Pança* ſtood confounded at his diſcourſe, without ſpeaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to ſee whether he could diſcover the knights and giants his maſter named. But ſeeing none, he ſaid: Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at leaſt I do not ſee them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like laſt night's goblins. How ſay you, *Sancho?* anſwered *Don Quixote.* Do you not hear the neighing of the ſteeds, the ſound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums? I hear nothing, anſwered *Sancho*, but the bleating of ſheep and lambs: and ſo it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. The fear you are in, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, makes you, that you can neither ſee nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to diſturb the ſenſes, and make things not to appear what they are: and if you are ſo much afraid, get you aſide, and leave me alone; for I am able, with my ſingle arm, to give the victory to that ſide I ſhall favour with my aſſiſtance. And ſaying this, he clapped ſpurs to *Rozinante*, ſetting his launce in its reſt, and darted down the hillock like lightning. *Sancho* cried out to him: Hold, Signor *Don Quixote*, come back; as god ſhall ſave me, they are lambs and ſheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me! what madneſs is this? Look; there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor ſhields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled: ſinner that I am! what is it you do? For all this, *Don Quixote* turned not again, but ſtill went on, crying aloud: Ho! knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor *Pentapolin* of the naked arm, follow me all, and you ſhall ſee with how much eaſe I revenge him on his enemy *Alifanfaron* of *Taprobana*. And ſaying thus, he ruſhed into the midſt of the ſquadron of ſheep, and began to attack them with his launce, as courageouſly and intrepidly, as if in good earneſt he was engaging his mortal enemies. The ſhepherds and herdſmen, who came with the flocks, called out to him to deſiſt: but ſeeing it was to no purpoſe, they unbuckled their ſlings, and began to let drive about his ears with ſtones as big as one's fiſt. *Don Quixote* did not mind the ſtones, but, running about on all ſides, cried out: Where art thou, proud *Alifanfaron?* preſent thyſelf before me: I am a ſingle knight, deſirous to prove thy valour hand to hand, and to puniſh thee with the loſs of life, for the wrong thou doſt to the valiant *Pentapolin Garamanta*. At that inſtant came a large pebble-ſtone, and ſtruck him ſuch a blow on the ſide, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himſelf thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was ſlain, or ſorely wounded; and remembring his liquor, he pulled out his cruze, and ſet it to his mouth, and began to

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let ſome go down: but, before he could ſwallow what he thought ſufficient, comes another of thoſe almonds, and hit him ſo full on the hand, and on the cruze, that it daſhed it to-pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievouſly bruiſing two of his fingers. Such was the firſt blow, and ſuch the ſecond, that the poor knight tumbled from his horſe to the ground. The ſhepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him: whereupon in all haſte they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were above ſeven, and marched off without farther enquiry.

All this while *Sancho* ſtood upon the hillock, beholding his maſter's extravagancies, tearing his beard, and curſing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But, ſeeing him fallen to the ground, and the ſhepherds already gone off, he deſcended from the hillock, and running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite loſt the uſe of his ſenſes; and ſaid to him: Did I not deſire you, Signor *Don Quixote*, to come back; for thoſe you went to attack were a flock of ſheep, and not an army of men? How eaſily, replied *Don Quixote*, can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or diſappear! You muſt know, *Sancho*, that it is a very eaſy matter for ſuch to make us ſeem what they pleaſe; and this malignant, who perſecutes me, envious of the glory he ſaw I was like to acquire in this battle, has transform'd the hoſtile ſquadrons into flocks of ſheep. However, do one thing, *Sancho*, for my ſake, to undeceive yourſelf, and ſee the truth of what I tell you: get upon your aſs, and follow them fair and ſoftly, and you will find, that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their firſt form, and, ceaſing to be ſheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I deſcribed them at firſt. But do not go now; for I want your help and aſſiſtance: come hither to me, and ſee how many grinders I want; for it ſeems to me that I have not one left in my head. *Sancho* came ſo cloſe to him, that he almoſt thruſt his eyes into his mouth; and it being preciſely at the time the balſam began to work in *Don Quixote*'s ſtomach, at the inſtant *Sancho* was looking into his mouth, he diſcharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been ſhot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compaſſionate ſquire. Bleſſed virgin! quoth *Sancho*, what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor ſinner is mortally wounded, ſince he vomits blood at the mouth. But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, ſavour, and ſmell, that it was not blood, but the balſam of the cruze he ſaw him drink; and ſo great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his ſtomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his maſter; ſo that they both remained in the ſame pickle. *Sancho* ran to his aſs, to take ſomething out of his wallets, to cleanſe himſelf,

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and cure his maſter; but, not finding them, he was very near running diſtracted. He curſed himſelf afreſh, and purpoſed in his mind to leave his maſter, and return home, though he ſhould loſe his wages for the time paſt, and his hopes of the government of the promiſed iſland.

Hereupon *Don Quixote* got up, and, laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on *Rozinante*'s bridle, who had not ſtirred from his maſter's ſide (ſo truſty was he and good-conditioned) and went where his ſquire ſtood leaning his breaſt on his aſs, and his cheek on his hand, in the poſture of a man overwhelmed with thought. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing him in that guiſe, with the appearance of ſo much ſadneſs, ſaid: Know, *Sancho*, that one man is no more than another, unleſs he does more than another. All theſe ſtorms, that fall upon us, are ſigns that the weather will clear up, and things will go ſmoothly: for it is impoſſible that either evil or good ſhould be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil having laſted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourſelf for the miſchances that befal me, ſince you have no ſhare in them. How! no ſhare in them! anſwered *Sancho:* peradventure he they toſſed in a blanket yeſterday was not my father's ſon; and the wallets I miſs to-day, with all my moveables, are ſome body's elſe? What! are the wallets miſſing, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote?* Yes, they are, anſwered *Sancho*. Then we have nothing to eat to-day, replied *Don Quixote*. It would be ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, if theſe fields did not produce thoſe herbs, you ſay you know, with which ſuch unlucky knights-errant as your worſhip are wont to ſupply the like neceſſities. For all that, anſwered *Don Quixote*, at this time I had rather have a ſlice of bread, and a couple of heads of ſalt pilchards, than all the herbs deſcribed by *Dioſcorides*, though commented upon by Dr. *Laguna* himſelf. But, good *Sancho*, get upon your aſs, and follow me; for god, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather ſeeing we are ſo employed in his ſervice as we are, ſince he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the froglings of the water; and ſo merciful is he, that he makes his ſun to ſhine upon the good and the bad, and cauſes rain to fall upon the juſt and unjuſt. Your worſhip, ſaid *Sancho*, would make a better preacher than a knight-errant. *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, the knights-errant ever did and muſt know ſomething of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times paſt, who would make ſermons or harangues on the king's high-way, with as good a grace, as if they had taken their degrees in the univerſity of *Paris:* whence we may infer, that the launce never blunted the pen, nor the pen the launce. Well! let it be as your worſhip ſays, anſwered *Sancho*; but let

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us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray god it be where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted *Moors:* for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold.

Child, ſaid *Don Quixote*, do thou pray to god, and conduct me whither thou wilt; for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right ſide of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain. *Sancho* put in his fingers, and, feeling about, ſaid: how many did your worſhip uſe to have on this ſide? Four, anſwered *Don Quixote*; beſide the eye-tooth, all whole and very ſound. Take care what you ſay, Sir, anſwered *Sancho*. I ſay four, if not five, replied *Don Quixote*; for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I loſt one by rheum or decay. Well then, ſaid *Sancho*, on this lower ſide your worſhip has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper neither half nor whole: all is as ſmooth and even as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate that I am! ſaid *Don Quixote*, hearing the ſad news his ſquire told him: I had rather they had tore off an arm, provided it were not the ſword-arm; for, *Sancho*, you muſt know, that a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a ſtone; and a diamond is not ſo precious as a tooth. But all this we are ſubject to who profeſs the ſtrict order of chivalry. Mount, friend *Sancho*, and lead on; for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt. *Sancho* did ſo, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on, fair and ſoftly, (for the pain of *Don Quixote*'s jaws gave him no eaſe, nor inclination to make haſte) *Sancho* had a mind to amuſe and divert him by talking to him, and ſaid, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

CHAP. V.

Of the ſage diſcourſe that paſſed between Sancho *and his maſter, and the ſucceeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences.*

IT is my opinion, maſter of mine, that all the diſventures, which have befallen us of late, are doubtleſs in puniſhment of the ſin committed by your worſhip againſt your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor ſolace yourſelf with the queen, with all the reſt that you ſwore to accompliſh, until your taking away that helmet of *Malandrino*, or how do you call the *Moor?* for I do not well remember. *Sancho*, you are in the right, ſaid

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Don Quixote: but to tell you the truth, it was quite ſlipped out of my memory; and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing. Why, did I ſwear any thing? anſwered *Sancho.* It matters not that you have not ſworn, ſaid *Don Quixote:* it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an acceſſary; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiſs to provide ourſelves a remedy. If it be ſo, ſaid *Sancho,* ſee, ſir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may again take a fancy to divert themſelves with me, and perhaps with your worſhip, if they find you ſo obſtinate.

While they were thus diſcourſing, night overtook them in the middle of the high-way, without their lighting on, or diſcovering, any place of reception; and the worſt of it was, they were periſhing with hunger: for, with the loſs of their wallets, they had loſt their whole larder of proviſions. And, as an additional misfortune, there befel them an adventure, which, without any forced conſtruction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night fell pretty dark; notwithſtanding which they went on, *Sancho* believing, that, ſince it was the king's high-way, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the ſquire hungry, and the maſter with a good appetite, they ſaw, advancing towards them on the ſame road, a great number of lights, reſembling ſo many moving ſtars. *Sancho* ſtood aghaſt at the ſight of them, and *Don Quixote* could not well tell what to make of them. The one checked his aſs by the halter, and the other his horſe by the bridle, and ſtood ſtill, viewing attentively what it might me. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. *Sancho* trembled at the ſight, as if he had been quick-ſilver; and *Don Quixote*'s hair briſtled upon his head: who, recovering a little courage, cried out: *Sancho,* this muſt be a moſt prodigious and moſt perilous adventure, wherein it will be neceſſary for me to exert my whole might and valour. Wo is me! anſwered *Sancho*; ſhould this prove to be an adventure of goblins, as to me it ſeems to be, where ſhall I find ribs to endure? Let them be never ſuch goblins, ſaid *Don Quixote,* I will not ſuffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for, if they ſported with you laſt time, it was becauſe I could not get over the pales: but we are now upon even ground, where I can brandiſh my ſword at pleaſure. But, if they ſhould enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time, quoth *Sancho,* what matters it whether we are in the open field,

field, or no? For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I beſeech you, *Sancho*, be of good courage; for experience will ſhew you how much of it I am maſter of. I will, an't pleaſe god, anſwered *Sancho*; and, leaving the high-way a little on one ſide, they looked again attentively to diſcover what thoſe walking lights might be: and ſoon after they perceived a great many perſons in white [7]; which dreadful apparition entirely ſunk *Sancho Panza*'s courage, whoſe teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increaſed, when he ſaw diſtinctly what it was: for now they diſcovered about twenty perſons in white robes, all on horſeback, with lighted torches in their hands: behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by ſix perſons in deep mourning; and the mules they rode on were covered likewiſe with black down to their heels; and it was eaſily ſeen they were not horſes by the ſlowneſs of their pace. Thoſe in white came muttering to themſelves in a low and plaintive tone.

This ſtrange viſion, at ſuch an hour, and in a place ſo uninhabited, might very well ſtrike terror into *Sancho*'s heart, and even into that of his maſter; and ſo it would have done, had he been any other than *Don Quixote*. As for *Sancho*, his whole ſtock of courage was already exhauſted. But it was quite otherwiſe with his maſter, whoſe lively imagination at that inſtant repreſented to him, that this muſt be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himſelf, that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried ſome knight ſorely wounded or ſlain, whoſe revenge was reſerved for him: and without more ado he couched his ſpear, ſettled himſelf firm in his ſaddle, and, with a ſprightly vigour and mien poſted himſelf in the middle of the road, by which the men in white muſt of neceſſity paſs; and when he ſaw them come near, he raiſed his voice, and ſaid: Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account, to whom you belong, from whence you come, whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? for, in all appearance, either you have done ſome injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and neceſſary that I be informed of it, either to chaſtiſe you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you. We are going in haſte, anſwered one of thoſe in white; the inn is a great way off; and we cannot ſtay to give ſo long an account as you require: and ſo ſpurring his mule he paſſed forward. *Don Quixote*, highly reſenting this anſwer, laid hold of his bridle, and ſaid: Stand and be more civil, and give

7 The original is *encamiſados*, which ſignifies perſons who have put on a ſhirt over their clothes. It was uſual for ſoldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night, to wear ſhirts over their armour or clothes, to diſtinguiſh their own party: whence ſuch nightly attacks were called *encamiſadas*.

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me an account of what I have asked you; otherwiſe I challenge you all to battle. The mule was ſkittiſh, and ſtarted at his laying his hand on the bridle; ſo that, riſing upright on her hind-legs, ſhe fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, ſeeing him in white fall, began to revile *Don Quixote*; whoſe choler being already ſtirred, he couched his ſpear, and, without ſtaying longer, aſſaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievouſly wounded; and turning him about to the reſt, it was worth ſeeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, inſomuch that you would have thought *Rozinante* had wings grown on him in that inſtant, ſo nimbly and proudly did he beſtir himſelf. All thoſe in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of courſe preſently quitted the ſkirmiſh, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like ſo many maſqueraders on a carnival, or a feſtival night. The mourners likewiſe were ſo wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not ſtir: ſo that *Don Quixote*, with entire ſafety to himſelf, demoliſhed them all, and obliged them to quit the field ſorely againſt their wills: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke looſe upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter [8].

All this *Sancho* beheld, with admiration at his maſter's intrepidity, and ſaid to himſelf: without doubt this maſter of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be. There lay a burning torch on the ground, juſt by the firſt whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which *Don Quixote* eſpied him, and coming to him ſet the point of his ſpear to his throat, commanding him to ſurrender, or he wou'd kill him. To which the fallen man anſwered: I am more than enough ſurrendered already; for I cannot ſtir, having one of my legs broken. I beſeech you, ſir, if you are a chriſtian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great ſacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken the leſſer orders. Who the devil then, ſaid *Don Quixote*, brought you hither, being an eccleſiaſtic? Who, ſir? replied he that was overthrown. My misfortune. A greater yet threatens you, ſaid *Don Quixote*, if you do not ſatisfy me in all I firſt asked of you. Your worſhip ſhall ſoon be ſatisfied, anſwered the licentiate; and therefore you muſt know, ſir, that, though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a batchelor of arts, and my name is *Alonzo Lopez*. I am a native of *Alcovendas*: I come from the city of *Baeça*, with eleven more eccleſiaſtics, the ſame who

8 This adventure is founded on ſuch another in *Amadis de Gaul*, (book 9. ch. 21.) where *Don Floriſel*, by night, meets a litter, with two flambeaus, and a cavalier in it making dolorous complaints.

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fled with the torches: we are accompanying a corps in that litter to the city of *Segovia:* it is that of a gentleman, who died in *Baeça*, where he was depoſited; and now, as I ſay, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place, which is in *Segovia*, where he was born. And who killed him? demanded *Don Quixote.* God, replied the batchelor, by means of a peſtilential fever he ſent him. Then, ſaid *Don Quixote*, our lord has ſaved me the labour of revenging his death, in caſe any body elſe had ſlain him: but, ſince he fell by the hand of heaven, there's no more to be done, but to be ſilent, and ſhrug up our ſhoulders; for juſt the ſame muſt I have done, had it been pleaſed to have ſlain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of *la Mancha, Don Quixote* by name, and that it is my office and exerciſe to go through the world, righting wrongs, and redreſſing grievances. I do not underſtand your way of righting wrongs, ſaid the batchelor; for from right you have ſet me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilſt I live; and the grievance you have redreſſed in me is, to leave me ſo aggrieved, that I ſhall never be otherwiſe; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet with you who are ſeeking adventures [9]. All things, anſwered *Don Quixote*, do not fall out the ſame way: the miſchief, maſter batchelor *Alonzo Lopez*, was occaſioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in thoſe ſurplices, with lighted torches, chaunting, and clad in doleful weeds, ſo that you really reſembled ſomething wicked, and of the other world; which laid me under a neceſſity of complying with my duty, and of attacking you; and I would have attacked you, though I had certainly known you to be ſo many devils of hell; for 'till now I took you to be no leſs. Since my fate would have it ſo, ſaid the batchelor, I beſeech you, Signor knight-errant, who have done me ſuch arrant miſchief, help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held faſt between the ſtirrup and the ſaddle. I might have talked on 'till to-morrow morning, ſaid *Don Quixote:* why did you delay acquainting me with your uneaſineſs? Then he called out to *Sancho Pança* to come to him: but he did not care to ſtir, being employed in ranſacking a ſumpter-mule, which thoſe good men had brought with them, well ſtored with eatables. *Sancho* made a bag of his cloke, and, cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beaſt; and then running to his maſter's call, he helped to diſengage the batchelor from under the oppreſſion of

9 The author's making the batchelor quibble ſo much, under ſuch improper circumſtances, was probably deſigned as a ridicule upon the younger ſtudents of the univerſities, who are ſo apt to run into an affectation that way, and to miſtake it for wit; as alſo upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in their greateſt diſtreſſes, guilty of the like abſurdity.

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his mule, and ſetting him thereon gave him the torch; and *Don Quixote* bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the injury, which he could not avoid doing them. *Sancho* likewiſe ſaid: if perchance thoſe gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them, it is the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwiſe called *the knight of the ſorrowful figure.*

The batchelor being gone, *Don Quixote* asked *Sancho*, what induced him to call him *the knight of the ſorrowful figure*, at that time more than at any other? I will tell you, anſwered *Sancho*; it is becauſe I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried; and in truth your worſhip makes at preſent very near the moſt woful figure I have ever ſeen; which muſt be occaſioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth. It is owing to neither, replied *Don Quixote*; but the ſage, who has the charge of writing the hiſtory of my atchievements, has thought fit I ſhould aſſume a ſirname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himſelf *the knight of the burning ſword*; another *he of the unicorn*; this *of the damſels*; that *of the Phœnix*; another *the knight of the Griffin*; and another *he of death*; and were known by theſe names and enſigns over the whole globe of the earth [1]. And therefore I ſay, that the aforeſaid ſage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me *the knight of the ſorrowful figure*, as I purpoſe to call myſelf from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a moſt ſorrowful figure painted on my ſhield. You need not ſpend time and money in getting this figure made, ſaid *Sancho*; your worſhip need only ſhew your own, and preſent yourſelf to be looked at; and, without other image or ſhield, they will immediately call you *him of the ſorrowful figure*; and be aſſured I tell you the truth; for I promiſe you, ſir (and let this be ſaid in jeſt) that hunger, and the loſs of your grinders, makes you look ſo ruefully, that, as I have ſaid, the ſorrowful picture may very well be ſpared.

Don Quixote ſmiled at *Sancho*'s conceit, yet reſolved to call himſelf by that name, and to paint his ſhield or buckler as he had imagined; and he ſaid: I conceive, *Sancho*, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta illud, Siquis ſuadente diabolo*, &c. [2] tho' I know I

1 So prince *Amadis d'Aſtre*, upon an angry meſſage from the princeſs *Roſaliana*, daughter of the emperor of *Parthia*, to appear no more in her preſence, puts himſelf and his armour into deep mourning, and calls himſelf the *knight of ſadneſs*. Amad. de Gaul, b. 17. ch. 81.

2 i. e. *According to that*, If any one at the inſtigation of the devil, *&c. Canon* 72. *Diſtinct.* 134.

did not lay my hands, but my ſpear, upon them: beſides, I did not think I had to do with prieſts, or things belonging to the church, which I reſpect and reverence like a good catholic and faithful chriſtian as I am, but with ghoſts and goblins of the other world. And though it were ſo, I perfectly remember what befel the Cyd *Ruy Diaz*, when he broke the chair of that king's embaſſador in the preſence of his holineſs the pope, for which he was excommunicated; and yet honeſt *Roderigo de Vivar* paſſed, that day, for an honourable and couragious knight.

The batchelor being gone off, as has been ſaid, without replying a word, *Don Quixote* had a mind to ſee, whether the corps in the hearſe were only bones, or not; but *Sancho* would not conſent, ſaying: Sir, your worſhip has finiſhed this perilous adventure at the leaſt expence of any I have ſeen; and, though theſe folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect, that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and aſhamed thereat, may recover themſelves, and return in queſt of us, and then we may have enough to do. The aſs is properly furniſhed; the mountain is near; hunger preſſes; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the ſaying is, *To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread:* and driving on his aſs before him, he deſired his maſter to follow; who, thinking *Sancho* in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themſelves in a ſpacious and retired valley, where they alighted. *Sancho* disburdened the aſs; and lying along on the green graſs, with hunger for ſauce, they diſpatched their breakfaſt, dinner, after-noon's luncheon, and ſupper all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold meſs, which the eccleſiaſtics, that attended the deceaſed, (ſuch gentlemen ſeldom failing to make much of themſelves) had brought with them on the ſumpter-mule. But another miſhap befel them, which *Sancho* took for the worſt of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor ſo much as water to drink; and they being very thirſty, *Sancho*, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine graſs, ſaid, what will be related in the following chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of the adventure (the like never before ſeen or heard of) atchieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, *with leſs hazard, than ever any was atchieved by the moſt famous knight in the world.*

IT is impoſſible, ſir, but there muſt be ſome fountain or brook hereabouts, to water theſe herbs; and therefore we ſhould go a little farther on: for we ſhall meet with ſomething to quench this terrible thirſt, that afflicts us, and is doubtleſs more painful than hunger itſelf. *Don Quixote* approved the advice; and he taking *Rozinante* by the bridle, and *Sancho* his aſs by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relicks of the ſupper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was ſo dark they could ſee nothing. But they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noiſe of water reached their ears, like that of ſome mighty caſcade pouring down from a vaſt and ſteep rock. The ſound rejoiced them exceedingly, and, ſtopping to liſten from whence it came, they heard on a ſudden another dreadful noiſe, which abated the pleaſure occaſioned by that of the water, eſpecially in *Sancho*, who was naturally fearful and puſillanimous. I ſay, they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling acroſs one another, and giving mighty ſtrokes in time and meaſure; which, together with the furious noiſe of the water, would have ſtruck terror into any other heart but that of *Don Quixote*. The night, as is ſaid, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whoſe leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, cauſed a kind of fearful and ſtill noiſe: ſo that the ſolitude, the ſituation, the darkneſs, and the noiſe of the water, with the whiſpering of the leaves, all occaſioned horror and aſtoniſhment; eſpecially when they found, that neither the blows ceaſed, nor the wind ſlept, nor the morning approached; and, as an addition to all this, a total ignorance where they were [3]. But *Don Quixote*,

3 This adventure is borrowed from that of *Amadis* of *Greece*, who, with his companions, finding themſelves in a pleaſant meadow, reſolve to paſs the night in ſo delectable a place. The night was ſo dark, they cou'd ſee nothing. But they had not been long there, before they heard a noiſe as of people fighting and claſhing in mortal battle. So lacing on their helmets, they draw towards the place, from whence they thought the noiſe proceeded; but ſtill they ſee nothing. Thus they are buſied till the morning, when they come to a rock, in which is a cavern. There they hear the ſame noiſe they have been purſuing all night. Then *Amadis*, whoſe heart fear never aſſailed, follow'd by his companions, reſolves to try the adventure, and in they go, where they are all enchanted by *Aſtrodorus* a famous magician. *Amadis de Gaul*, book 14. chap. 15.

Quixote, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon *Rozinante*, and, bracing on his buckler, brandiſhed his ſpear, and ſaid: Friend *Sancho*, you muſt know, that, by the will of heaven, I was born, in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as people uſually expreſs it, *the golden age*: I am he, for whom are reſerved dangers, great exploits, and valorous atchievements. I am he, I ſay again, who am deſtined to revive the order of the round table, that of the twelve peers of *France*, and the nine worthies, and to obliterate the memory of the *Platirs*, the *Tablantes*, *Olivantes*, and *Tirantes*, the *knights of the ſun*, and the *Belianiſes*, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times paſt, performing, in this age, in which I live, ſuch ſtupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are ſufficient to obſcure the brighteſt they ever atchieved. Truſty and loyal ſquire, you obſerve the darkneſs of this night, its ſtrange ſilence, the confuſed and deaf ſound of theſe trees, the fearful noiſe of that water we come to ſeek, which, one would think, precipitated itſelf headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that inceſſant ſtriking and claſhing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itſelf, are ſufficient to infuſe terror, fear, and amazement into the breaſt of *Mars* himſelf; how much more into that, which is not accuſtomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have deſcribed to you ſerves to rouze and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breaſt with eager deſire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore ſtraiten *Rozinante*'s girths a little, and god be with you; and ſtay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good ſervice, you ſhall go to *Toboſo*, where you ſhall ſay to my incomparable lady *Dulcinea*, that her inthralled knight died in the attempting things, that might have made him worthy to be ſtyled hers.

When *Sancho* heard theſe words of his maſter, he began to weep with the greateſt tenderneſs in the world, and to ſay:

The behaviour of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* on this occaſion, is a copy of what paſſes between other knights and their ſquires on the like occaſions. Thus *Amadis*, in the above adventure, bids *Graſandor* ſtay below, while he aſcends the rock, and, if he ſucceeds, he will give him a ſignal to mount up, but, if within three days he has no tidings of him, he may conclude the enterprize goes ill, and do as he thinks fit. (*Ibid.*) *Don Arlanges*, prince of *Spain*, reſolving to ſearch the world over for his loſt miſtreſs, bids his ſquire return home, but conjures him to tell no news of him to his friends: the loyal ſquire is melted into tears and ſobs, and reſolves to follow his maſter to the end of the world, or the end of his life. (*Amadis de Gaul*, b. 19. ch. 1.) The ſquire *Licelio* endeavours to diſſuade prince *Paladiano* from proceeding in the adventure of the fiery iſland; but, finding him determin'd, reſolves not to forſake him. *Don Florando* of *England*, part 2. ch. 20.

Sir,

Sir, I do not underſtand why your worſhip ſhould encounter this ſo fearful an adventure: It is now night, and no body ſees us; we may eaſily turn aſide, and get out of harm's way, tho' we ſhould not drink theſe three days: and, as no body ſees us, much leſs will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Beſides, I have heard the prieſt of our village, whom your worſhip knows very well, preach, that *he who ſeeketh danger, periſheth therein:* ſo that it is not good to tempt god, by undertaking ſo extravagant an exploit, whence there is no eſcaping but by a miracle. Let it ſuffice, that heaven has delivered you from being toſſed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off, victorious, ſafe, and ſound, from among ſo many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And though all this be not ſufficient to move you, nor ſoften your ſtony heart, let this thought and belief prevail, that, ſcarcely ſhall your worſhip be departed hence, when I, for very fear, ſhall give up my ſoul to whoſoever ſhall be pleaſed to take it. I left my country, and forſook my wife and children, to follow and ſerve your worſhip, believing I ſhould be the better, and not the worſe, for it: but, as covetouſneſs burſts the bag, ſo hath it rent from me my hopes: for, when they were moſt lively, and I juſt expecting to obtain that curſed and unlucky iſland, which you have ſo often promiſed me, I find myſelf, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worſhip in a place remote from all human ſociety. For god's ſake, dear ſir, do me not ſuch a diskindneſs; and, ſince your worſhip will not wholly deſiſt from this enterprize, at leaſt adjourn it 'till day-break, to which, according to the little skill I learned when a ſhepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear [4] is at top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How can you, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, ſee where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head you talk of, is, ſince the night is ſo dark that not a ſtar appears in the whole sky? True, ſaid *Sancho*; but fear has many eyes, and ſees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky: beſides, it is reaſonable to think it does not now want much of day-break. Want what it will, anſwered *Don Quixote*, it ſhall never be ſaid of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or intreaties could diſſuade me from doing the duty of a knight: therefore pr'ythee, *Sancho*, hold thy tongue; for god, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my ſafety, and to comfort thee in thy ſadneſs. What you have to do is, to girt *Rozinante* well, and to ſtay here; for I will quickly return, alive or dead.

4 Literally *the mouth of the hunting-horn* or *cornet*: ſo they call the *urſa minor*, from a fancied configuration of the ſtars of that conſtellation.

Sancho, then, ſeeing his maſter's final reſolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counſels prevailed with him, determined to have recourſe to a ſtratagem, and oblige him to wait 'till day, if he could: and ſo, while he was ſtraitening the horſe's girths, ſoftly, and without being perceived, he tied *Rozinante*'s two hinder feet together with his aſs's halter; ſo that, when *Don Quixote* would have departed, he was not able; for the horſe could not move but by jumps. *Sancho*, ſeeing the good ſucceſs of his contrivance, ſaid: Ah ſir! behold how heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained, that *Rozinante* cannot go; and, if you will obſtinately perſiſt to ſpur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they ſay, *kick againſt the pricks*. This made *Don Quixote* quite deſperate, and the more he ſpurred his horſe, the leſs he could move him: and, without ſuſpecting the ligature, he thought it beſt to be quiet, and either ſtay 'till day appeared, or 'till *Rozinante* could ſtir; believing certainly that it proceeded from ſome other cauſe, and not from *Sancho*'s cunning; to whom he thus ſpoke: Since it is ſo, *Sancho*, that *Rozinante* cannot ſtir, I am contented to ſtay 'till the dawn ſmiles, though I weep all the time ſhe delays her coming. You need not weep, anſwered *Sancho*; for I will entertain you 'till day with telling you ſtories, if you had not rather alight and compoſe yourſelf to ſleep a little upon the green graſs, as knights-errant are wont to do, and ſo be the leſs weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparalleled adventure you wait for. What call you alighting, or ſleeping? ſaid *Don Quixote:* Am I one of thoſe knights, who take repoſe in time of danger? Sleep thou, who wert born to ſleep, or do what thou wilt: I will do what I ſee beſt befits my profeſſion. Pray, good ſir, be not angry, anſwered *Sancho*; I do not ſay it with that deſign: and, coming cloſe to him, he put one hand on the pommel of the ſaddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and there he ſtood embracing his maſter's left thigh, without daring to ſtir from him a finger's breadth, ſo much was he afraid of the blows, which ſtill ſounded alternately in his ears. *Don Quixote* bade him tell ſome ſtory to entertain him, as he had promiſed: to which *Sancho* replied, he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: notwithſtanding, ſaid he, I will force myſelf to tell a ſtory, which, if I can hit upon it, and it ſlips not through my fingers, is the beſt of all ſtories; and, pray, be attentive, for now I begin.

What hath been, hath been; the good that ſhall befal be for us all, and evil to him that evil ſeeks. And pray, ſir, take notice, that the beginning, which the antients gave to their tales, was not juſt what they pleaſed, but rather ſome ſentence of *Cato Zonzorinus* [5] the *Roman*, who ſays, *And evil to him that evil*

5 A miſtake for *Cato the Cenſor*.

evil ſeeks; which is as apt to the preſent purpoſe, as a ring to your finger, ſignifying, that your worſhip ſhould be quiet, and not go about ſearching after evil, but rather that we turn aſide into ſome other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein ſo many fears overwhelm us. Go on with your ſtory, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow. I ſay then, continued *Sancho*, that, in a place of *Eſtremadura*, there was a ſhepherd, I mean a goatherd; which ſhepherd, or goatherd, as my ſtory ſays, was called *Lope Ruiz*; and this *Lope Ruiz* was in love with a ſhepherdeſs called *Torralva*; which ſhepherdeſs called *Torralva* was daughter to a rich herdſman, and this rich herdſman —— If you tell your ſtory after this faſhion, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, repeating every thing you ſay twice, you will not have done theſe two days: Tell it conciſely, and like a man of ſenſe, or elſe ſay no more. In the very ſame manner that I tell it, anſwered *Sancho*, they tell all ſtories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwiſe, nor is it fit your worſhip ſhould require me to make new cuſtoms. Tell it as you will then, anſwered *Don Quixote*; ſince fate will have it that I muſt hear thee, go on.

And ſo, dear ſir of my ſoul, continued *Sancho*, as I ſaid before, this ſhepherd was in love with the ſhepherdeſs *Torralva*, who was a jolly ſtrapping wench, a little ſcornful, and ſomewhat maſculine: for ſhe had certain ſmall whiskers; and methinks I ſee her juſt now. What, did you know her? ſaid *Don Quixote*. I did not know her, anſwered *Sancho*; but he, who told me this ſtory, ſaid it was ſo certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm and ſwear I had ſeen it all. And ſo, in proceſs of time, the devil, who ſleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love, which the ſhepherd bore to the ſhepherdeſs, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cauſe, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealouſies ſhe gave him, beyond meaſure: and ſo much did he hate her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the ſight of her, he choſe to abſent himſelf from that country, and go where his eyes ſhould never behold her more. *Torralva*, who found herſelf diſdained by *Lope*, preſently began to love him better than ever ſhe had loved him before. It is a natural quality of women, ſaid *Don Quixote*, to ſlight thoſe who love them, and love thoſe who ſlight them: go on, *Sancho*.

It fell out, proceeded *Sancho*, that the ſhepherd put his deſign in execution, and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of *Eſtremadura*, in order to paſs over into the kingdom of *Portugal*. *Torralva* knowing it went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a diſtance, with

a pilgrim's ſtaff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which ſhe carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glaſs, a piece of a comb, and a ſort of a ſmall gallypot of pomatum for the face. But, whatever ſhe carried (for I ſhall not now ſet myſelf to vouch what it was) I only tell you, that, as they ſay, the ſhepherd came with his flock to paſs the river *Guadiana*, which, at that time, was ſwollen, and had almoſt overflowed its banks: and, on the ſide he came to, there was neither boat, nor any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other ſide: which grieved him mightily; for he ſaw that *Torralva* was at his heels, and would give him much diſturbance by her intreaties and tears. He therefore looked about 'till he eſpied a fiſherman with a boat near him, but ſo ſmall, that it could hold only one perſon and one goat: however he ſpoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him, and his three hundred goats. The fiſherman got into the boat, and carried over a goat: he returned, and carried over another: he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, ſir, keep an account of the goats that the fiſherman is carrying over; for if one ſlips out of your memory, the ſtory will be at an end, and it will be impoſſible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and ſay, that the landing-place on the oppoſite ſide was covered with mud, and ſlippery, and the fiſherman was a great while in coming and going. However he returned for another goat, and for others, and for another. Make account he carried them all over, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and do not be going and coming in this manner; for, at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth. How many are paſſed already? ſaid *Sancho*. How the devil ſhould I know? anſwered *Don Quixote*. See there now; did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before god, there is an end of the ſtory; I can go no farther. How can this be? anſwered *Don Quixote*. Is it ſo eſſential to the ſtory, to know the exact number of goats that paſſed over, that, if one be miſtaken, the ſtory can proceed no farther? No, ſir, in no wiſe, anſwered *Sancho:* for when I deſired your worſhip to tell me how many goats had paſſed, and you anſwered, you did not know, in that very inſtant all that I had left to ſay fled out of my memory; and in faith it was very edifying and ſatisfactory. So then, ſaid *Don Quixote*, the ſtory is at an end. As ſure as my mother is, quoth *Sancho*. Verily, anſwered *Don Quixote*, you have told one of the rareſt tales, fables, or hiſtories, imaginable; and your way of telling and concluding it is ſuch as never was, nor will be, ſeen in one's whole life; though I expected nothing leſs from your good ſenſe: but I do not wonder at it; for perhaps this inceſſant din may have diſturbed your underſtanding. All that may be, anſwered *Sancho:* but, as to my

ſtory,

ſtory, I know there's no more to be ſaid; for it ends juſt where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins. Let it end where it will, in god's name, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and let us ſee whether *Rozinante* can ſtir himſelf. Again he clapt ſpurs to him, and again he jumped, and then ſtood ſtock ſtill, ſo effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether ſome lenitive food on which he had ſupped, or whether the motion was purely natural (which is rather to be believed) it ſo befel, that *Sancho* had a deſire to do what no body could do for him. But ſo great was the fear that had poſſeſſed his heart, that he durſt not ſtir the breadth of a finger from his maſter; and, to think to leave that buſineſs undone, was alſo impoſſible: and ſo what he did for peace ſake, was, to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the ſaddle, with which, ſoftly, and without any noiſe, he looſed the running-point, that kept up his breeches; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like ſhackles: then he lifted up his ſhirt the beſt he could, and expoſed to the open air thoſe buttocks which were none of the ſmalleſt. This being done, which he thought the beſt expedient towards getting out of that terrible anguiſh and diſtreſs, another and a greater difficulty attended him, which was, that he thought he could not eaſe himſelf without making ſome noiſe: ſo he ſet his teeth cloſe, and ſqueezed up his ſhoulders, and held in his breath as much as poſſibly he could. But, notwithſtanding all theſe precautions, he was ſo unlucky after all, as to make a little noiſe, very different from that which had put him into ſo great a fright. *Don Quixote* heard it, and ſaid: What noiſe is this? *Sancho.* I do not know, ſir, anſwered he: it muſt be ſome new buſineſs; for adventures and miſadventures never begin with a little matter. He tried his fortune a ſecond time, and it ſucceeded ſo well with him, that, without the leaſt noiſe or rumbling more, he found himſelf diſcharged of the burden that had given him ſo much uneaſineſs. But, as *Don Quixote* had the ſenſe of ſmelling no leſs perfect than that of hearing, and *Sancho* ſtood ſo cloſe, and as it were ſewed to him, ſome of the vapours, aſcending in a direct line, could not fail to reach his noſtrils: which they had no ſooner done, but he relieved his noſe by taking it between his fingers, and, with a kind of ſnuffling tone, ſaid: Methinks, *Sancho*, you are in great bodily fear. I am ſo, ſaid *Sancho*; but wherein does your worſhip perceive it now more than ever? In that you ſmell ſtronger than ever, and not of ambergreaſe, anſwered *Don Quixote.* That may very well be, ſaid *Sancho*; but your worſhip alone is in fault, for carrying me about at theſe unſeaſonable hours, and into theſe unfrequented places. Get three or four ſteps off, friend,

friend, ſaid *Don Quixote* (all this without taking his fingers from his noſtrils) and henceforward be more careful of your own perſon, and of what you owe to mine; my over-much familiarity with you has bred this contempt. I will lay a wager, replied *Sancho*, you think I have been doing ſomething with my perſon that I ought not. The more you ſtir it, friend *Sancho*, the worſe it will ſavour, anſwered *Don Quixote*.

In theſe and the like dialogues the maſter and man paſſed the night. But *Sancho*, perceiving that at length the morning was coming on, with much caution untied *Rozinante*, and tied up his breeches. *Rozinante*, finding himſelf at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettleſome, ſeemed to feel himſelf alive, and began to paw the ground; but as for curvetting (begging his pardon) he knew not what it was. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that *Rozinante* began to beſtir himſelf, took it for a good omen, and believed it ſignified, he ſhould forthwith attempt that fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and, every thing being diſtinctly ſeen, *Don Quixote* perceived he was got among ſome tall cheſnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy ſhade: he perceived alſo that the ſtriking did not ceaſe; but he could not ſee what cauſed it. So, without farther delay, he made *Rozinante* feel the ſpur, and, turning again to take leave of *Sancho*, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the fartheſt, as he had ſaid before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain, it was god's will he ſhould end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embaſſy and meſſage he was to carry to his lady *Dulcinea*; and as to what concerned the reward of his ſervice, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he left his village, wherein he would find himſelf gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had ſerved; but, if god ſhould bring him off ſafe and ſound from that danger, he might reckon himſelf infallibly ſecure of the promiſed iſland. *Sancho* wept afreſh at hearing again the moving expreſſions of his good maſter, and reſolved not to leave him to the laſt moment and end of this buſineſs. The author of this hiſtory gathers from the tears, and this ſo honourable a reſolution of *Sancho Pança*'s, that he muſt have been well born, and at leaſt an old chriſtian [6]. Whoſe tender concern ſomewhat ſoftened his maſter, but not ſo much as to make him diſcover any weakneſs: on the contrary, diſſembling the beſt he could, he began to put on toward the place, from whence the noiſe of the water and of the ſtrokes ſeemed to proceed. *Sancho* followed him on foot, leading, as uſual, his aſs, that conſtant companion of his proſperous and

6 In contradiſtinction to the *Jewiſh* or *Mooriſh* families, of which there were many in *Spain*.

adverſe

adverſe fortunes, by the halter. And having gone a good way among thoſe ſhady cheſnut-trees, they came to a little green ſpot, at the foot of ſome ſteep rocks, from which a mighty guſh of water precipitated itſelf. At the foot of the rocks were certain miſerable huts, which ſeemed rather the ruins of buildings than houſes; from amidſt which proceeded, as they perceived, the ſound and din of the ſtrokes, which did not yet ceaſe. *Rozinante* ſtarted, and was in diſorder, at the noiſe of the water and of the ſtrokes; and *Don Quixote*, quieting him, went on fair and ſoftly toward the huts, recommending himſelf devoutly to his lady, and beſeeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprize; and, by the by, beſought god alſo not to forget him. *Sancho* ſtirred not from his ſide, ſtretching out his neck, and looking between *Rozinante*'s legs, to ſee if he could perceive what held him in ſuch dread and ſuſpence. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cauſe (for it could be no other) of that horrible and dreadful noiſe, which had held them all night in ſuch ſuſpence and fear, appeared plain and expoſed to view.

It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon) ſix fulling-hammers, whoſe alternate ſtrokes formed that hideous ſound. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing what it was, was ſtruck dumb, and in the utmoſt confuſion. *Sancho* look'd at him, and ſaw he hung down his head upon his breaſt, with manifeſt indications of being quite abaſhed. *Don Quixote* look'd alſo at *Sancho*, and ſaw his cheeks ſwollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident ſigns of being ready to burſt with it; and notwithſtanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himſelf at ſight of *Sancho*; who, ſeeing his maſter had led the way, burſt out in ſo violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his ſides with his hands, to ſave himſelf from ſplitting with laughter. Four times he ceaſed, and four times he returned to his laughter, with the ſame impetuoſity as at firſt. Whereat *Don Quixote* gave himſelf to the devil, eſpecially when he heard him ſay, by way of irony: 'You muſt know, friend *Sancho*, that 'I was born, by the will of heaven, in this our age of iron, 'to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he, for 'whom are reſerved dangers, great exploits, and valorous at-'chievements.' And ſo he went on, repeating moſt or all of the expreſſions, which *Don Quixote* had uſed at the firſt hearing thoſe dreadful ſtrokes. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that *Sancho* played upon him, grew ſo aſhamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his launce, and diſcharged two ſuch blows on him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his ſhoulders, the knight had acquitted himſelf of the payment of his wages, unleſs it were to his heirs. *Sancho*, finding he paid ſo dearly for his jokes, and fearing leſt his maſter ſhould

proceed

proceed farther, cried out with much humility: Pray, ſir, be pacified: by the living god, I did but jeſt. Though you jeſt, I do not, anſwered *Don Quixote*. Come hither, merry ſir; what think you? ſuppoſe theſe mill-hammers had been ſome perilous adventure, have I not ſhewed the courage requiſite to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, think you, obliged, being a knight as I am, to diſtinguiſh ſounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? Beſides, it may be, (as it really is) that I never ſaw any fulling-mills in my life, as thou haſt, like a pitiful ruſtic as thou art, having been born and bred amongſt them. But let theſe ſix fulling-hammers be transformed into ſix giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not ſet them all on their heads, then make what jeſt you will of me. It is enough, good ſir, replied *Sancho*; I confeſs I have been a little too jocoſe: but, pray, tell me, now that it is peace between us, as god ſhall bring you out of all the adventures that ſhall happen to you, ſafe and ſound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at leaſt what I was in; for, as to your worſhip, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror are. I do not deny, anſwered *Don Quixote*, but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told; for all perſons are not diſcreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle. But, anſwered *Sancho*, your worſhip knew how to handle your launce aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the ſhoulders; thanks be to god, and to my own agility in ſlipping aſide. But let that paſs; it will out in the bucking: for I have heard ſay, *he loves thee well, who makes thee weep:* and beſides, your people of condition, when they have given a ſervant a hard word, preſently give him ſome old hoſe and breeches; though what is uſually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unleſs it be that your knights-errant, after baſtinados, beſtow iſlands, or kingdoms on the continent. The die may run ſo, quoth *Don Quixote*, that all you have ſaid may come to paſs; and forgive what is paſt, ſince you are conſiderate; and know, that the firſt motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprized of one thing (that you may abſtain and forbear talking too much with me) that, in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found, that any ſquire converſed ſo much with his maſter, as you do with yours. And really I account it a great fault both in you and in me: in you, becauſe you reſpect me ſo little; in me, that I do not make myſelf reſpected more. Was not *Gandalin*, ſquire to *Amadis de Gaul*, earl of the firm iſland? and we read of him, that he always ſpoke to his maſter cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the

Turkiſh

Turkiſh faſhion. What ſhall we ſay of *Gaſabal*, ſquire to *Don Galaor*, who was ſo ſilent, that, to illuſtrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful hiſtory? From what I have ſaid, you may infer, *Sancho*, that there ought to be a difference between maſter and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and ſquire. So that, from this day forward, we muſt be treated with more reſpect; for which way ſoever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits, I promiſed you, will come in due time; and, if they do not come, the wages, at leaſt, as I have told you, will not be loſt. Your worſhip ſays very well, quoth *Sancho:* but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours ſhould not come, and it ſhould be expedient to have recourſe to the article of the wages) how much might the ſquire of a knight-errant get in thoſe times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers? I do not believe, anſwered *Don Quixote*, that thoſe ſquires were at ſtated wages, but relied on courteſy. And if I have appointed you any, in the will I left ſealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell how chivalry may ſucceed in theſe calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my ſoul ſuffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have you to know, *Sancho*, that there is no ſtate more perilous than that of adventurers. It is ſo, in truth, ſaid *Sancho*, ſince the noiſe of the hammers of a fulling-mill were ſufficient to diſturb and diſcompoſe the heart of ſo valorous a knight as your worſhip. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I ſhall not open my lips to make merry with your worſhip's matters, but ſhall honour you as my maſter and natural lord. By ſo doing, replied *Don Quixote*, your days ſhall be long in the land; for, next to our parents, we are bound to reſpect our maſters, as if they were our fathers.

CHAP. VII.

Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's *helmet, with other things which befel our invincible knight.*

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and *Sancho* had a mind they ſhould betake themſelves to the fulling-mills. But *Don Quixote* had conceived ſuch an abhorrence of them for the late jeſt, that he would by no means go in: and ſo turning to the right hand, they ſtruck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after, *Don Quixote* diſcovered a man on horſeback, who had on his head ſomething which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and ſcarce had he ſeen it, but, turning to *Sancho*, he ſaid: I am of opinion,

Sancho,

Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, becauſe they are all ſentences drawn from experience itſelf, the mother of all the ſciences; eſpecially that which ſays; *Where one door is ſhut, another is opened.* I ſay this, becauſe, if fortune laſt night ſhut the door againſt what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now ſets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkneſs of the night. This, I ſay, becauſe, if I miſtake not, there comes one towards us, who carries on his head *Mambrino*'s helmet [7], about which I ſwore the oath you know. Take care, Sir, what you ſay, and more what you do, ſaid *Sancho*; for I would not wiſh for other fulling-mills, to finiſh the milling and maſhing our ſenſes. The devil take you! replied *Don Quixote:* what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills? I know not, anſwered *Sancho*; but, in faith, if I might talk as much as I uſed to do, perhaps I could give ſuch reaſons, that your worſhip would ſee you are miſtaken in what you ſay. How can I be miſtaken in what I ſay, ſcrupulous traitor? ſaid *Don Quixote.* Tell me, ſeeſt thou not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-grey ſteed, with a helmet of gold on his head? What I ſee and perceive, anſwered *Sancho*, is only a man on a grey aſs like mine, with ſomething on his head that glitters. Why, that is *Mambrino*'s helmet, ſaid *Don Quixote:* get aſide, and leave me alone to deal with him; you ſhall ſee me conclude this adventure (to ſave time) without ſpeaking a word; and the helmet I have ſo much longed for, ſhall be my own. I ſhall take care to get out of the way, replied *Sancho:* but, I pray god, I ſay again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure. I have already told you, brother, not to mention thoſe fulling-mills, nor ſo much as to think of them, any more, ſaid *Don Quixote:* if you do, I ſay no more, but I vow to mill your ſoul for you. *Sancho* held his peace, fearing leſt his maſter ſhould perform his vow, which had ſtruck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the ſteed, and the knight, which *Don Quixote* ſaw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them ſo ſmall, that it had neither ſhop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; and the barber of the bigger ſerved alſo the leſſer; in which a perſon indiſpoſed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpoſe was the barber coming, and brought with him his braſs baſon. And fortune

7 *Almonte and Mambrino*, two *Saracens* of great valour, had each a golden helmet. *Orlando Furioſo* took away *Almonte*'s and his friend *Rinaldo* that of *Mambrino*. *Arioſto, Canto* I.

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Wanderbank inv. J. Vander Gucht Sculp.
V. I. P. 127.

ſo ordered it, that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and, that his hat might not be ſpoiled (for it was a new one) he clapt the baſon on his head, and being new-ſcowered it glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey aſs, as *Sancho* ſaid; and this was the reaſon why *Don Quixote* took the barber for a knight, his aſs for a dapple-grey ſteed, and his baſon for a golden helmet; for he very readily adapted whatever he ſaw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he ſaw the poor cavalier approach, without ſtaying to reaſon the caſe with him, he advanced at *Rozinante*'s beſt ſpeed, and couched his launce low, deſigning to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out: Defend yourſelf, caitif, or ſurrender willingly what is ſo juſtly my due. The barber, who, not ſuſpecting or apprehending any ſuch thing, ſaw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thruſt of the launce, but to let himſelf fall down from the aſs: and no ſooner had he touched the ground, when, leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to ſcower over the plain, with ſuch ſpeed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the baſon on the ground; with which *Don Quixote* was ſatisfied, and ſaid, the miſcreant had acted diſcreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itſelf cloſely purſued by the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by natural inſtinct, it is hunted. He ordered *Sancho* to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, ſaid: Before god, the baſon is a ſpecial one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing. Then he gave it to his maſter, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about, to find the vizor; and, not finding it, he ſaid: Doubtleſs the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was firſt forged, muſt have had a prodigious large head; and the worſt of it is, that one half is wanting. When *Sancho* heard the baſon called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; but, recollecting his maſter's late choler, he checked it in the middle. What doſt thou laugh at, *Sancho?* ſaid *Don Quixote*. He anſwered: I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, juſt like a barber's baſon. Knoweſt thou, *Sancho*, what I take to be the caſe? this famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by ſome ſtrange accident, muſt have fallen into the hands of ſome one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not conſidering what he did, ſeeing it to be of the pureſt gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's ſake, and of the other half made this, which, as you ſay, does look like a barber's baſon: but, be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation ſignifies nothing; for I will get it put to rights in the firſt town where there is a ſmith, and in ſuch ſort, that even that, which the god of ſmiths made and forged

forged for the god of battles, ſhall not ſurpaſs, nor equal it: in the mean time, I will wear it as I can; for, ſomething is better than nothing; and the rather, ſince it will be more than ſufficient to defend me me from ſtones. It will ſo, ſaid *Sancho*, if they do not throw them with ſlings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they croſſed your worſhip's chops, and broke the cruze, in which was contained that moſt bleſſed drench, which made me vomit up my guts. I am in no great pain for having loſt it; for you know, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I have the receipt by heart. So have I too, anſwered *Sancho*; but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never ſtir from this place. Beſides, I do not intend to expoſe myſelf to the hazard of ſtanding in need of it; for I intend to keep myſelf, with all my five ſenſes from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being toſſed again in a blanket, I ſay nothing; for it is difficult to prevent ſuch miſhaps: and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to ſhrug up one's ſhoulders, hold one's breath, ſhut one's eyes, and let one's ſelf go whither fortune and the blanket pleaſe to toſs one. You are no good chriſtian, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, at hearing this; for you never forget an injury once done you: but know, it is inherent in generous and noble breaſts to lay no ſtreſs upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib, or what head, have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jeſt? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jeſt and paſtime; and, had I not underſtood it ſo, I had long ago returned thither, and done more miſchief in revenging your quarrel, than the *Greeks* did for the rape of *Helen*; who, if ſhe had lived in theſe times, or my *Dulcinea* in thoſe, would never, you may be ſure, have been ſo famous for beauty as ſhe is: and here he uttered a ſigh, and ſent it to the clouds. Let it then paſs for a jeſt, ſaid *Sancho*, ſince it is not likely to be revenged in earneſt: but I know of what kinds the jeſts and the earneſts were, and I know alſo, they will no more ſlip out of my memory, than off my ſhoulders.

But ſetting this aſide, tell me, ſir, what we ſhall do with this dapple grey ſteed, which looks ſo like a grey aſs, and which that caitif, whom your worſhip overthrew, has left behind here to ſhift for itſelf; for, to judge by his ſcowering off ſo haſtily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, dapple is a ſpecial one. It is not my cuſtom, ſaid *Don Quixote*, to plunder thoſe I overcome, nor is it the uſage of chivalry to take from them their horſes, and leave them on foot, unleſs the victor hath loſt his own in the conflict; for, in ſuch a caſe, it is lawful to take that of the vanquiſhed, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, *Sancho*, leave this horſe, or aſs, or what you will have it to be; for, when his owner ſees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him. God knows

knows whether it were beſt for me to take him, replied *Sancho*, or at leaſt to truck mine for him, which methinks is not ſo good: verily the laws of chivalry are very ſtrict, ſince they do not extend to the ſwapping one aſs for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind. I am not very clear as to that point, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and in caſe of doubt, till better information can be had, I ſay, you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them. So extreme, replied *Sancho*, that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper perſon. And ſo ſaying, he proceeded, with that licence, to an exchange of capariſons, and made his own beaſt three parts in four the better [8] for his new furniture. This done, they breakfaſted on the remains of the plunder of the ſumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, ſuch was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their choler and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without reſolving to follow any particular road (as is the cuſtom of knights-errant) they put on whitherſoever *Rozinante*'s will led him [9], which drew after it that of his maſter, and alſo that of the aſs, which followed, in love and good fellowſhip, whereever he led the way. Notwithſtanding which, they ſoon turn'd again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any other deſign.

As they thus ſauntered on, *Sancho* ſaid to his maſter: Sir, will your worſhip be pleaſed to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for, ſince you impoſed on me that harſh command of ſilence, ſundry things have rotted in my breaſt, and I have one juſt now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing ſhould miſcarry. Out with it, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and be brief in thy diſcourſe; for none that is long can be pleaſing. I ſay then, ſir, anſwered *Sancho*, that for ſome days paſt, I have been conſidering, how little is gained by wandering up and down in queſt of thoſe adventures your worſhip is ſeeking through theſe deſarts and croſs-ways, where, though you overcome and atchieve the moſt perilous, there is no body to ſee or know any thing of them; ſo that they muſt remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worſhip's intention, and their deſerts. And therefore I think it would be more adviſeable, with ſubmiſſion to your better judgment, that we went to ſerve ſome

8 Literally, *leaving him better by a tierce and a quint*. A figurative expreſſion borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a *tierce* or a *quint* may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

9 Thus *Don Fortunian*, being met by a dwarf, and ask'd which way he is travelling, replies, I am a ſtranger, and go forward which way ſoever my horſe guides or carries me, without knowing whither.

Amadis de Gaul, b. 15. ch. 9.

emperor or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whoſe ſervice your worſhip may diſplay the worth of your perſon, your great courage, and greater underſtanding: which being perceived by the lord we ſerve, he muſt of neceſſity reward each of us according to his merits; nor can you there fail of meeting with ſome body to put your worſhip's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I ſay nothing of my own, becauſe they muſt not exceed the ſquirely limits; though I dare ſay, if it be the cuſtom in chivalry to pen the deeds of ſquires, mine will not be forgotten.

[1] You are not much out, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*: but, before it comes to that, it is neceſſary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, ſeeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by atchieving ſome, he may acquire ſuch fame and renown, that, when he comes to the court of ſome great monarch, he ſhall be known by his works beforehand; and ſcarcely ſhall the boys ſee him enter the gates of the city, but they ſhall all follow and ſurround him, crying aloud, this is the *knight of the ſun*, or of *the ſerpent* or of any other device, under which he may have atchieved great exploits. This is he, will they ſay, who overthrew the huge giant *Brocabruno* of the mighty force, in ſingle combat; he who diſenchanted the great *Mameluco* of *Perſia* from the long enchantment, which held him confined almoſt nine hundred years. Thus, from hand to hand, they ſhall go on blazoning his deeds; and preſently, at the buſtle of the boys, and of the reſt of the people, the king of that country ſhall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as ſoon as he eſpies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his ſhield, he muſt neceſſarily ſay; ho, there, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder. At which command they all ſhall go forth, and the king himſelf, deſcending half way down the ſtairs, ſhall receive him with a cloſe embrace, ſaluting and kiſſing him; and then, taking him by the hand, ſhall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight ſhall find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is ſo beautiful and accompliſhed a damſel, that her equal cannot eaſily be found in any part of the known world. After this, it muſt immediately fall out, that ſhe fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon hers, and each ſhall appear to the other ſomething rather divine than human; and without knowing how, or which way, they ſhall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind

1 In the following ſpeech of *Don Quixote* we have a perfect ſyſtem of chivalry, which was deſigned by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general: notwithſtanding which the *Beaux Eſprits* of *France*, who have written romances ſince, have copied this very plan.

through

through not knowing how to converſe, and diſcover their amorous anguiſh to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to ſome quarter of the palace richly furniſhed, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich ſcarlet mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he muſt needs make a much more graceful figure in ermins [2]. The night being come, he ſhall ſup with the king, queen, and infanta, where he ſhall never take his eyes off the princeſs, viewing her by ſtealth, and ſhe doing the ſame by him with the ſame wearineſs: for, as I have ſaid, ſhe is a very diſcreet damſel [3]. The tables being removed, there ſhall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, ſo contrived by a moſt antient ſage, that he, who ſhall accompliſh it, ſhall be eſteemed the beſt knight in the world. The king ſhall immediately command all who are preſent to try it, and none ſhall be able to finiſh it, but the ſtranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herſelf overpaid for having placed her thoughts on ſo exalted an object. And the beſt of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himſelf; and the ſtranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to ſerve his majeſty in the aforeſaid war. The king ſhall readily grant his requeſt, and the knight ſhall moſt courteouſly kiſs his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he ſhall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already converſed with her ſeveral times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly truſted. He ſighs, ſhe ſwoons; the damſel runs for cold water: he is very uneaſy at the approach of the morning-light, and would by no means they ſhould be diſcovered, for the ſake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herſelf, and gives her ſnowy hands to the knight to kiſs through the rails, who kiſſes them a thouſand and a thouſand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune; and the princeſs deſires him to be abſent as little a while as poſſible; which he promiſes with

2 So the knight of the *Phœnix*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 10. ch. 11. is conducted to the queen of *Dardania*'s palace, where he is ſumptuouſly lodg'd and feaſted: he puts off his armour, and puts on a mantle of fine ſcarlet, embroider'd with *Phœnixes* interſpers'd with ſpires of gold, which makes him look much more beautiful.

3 Juſt ſo *Don Bellianis* of *Greece*, at dinner in the ſoldan of *Babylon*'s palace, is ſeated over-againſt the princeſs *Floriſbella*; and theſe two, inſtead of eating, paſs the time in caſting amorous glances at each other. Part 2. ch. 24.

many oaths: he kiſſes her hands again, and takes leave with ſo much concern, that it almoſt puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himſelf on his bed, and cannot ſleep for grief at the parting: he riſes early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta: having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princeſs is indiſpoſed, and cannot admit of a viſit: the knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifeſt indications of his paſſion: the damſel confidante is all this while preſent, and obſerves what paſſes; ſhe goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that ſhe does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal deſcent, or not: the damſel aſſures her he is, ſince ſo much courteſy, politeneſs, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exiſt but in a royal and grave ſubject [4]. The afflicted princeſs is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compoſe herſelf, that ſhe may not give her parents cauſe to ſuſpect any thing amiſs, and two days after ſhe appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins ſeveral battles; returns to court; ſees his lady at the uſual place of interview; it is agreed he ſhall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompence for his ſervices: the king does not conſent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithſtanding which, either by carrying her off, or by ſome other means, the infanta becomes his ſpouſe [5], and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greateſt good-fortune, being aſſured that the knight is ſon to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and, in two words, the knight becomes a king. Here preſently comes in the rewarding his ſquire, and all thoſe who aſſiſted him in mounting to ſo exalted a ſtate. He marries his ſquire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is, doubtleſs, the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes [6].

4 The princeſs *Oriana*, in like manner, expreſſes her fears, leſt her lover ſhould not be of princely extraction, and is aſſured by her damſel that he is. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 1. ch. 26. So alſo the princeſs *Eſclaviana* wiſhes within herſelf, that *Don Floreſtan*, who is fallen in love with her, may be of a houſe worthy of her, that ſhe may marry him.

Don Florando of England, part 2. ch. 25.

5 In the former circumſtances of this extract moſt romances agree, and therefore the author exhauſts the whole ſubject; which in this he cannot do, becauſe in thoſe ſtories there are ſeveral ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

6 This match is not without a precedent: for *Gandalin*, ſquire to *Amadis*, is married to the damſel of *Denmark*, confidante of the princeſs *Oriana*.

Amadis de Gaul, b. 5. ch. 47.

This

This is what I would be at, and a clear ſtage, quoth *Sancho*: this I ſtick to; for every tittle of this muſt happen preciſely to your worſhip, being called *the knight of the ſorrowful figure*. Doubt it not, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*; for by thoſe very means, and thoſe very ſteps, I have recounted, the knights-errant do riſe, and have riſen, to be kings and emperors. All that remains to be done is, to look out, and find what king of the chriſtians, or of the pagans is at war, and has a beautiful daughter [7]: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we muſt procure renown elſewhere, before we repair to court. Beſides, there is ſtill another thing wanting; for ſuppoſing a king were found, who is at war, and has a handſom daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole univerſe, I do not ſee how it can be made appear, that I am of the lineage of kings, or even ſecond couſin to an emperor: for the king will not give me his daughter to wife, 'till he is firſt very well aſſured that I am ſuch, though my renowned actions ſhould deſerve it ever ſo well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid I ſhall loſe that which my arm has richly deſerved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an antient family, poſſeſſed of a real eſtate of one hundred and twenty crowns a year [8]; and perhaps the ſage, who writes my hiſtory, may ſo brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or ſixth in deſcent from a king. For you muſt know, *Sancho*, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, 'till they have ended in a point, like a pyramid reverſed: others have had poor and low beginnings, and have riſen by degrees, till at laſt they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that ſome have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with

7 The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and ſquire are under of putting this ſcheme in practice, the former by his loyalty to *Dulcinea*, and *Sancho* by having a wife and children already: nevertheleſs the idea is ſo pleaſing, that it quite carries them away, and they reſolve upon it.

8 The original is *y de devengar quinientos ſueldos*, literally, *to revenge five hundred ſueldo's*. It is a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a perſon's being a gentleman, and took its riſe from the following occaſion. The *Spaniards* of *Old Caſtile* being obliged to pay a yearly tribute of five hundred virgins to the *Moors*, after ſeveral battles, in which the *Spaniards* ſucceeded, the tribute was changed to five hundred *ſueldo's* or pieces of *Spaniſh* coin. But in proceſs of time the *Spaniards*, by force of arms, delivered themſelves from that groſs impoſition; and that heroical action being performed by men of figure and fortune, they characterize by this expreſſion a man of bravery and honour, and a true lover of his country.

which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be ſatisfied: and though he ſhould not be ſatisfied, the infanta is to be ſo in love with me, that, in ſpight of her father, ſhe is to receive me for her lord and husband, though ſhe certainly knew I was the ſon of a water-carrier; and in caſe ſhe ſhould not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I pleaſe; and time or death will put a period to the diſpleaſure of her parents.

Here, ſaid *Sancho*, comes in properly what ſome naughty people ſay, *Never ſtand begging for that which you may take by force*, though this other is nearer to the purpoſe; *A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man* [9]. I ſay this, becauſe, if my lord the king, your worſhip's father-in-law, ſhould not vouchſafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worſhip ſays, but to ſteal and carry her off. But the miſchief is, that, while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor ſquire may go whiſtle for his reward; unleſs the damſel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he ſhare his misfortune with her, till it ſhall pleaſe heaven to ordain otherwiſe; for I believe his maſter may immediately give her to him for his lawful ſpouſe. That you may depend upon, ſaid *Don Quixote*. Since it is ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, there is no more to be done but to commend ourſelves to god, and let things take their courſe. God grant it, anſwered *Don Quixote*, as I deſire and you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himſelf ſo. Let him, in god's name, ſaid *Sancho*; for I am an old chriſtian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. Ay, and more than enough, ſaid *Don Quixote:* but it matters not whether you are or no; for I, being a king, can eaſily beſtow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the leaſt ſervice; and, in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of courſe; and, ſay what they will, in good faith, they muſt ſtile you *your lordſhip*, though it grieve them never ſo much. Do you think, quoth *Sancho*, I ſhould not know how to give authority to the indignity? Dignity, you ſhould ſay, and not indignity, ſaid his maſter. So let it be, anſwered *Sancho Pança:* I ſay, I ſhould do well enough with it; for I aſſure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me ſo well, that every body ſaid I had a preſence fit to be warden of the ſaid company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all ſhining with gold and pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to ſee me. You will make a goodly appearance, indeed, ſaid *Don Quixote:* but it will be neceſſary to trim your beard a little oftner; for it is ſo

9 That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

rough

fough and frowzy, that, if you do not ſhave with a razor every other Day at leaſt, you will diſcover what you are a muſket-ſhot off. Why, ſaid *Sancho*, it is but taking a barber into the houſe, and giving him wages; and, if there be occaſion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horſe to a grandee. How came you to know, demanded *Don Quixote*, that grandees have their gentlemen of the horſe to follow them? I will tell you, ſaid *Sancho:* ſome years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I ſaw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they ſaid, was a very great lord: a man followed him on horſeback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked, why that man did not ride by the other's ſide, but kept always behind him? they anſwered me, that it was his gentleman of the horſe, and that noblemen commonly have ſuch to follow them; and from that Day to this I have never forgotten it. You are in the right, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and in the ſame manner you may carry about your barber; for all cuſtoms do not ariſe together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the firſt earl, who carried about his barber after him: and indeed it is a greater truſt to ſhave the beard, than to ſaddle a horſe. Leave the buſineſs of the barber to my care, ſaid *Sancho*; and let it be your worſhip's to procure yourſelf to be a king, and to make me an earl. So it ſhall be, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and, lifting up his eyes, he ſaw, what will be told in the following chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

How Don Quixote *ſet at liberty ſeveral unfortunate perſons, who were carrying, much againſt their wills, to a place they did not like.*

CID *Hamet Benengeli*, the *Arabian* and *Manchegan* author, relates, in this moſt grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious hiſtory, that, preſently after thoſe diſcourſes, which paſſed between the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* and *Sancho Pança* his ſquire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, *Don Quixote* lifted up his eyes, and ſaw coming on, in the ſame road, about a dozen men on foot, ſtrung like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came alſo with them two men on horſeback, and two on foot; thoſe on horſeback armed with firelocks, and thoſe on foot with pikes and ſwords. And *Sancho Pança*, eſpying them, ſaid: This is a chain of galley-ſlaves, perſons forced by the king to the galleys. How! perſons forced! quoth *Don Quixote:* is it poſſible the king ſhould force any

body? I ſay not ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, but that they are perſons condemned by the law for their crimes to ſerve the king in the galleys *per* force. In ſhort, replied *Don Quixote*, however it be, ſtill they are going by force, and not with their own liking. It is ſo, ſaid *Sancho*. Then, ſaid his maſter, here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to ſuccour and relieve the miſerable. Conſider, ſir, quoth *Sancho*, that juſtice, that is, the king himſelf, does no violence nor injury to ſuch perſons, but only puniſhes them for their crimes.

By this the chain of galley-ſlaves were come up, and *Don Quixote*, in moſt courteous terms, deſired of the guard, that they would be pleaſed to inform and tell him the cauſe or cauſes, why they conducted thoſe perſons in that manner. One of the guards on horſeback anſwered, that they were ſlaves belonging to his majeſty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could ſay, or the other need know, of the matter. For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I ſhould be glad to know from each of them in particular the cauſe of his misfortune. To theſe he added ſuch other courteous expreſſions, to induce them to tell him what he deſired, that the other horſeman ſaid: Though we have here the record and certificate of the ſentence of each of theſe wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, ſir, and ask it of themſelves: they may inform you, if they pleaſe; and inform you they will, for they are ſuch as take a pleaſure both in acting and relating rogueries. With this leave (which *Don Quixote* would have taken, though they had not given it) he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the firſt, for what offence he marched in ſuch evil plight. He anſwered, that he went in that manner for being in love. For that alone? replied *Don Quixote:* if they ſend folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long ſince have been rowing in them. It was not ſuch love as your worſhip imagines, ſaid the galley-ſlave: mine was the being ſo deeply enamoured of a flasket of fine linen, and embracing it ſo cloſe, that, if juſtice had not taken it from me by force, I ſhould not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, ſo there was no place for the torture; the proceſs was ſhort; they accommodated my ſhoulders with a hundred laſhes, and have ſent me, by way of ſupplement, for three years to the *Gurapas* [1], and there is an end of it. What are the *Gurapas?* quoth *Don Quixote*. The *Gurapas* are galleys, anſwered the ſlave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and ſaid he was born at *Piedrahita*. *Don Quixote* put the ſame queſtion to the ſecond, who returned no anſwer, he was ſo melancholy and dejected: but the firſt anſwered for him, and

[1] A cant word,

ſaid;

ſaid: This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird, I mean, for being a muſician and a ſinger. How ſo? replied *Don Quixote*; are men ſent to the galleys for being muſicians and ſingers? Yes, ſir, replied the ſlave; for there is nothing worſe than to ſing in an agony. Nay, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I have heard ſay, *Who ſings in grief, procures relief.* This is the very reverſe, ſaid the ſlave; for here, he who ſings once, weeps all his life after. I do not underſtand that, ſaid *Don Quixote.* One of the guards ſaid to him: Signor cavalier, to ſing in an agony, means, in the cant of theſe rogues, to confeſs upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confeſſed his crime, which was that of being a *Quatrero*, that is, a ſtealer of cattle; and, becauſe he confeſſed, he is ſentenced for ſix years to the galleys, beſides two hundred laſhes he has already received on the ſhoulders. And he is always penſive and ſad, becauſe the reſt of the rogues, both thoſe behind and thoſe before, abuſe, vilify, flout, and deſpiſe him for confeſſing, and not having the courage to ſay *no:* for, ſay they, *no* contains the ſame number of letters as *ay*; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witneſſes; and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it. And I think ſo too, anſwered *Don Quixote*; who, paſſing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who anſwered very readily, and with very little concern; I am going to *Meſdames* the *Gurapas* for five years, for wanting ten ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, ſaid *Don Quixote*, to redeem you from this miſery. That, ſaid the ſlave, is like having money at ſea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I ſay this, becauſe, if I had been poſſeſſed in time of thoſe twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have ſo greaſed the clerk's pen, and ſharpened my advocate's wit, that I ſhould have been this day upon the market-place of *Zocodover* in *Toledo*, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound; but god is great; patience; I ſay no more.

Don Quixote paſſed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aſpect, with a white beard reaching below his breaſt; who, hearing himſelf asked the cauſe of his coming thither, began to weep, and anſwered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and ſaid: This honeſt gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the uſual proceſſion pompouſly apparelled and mounted [2]. That is, I ſuppoſe, ſaid *Sancho*, put to public ſhame. Right, replied the ſlave; and the offence, for which he underwent this puniſhment, was, his

2 Such malefactors as in *England* are ſet in the pillory, in *Spain* are carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an aſs, with their face to the tail; the crier going before and proclaiming their crime.

having

having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would ſay, that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exerciſing the trade of a conjurer. Had it been merely for pimping, ſaid *Don Quixote*, he had not deſerved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys: for the office of a pimp is not a ſlight buſineſs, but an employment fit only for diſcreet perſons, and a moſt neceſſary one in a well-regulated common-wealth; and none but perſons well born ought to exerciſe it: and in truth there ſhould be inſpectors and comptrollers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many miſchiefs would be prevented, which now happen, becauſe this office and profeſſion is in the hands of fooliſh and ignorant perſons, ſuch as ſilly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years ſtanding, and of ſmall experience, who, in the greateſt exigency, and when there is occaſion for the moſt dexterous management and addreſs, ſuffer the morſel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and ſcarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and aſſign the reaſons, why it would be expedient to make choice of proper perſons, to exerciſe an office ſo neceſſary in the common-wealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before thoſe, who can provide a remedy. At preſent I only ſay, that the concern I felt at ſeeing thoſe gray hairs, and that venerable countenance, in ſo much diſtreſs for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizard: though I very well know, there are no ſorceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as ſome fooliſh people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What ſome ſilly women and crafty knaves are wont to do, is, with certain mixtures and poiſons, to turn peoples brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being, as I ſay, a thing impoſſible to force the will. It is ſo, ſaid the honeſt old fellow: and truly, ſir, as to being a wizard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it; but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world ſhould divert themſelves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good deſign could not ſave me from going whence I ſhall have no hope of returning, conſidering I am ſo loaden with years, and ſo troubled with the ſtrangury, which leaves me not a moment's repoſe: and here he began to weep, as at firſt; and *Sancho* was ſo moved with compaſſion, that he drew out from his boſom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who anſwered, not with leſs, but much more alacrity than the former: I am going for making a little too free

with

with two ſhe-couſin-germans of mine, and with two other couſin-germans not mine: in ſhort, I carried the jeſt ſo far with them all, that the reſult of it was the increaſing of kindred ſo intricately, that no caſuiſt can make it out. The whole was proved upon me; I had neither friends, nor money; my wind-pipe was in the utmoſt danger; I was ſentenced to the galleys for ſix years; I ſubmit; it is the puniſhment of my fault; I am young; life may laſt, and time brings every thing about: if your worſhip, ſignor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, god will repay you in heaven, and we will make it the buſineſs of our prayers to beſeech him, that your worſhip's life and health may be as long and proſperous, as your goodly preſence deſerves. This ſlave was in the habit of a ſtudent; and one of the guards ſaid, he was a great talker, and a very pretty *Latiniſt*.

Behind all theſe came a man ſome thirty years of age, of a goodly aſpect; only he ſeemed to thruſt one eye into the other: he was bound ſomewhat differently from the reſt; for he had a chain to his leg, ſo long, that it was faſtened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was faſtened to the chain, and the other, called a *keep-friend*, or *friend's-foot*, had two ſtreight irons, which came down from it to his waſte, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles [3], wherein his hands were ſecured with a huge padlock; inſomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. *Don Quixote* asked, why this man went fettered and ſhackled ſo much more than the reſt. The guard anſwered, becauſe he alone had committed more villanies than all the reſt put together; and that he was ſo bold and deſperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not ſecure of him, but were ſtill afraid he would make his eſcape. What kind of villanies has he committed, ſaid *Don Quixote*, that they have deſerved no greater puniſhment than being ſent to the galleys? He goes for ten years ſaid the guard, which is a kind of civil death: you need only be told, that this honeſt gentleman is the famous *Gines de Paſſamonte*, alias *Gineſillo de Parapilla*. Fair and ſoftly, Signor commiſſary, ſaid then the ſlave; let us not be now lengthening out names and ſirnames. *Gines* is my name, and not *Gineſillo*; and *Paſſamonte* is the name of my family, and not *Parapilla*, as you ſay; and let every one turn himſelf round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do. Speak with more reſpect, Sir thief above meaſure, replied the commiſſary, unleſs you will oblige me to ſilence you to your ſorrow. You may ſee, anſwered the ſlave,

3 The original is *eſpoſas* (ſpouſes) ſo called becauſe they joined the hands together like man and wife,

that

that man goeth as god pleaſeth; but ſomebody may learn one day, whether my name is *Gineſillo de Parapilla*, or no. Are you not called ſo, lying raſcal, ſaid the guard? They do call me ſo, anſwered *Gines*; but I will oblige them not to call me ſo, or I will flea them where I care not at preſent to ſay. Signor cavalier, continued he, if you have any thing to give us, give it us now, and god be with you; for you tire us with enquiring ſo much after other mens lives: if you would know mine, know that I am *Gines de Paſſamonte*, whoſe life is written by theſe very fingers. He ſays true, ſaid the commiſſary; for he himſelf has written his own hiſtory, as well as heart could wiſh, and has left the book in priſon, in pawn for two hundred reals. Ay, and I intend to redeem it, ſaid *Gines*, if it lay for two hundred ducats. What! is it ſo good, ſaid *Don Quixote?* So good, anſwered *Gines*, that woe be to *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and to all that have written or ſhall write in that way. What I can affirm is, that it relates truths, and truths ſo ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them. How is the book intituled? demanded *Don Quixote*. *The life of* Gines *de* Paſſamonte, replied *Gines* himſelf. And is it finiſhed? quoth *Don Quixote*. How can it be finiſhed? anſwered he, ſince my life is not yet finiſhed? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being ſent this laſt time to the galleys. Then you have been there before, ſaid *Don Quixote*. Four years, the other time, replied *Gines*, to ſerve god and the king; and I know already the reliſh of the biſcuit and bull's-pizzle: nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, ſince I ſhall there have the opportunity of finiſhing my book: for I have a great many things to ſay, and in the galleys of *Spain* there is leiſure more than enough, though I ſhall not want much for what I have to write, becauſe I have it by heart. You ſeem to be a witty fellow, ſaid *Don Quixote*. And an unfortunate one, anſwered *Gines*; but misfortunes always purſue the ingenious. Purſue the villainous, ſaid the commiſſary. I have already deſired you, Signor commiſſary, anſwered *Paſſamonte*, to go on fair and ſoftly; for your ſuperiors did not give you that ſtaff to miſuſe us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majeſty commands: now by the life of—— I ſay no more; but the ſpots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the bucking; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and ſpeak better; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough.

The commiſſary lifted up his ſtaff, to ſtrike *Paſſamonte*, in return for his threats: but *Don Quixote* interpoſed, and deſired he would not abuſe him, ſince it was but fair, that he, who had his hands ſo tied up, ſhould have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole ſtring, he ſaid: From

all

all you have told me, deareſt brethren, I clearly gather, that, though it be only to puniſh you for your crimes, you do not much reliſh the puniſhment you are going to ſuffer, and that you go to it much againſt the grain and againſt your good-liking: and, perhaps, the puſillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in ſhort the judge's wreſting of the law, may have been the cauſe of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in juſtice you ought to have done. And I have ſo ſtrong a perſuaſion, that this is the truth of the caſe, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to ſhew in you the effect, for which heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profeſs the order of chivalry, which I do profeſs, and the vow I made in it to ſuccour the needy, and thoſe oppreſſed by the mighty. But, knowing, that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will intreat theſe gentlemen your guard, and the commiſſary, that they will be pleaſed to looſe you, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to ſerve the king for better reaſons: for it ſeems to me a hard caſe to make ſlaves of thoſe, whom god and nature made free. Beſides, gentlemen guards, added *Don Quixote*, theſe poor men have committed no offence againſt you: let every one anſwer for his ſins in the other world: there is a god in heaven, who does not neglect to chaſtiſe the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honeſt men ſhould be the executioners of others, they having no intereſt in the matter. I requeſt this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have ſome ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this launce, and this ſword, with the vigour of my arm, ſhall compel you to do it. This is pleaſant fooling, anſwered the commiſſary; an admirable conceit he has hit upon at laſt: he would have us let the king's priſoners go, as if we had authority to ſet them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, ſignor, and adjuſt that baſon on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat. You are a cat, and a rat, and a raſcal to boot, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and ſo, with a word and a blow, he attacked him ſo ſuddenly, that, before he could ſtand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thruſt of the launce. And it happened luckily for *Don Quixote*, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The reſt of the guards were aſtoniſhed and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themſelves, thoſe on horſeback drew their ſwords, and thoſe on foot laid hold on their javelins, and fell upon *Don Quixote*, who waited for them with much calmneſs; and doubtleſs it had gone ill with him, if the galley-ſlaves, perceiving the opportunity, which offered itſelf to them, of recovering their liberty,

had

had not procured it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The hurry was ſuch, that the guards now endeavouring to prevent the ſlaves from getting looſe, and now engaging with *Don Quixote*, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpoſe. *Sancho*, for his part, aſſiſted in looſing of *Gines de Paſſamonte*, who was the firſt that leaped free and diſembarraſſed upon the plain; and, ſetting upon the fallen commiſſary, he took away his ſword and his gun, with which levelling it, firſt at one, and then at another, without diſcharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no leſs from *Paſſamonte*'s gun, than from the ſhower of ſtones, which the ſlaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined, that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which, upon ringing a bell, would ſally out in queſt of the delinquents; and ſo he told his maſter, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take ſhelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. It is well, ſaid *Don Quixote*; but I know what is now expedient to be done. Then having called all the ſlaves together, who were in a fright, and had ſtripped the commiſſary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleaſure; when he thus addreſſed them. To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of perſons well born; and one of the ſins, at which god is moſt offended, is ingratitude. This I ſay, gentlemen, becauſe you have already found, by manifeſt experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompence whereof, my will and pleaſure is, that, loaden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately ſet out, and go to the city of *Toboſo*, and there preſent yourſelves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, and tell her, that her knight *of the ſorrowful figure* ſends you to preſent his ſervice to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumſtance of this memorable adventure, to the point of ſetting you at your wiſhed-for liberty: this done, you may go, in god's name, whither you liſt [4].

Gines de Paſſamonte anſwered for them all, and ſaid: What your worſhip commands us, noble Sir, and our deliverer, is of all impoſſibilities the moſt impoſſible to be complied with: for we dare not be ſeen together on the road, but muſt go ſeparate

4 This extravagant order of our knight's to the galley-ſlaves is copied from the like in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 5. ch. 25. where *Eſplandian* asks the captives, he had delivered from the giant *Bramato*'s caſtle, what they intended to do with themſelves: they all anſwer, what he pleaſes to command. Then, quoth he, you ſhall only take a trip to *Conſtantinople*, to thank the princeſs *Leoniana* for the mercy god has beſtow'd on you, through the means of a knight, who is her's; and to ſurrender yourſelves, and be at her diſpoſal.

and



I Vanderbank Inv:
Vol: 1. p 142.

G Vandergucht Scul:

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and alone, each man by himſelf, and endeavour to hide ourſelves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who, doubtleſs, will be out in queſt of us. What your worſhip may, and ought to do, is, to change this ſervice and duty [5] to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo* into a certain number of *Ave Maries* and *Credos*, which we will ſay for the ſucceſs of your deſign; and this is what we may do, by day or by night, flying or repoſing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of *Egypt*, I ſay, to take our chains, and put ourſelves on to the way to *Toboſo*, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten a-clock in the morning; and to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. I vow then, quoth *Don Quixote*, already enraged, *Don* ſon of a whore, *Don Gineſillo de Parapilla*, or however you call yourſelf, you alone ſhall go, with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back. *Paſſamonte*, who was not over-paſſive, and had already perceived, that *Don Quixote* was not wiſer than he ſhould be, ſince he committed ſuch an extravagance as the ſetting them at liberty, ſeeing himſelf treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, ſtepping aſide, began to rain ſuch a ſhower of ſtones upon *Don Quixote*, that he could not contrive to cover himſelf with his buckler; and poor *Rozinante* made no more of the ſpur than if he had been made of braſs. *Sancho* got behind his aſs, and thereby ſheltered himſelf from the ſtorm and hail that poured upon them both. *Don Quixote* could not ſcreen himſelf ſo well, but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body, with ſuch force, that they brought him to the ground; and ſcarce was he fallen, when the ſtudent ſet upon him, and, taking the baſon from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the ſhoulders, and then ſtruck it as often againſt the ground, whereby he almoſt broke it to pieces. They ſtripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have ſtripped him of his trowzers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from *Sancho* his cloak, leaving him in his doublet [6]; and, ſharing among themſelves the ſpoils of the battle, they made the beſt of their way off, each a ſeveral way, with more care how to eſcape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themſelves with the chain, and to go and preſent themſelves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*.

The aſs and *Rozinante*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, remained by themſelves; the aſs hanging his head and penſive, and now and then ſhaking his ears, thinking that the ſtorm of ſtones was

5 *Montzago*, a duty to the king upon cattle.

6 *En pelota*. The phraſe ſignifies *to be ſtark naked*. *Pelota* is likewiſe a garment formerly uſed in *Spain*, but now unknown. The reader will eaſily ſee, that it ought not to be underſtood here in the firſt of theſe ſenſes.

not

not yet over, but ſtill whizzing about his head; *Rozinante* ſtretched along cloſe by his maſter, he alſo being knocked down with another ſtone; *Sancho* in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood; and *Don Quixote* very much out of humour, to find himſelf ſo ill treated by thoſe very perſons, to whom he had done ſo much good [7].

CHAP. IX.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote *in the ſable mountain, being one of the moſt curious and uncommon adventures of any related in this faithful hiſtory.*

DON *Quixote*, finding himſelf ſo ill treated, ſaid to his ſquire: *Sancho*, I have always heard it ſaid, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the ſea. Had I believed what you ſaid to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I muſt have patience, and take warning from henceforward. Your worſhip will as much take warning, anſwered *Sancho*, as I am a *Turk:* but ſince you ſay, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this miſchief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy I already hear their arrows [8] whizzing about my ears. Thou art naturally a coward, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote:* but that you may not ſay I am obſtinate, and that I never do what you adviſe, I will for once take your counſel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear ſo much; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you ſhall ever tell any body, that I retired, and withdrew myſelf from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your intreaties: for if you ſay otherwiſe, you will lye in ſo doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lye, and will lye, every time you ſay, or think it: and reply no more; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and eſpecially from this, which ſeems to carry ſome or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now ſtand prepared to abide here,

7 The hint of this adventure of the galley-ſlaves was, perhaps, taken from *Amadis de Gaul* (b. 17. ch. 82.) where the giant *Scardalangue* ſurpriſes *Miralda the fair*, in her hall, with about thirty damſels more, and, by the help of his ſquire, ties them in a row with a cord, and drives them furiouſly down ſtairs, and along the road towards his own caſtle. In the way they are met by *Amadis d'Aſtre*, or the *knight of Sadneſs*, who kills the giant, and ſets the ladies at liberty.

8 The troopers of the holy brotherhood carry bows and arrows.

and

and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of *Iſrael*, and the ſeven *Maccabees*, and *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world. Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, retreating is not running away, nor is ſtaying wiſdom, when the danger over-balances the hope: and it is the part of wiſe men to ſecure themſelves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peaſant, I have yet ſome ſmattering of what is called good conduct: therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon *Rozinante* if you can, and if not, I will aſſiſt you; and follow me; for my noddle tells me, that for the preſent we have more need of heels than hands. *Don Quixote* mounted, without replying a word more; and, *Sancho* leading the way upon his aſs, they entered on one ſide of the ſable mountain [9], which was hard by, it being *Sancho*'s intention to paſs quite croſs it, and to get out at *Viſo*, or *Almodovar del Campo*, and to hide themſelves, for ſome days, among thoſe craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the holy brotherhood ſhould come in queſt of them. He was encouraged to this by ſeeing, that the proviſions carried by his aſs [1] had eſcaped ſafe from the skirmiſh with the galley-ſlaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, conſidering what the ſlaves took away, and how narrowly they ſearched.

That night they got into the heart of the ſable mountain, where *Sancho* thought it convenient to paſs that night, and alſo ſome days, at leaſt as long as the proviſions he had with him laſted: ſo they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidſt abundance of cork-trees. But deſtiny, which, according to the opinion of thoſe, who have not the light of the true faith, guides faſhions, and diſpoſes all things its own way, ſo ordered it, that *Gines de Paſſamonte*, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madneſs of *Don Quixote* had delivered from the chain, being juſtly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himſelf in thoſe very mountains; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the ſame place, where *Don Quixote*'s and *Sancho Pança*'s had carried them, juſt at the time he could diſtinguiſh who they were, and at the inſtant they were fallen aſleep. And, as the wicked are always

9 *Sierra morena.* A great mountain (or rather chain of mountains, for ſo *Sierra* ſignifies) which divides the kingdom of *Caſtile* from the province of *Andaluzia*, and remarkable for being (*morena*) of a *Mooriſh* or ſwarthy colour.

1 The proviſions were eaten before, and the wallet left in the inn for the reckoning; beſides, the looſe coat, or cloke, which the galley-ſlaves had taken away from *Sancho*, had been made uſe of as a bag for the proviſions when they were firſt taken. *Quære*, how came *Sancho* by a freſh wallet of proviſions?

ungrateful, and neceſſity puts people upon applying to ſhifts, and the preſent conveniency overcomes the conſideration of the future, *Gines*, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, reſolved to ſteal *Sancho Pança*'s aſs, making no account of *Rozinante*, as a thing neither pawnable nor ſaleable. *Sancho Pança* ſlept; the varlet ſtole his aſs; and, before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora iſſued forth, rejoicing the earth, and ſaddening *Sancho Pança*, who miſſed his *Dapple*, and, finding himſelf deprived of him, began the dolefulleſt lamentation in the world; and ſo loud it was, that *Don Quixote* awaked at his cries, and heard him ſay: O child of my bowels, born in my own houſe, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and, laſtly, the half of my maintenance! for, with ſix and twenty *Maravedis* I earned every day by thy means, I half ſupported my family. *Don Quixote*, hearing the lamentation, and learning the cauſe, comforted *Sancho* with the beſt reaſons he could, and deſired him to have patience, promiſing to give him a bill of exchange for three young aſſes out of five he had left at home. *Sancho* was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his ſighs, and thanked his maſter for the kindneſs he ſhewed him. *Don Quixote*'s heart leaped for joy at entring into the mountains, ſuch kind of places ſeeming to him the moſt likely to furniſh him with thoſe adventures he was in queſt of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events, which had befallen knights-errant in ſuch ſolitudes and deſarts. He went on meditating on theſe things, and ſo wrapped and tranſported in them, that he remembred nothing elſe. Nor had *Sancho* any other concern (now that he thought he was out of danger) than to appeaſe his hunger with what remained of the clerical ſpoils: and thus, ſitting ſideling, as women do, upon his beaſt [2], he jogged after his maſter, emptying the bag, and ſtuffing his paunch: and,

2 It is ſcarce twenty lines, ſince *Sancho* loſt his aſs, and here he is upon his back again. The critics of that age fell unmercifully upon our author for this ſuppoſed blunder; the beſt excuſe for which, if it be really a blunder, is *Horace*'s *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. But what if it was deſign'd as a burleſque on the *Hiſtory of Montelion, knight of the oracle*, ch. 23.? There we find blunder upon blunder of this ſort. *Montelion*, to reſcue a lady, who had been carried away by giants, attacks, and ſlays one of them, who, within thirty lines in the ſame chapter, is alive again, and confabulating with his fellows. Another loſes an arm in the ſame fight, and, the next morning, being again attack'd by *Montelion*, holds up both his hands for mercy. During the fight, *Montelion* receives a wound, and afterwards falls down in a ſwoon thro' loſs of blood; at which the lady, fanſying him dead, makes juſt ſuch another lamentation over him, as *Sancho* does over *Dapple*. If *Cervantes* had this meaning (as moſt probably he had) the critics were fairly bit.

while

while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever.

Being thus buſied, he lifted up his eyes, and ſaw his maſter had ſtopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his launce, to raiſe up ſome heavy bundle that lay upon the ground: wherefore he made haſte to aſſiſt him, if need were, and came up to him juſt as he had turned over with his launce a ſaddle-cuſhion, and a portmanteau faſtened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but ſo heavy, that *Sancho* was forced to alight and help to take it up; and his maſter ordered him to ſee what was in it. *Sancho* very readily obeyed; and, though the portmanteau was ſecured with its chain and padlock, you might ſee through the breaches what it contained; which was, four fine holland ſhirts, and other linen, no leſs curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and, as ſoon as he eſpied them, he cried: Bleſſed be heaven, which has preſented us with one profitable adventure [3]. And, ſearching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly bound. *Don Quixote* deſired to have it, and bid him take the money and keep it for himſelf. *Sancho* kiſſed his hands for the favour; and emptying the portmanteau of the linen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he ſaid: I am of opinion, *Sancho* (nor can it poſſibly be otherwiſe) that ſome traveller muſt have loſt his way in theſe mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and ſecret part to bury him. It cannot be ſo, anſwered *Sancho*; for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here. You ſay right, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and I cannot gueſs, nor think, what it ſhould be: but ſtay, let us ſee whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and diſcover what we want to know. He opened it, and the firſt thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a ſonnet, which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might hear it, to this purpoſe.

Or love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cauſe
That doth condemn me to ſevereſt pains.
But if love be a god, we muſt ſuppoſe
His knowledge boundleſs, nor can cruelty
With reaſon be imputed to a god.
Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
Chloë, *art thou the cauſe? impoſſible!*
Such ill can ne'er ſubſiſt with ſo much good;

[3] The remembrance of this profitable adventure, and the hopes of meeting with ſuch another, carry *Sancho* through many doubts and difficulties in the enſuing hiſtory.

Nor does high heaven's beheſt ordain my fall.
I ſoon ſhall die; my fate's inevitable:
For where we know not the diſeaſe's cauſe,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.

From this parcel of verſes, quoth *Sancho*, nothing can be collected, unleſs by the *clue* here given you can come at the whole bottom. What clue is here? ſaid *Don Quixote*. I thought, ſaid *Sancho*, your worſhip named a *clue*. No, I ſaid *Chloë*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and doubtleſs that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this ſonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he [4] is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art. So then, ſaid *Sancho*, your worſhip underſtands making Verſes too! Yes, and better than you think, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and you ſhall ſee I do, when you carry a letter to my lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, written in verſe from top to bottom: for know, *Sancho*, that all or moſt of the knights-errant of times paſt were great poets, and great muſicians, theſe two accompliſhments, or rather graces, being annexed to lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of paſſion than elegance in them. Pray, ſir, read on farther, ſaid *Sancho:* perhaps you may find ſomething to ſatisfy us. *Don Quixote* turned over the leaf, and ſaid: This is in proſe, and ſeems to be a letter. A letter of buſineſs, ſir? demanded *Sancho*. By the beginning, it ſeems rather one of love, anſwered *Don Quixote*. Then pray, ſir, read it aloud, ſaid *Sancho*; for I mightily reliſh theſe love-matters. With all my heart, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and reading aloud, as *Sancho* deſired, he found it to this effect.

Your promiſe, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will ſooner hear the news of my death, than the cauſe of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the ſake of one, who has larger poſſeſſions, but not more merit, than I. But, if virtue were a treaſure now in eſteem, I ſhould have had no reaſon to envy any man's good-fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedneſs: what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewel, O cauſer of my diſquiet; and may heaven grant, that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not deſire.

The letter being read, ſaid *Don Quixote:* We can gather little more from this, than from the verſes; only that he, who wrote it, is ſome ſlighted lover. And, turning over moſt of the book,

4 *Cervantes* himſelf.

he

he found other verſes and letters, ſome of which were legible, and ſome not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, ſuſpicions, deſires, diſlikings, favours, and ſlights, ſome extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While *Don Quixote* was examining the book, *Sancho* examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the ſaddle-cuſhion, which he did not ſearch, ſcrutinize, and look into; nor ſeam, which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick; that nothing might be loſt for want of diligence, or through careleſneſs; ſuch a greedineſs the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himſelf abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the toſſings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balſam, the benedictions of the pack-ſtaves, the cuffs of the carrier, the loſs of the wallet, and the theft of his cloke; together with all the hunger, thirſt, and wearineſs he had undergone in his good maſter's ſervice.

The *knight of the ſorrowful figure* was extremely deſirous to know, who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the ſonnet and the letter, by the money in gold [5], and by the fineneſs of the ſhirts, that it muſt doubtleſs belong to ſome lover of condition, whom the ſlights and ill treatment of his miſtreſs had reduced to terms of deſpair. But, there being no one, in that uninhabitable and craggy place, to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, which way ſoever *Rozinante* pleaſed, and that was wherever he found the way eaſieſt; ſtill poſſeſſed with the imagination, that he could not fail of meeting with ſome ſtrange adventure among thoſe briers and rocks.

As he thus went on muſing, he eſpied, on the top of an hillock, juſt before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from buſh to buſh, with extraordinary agility. He ſeemed to be naked, his beard black and buſhy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of ſad-coloured velvet, but ſo ragged, that his skin appeared through ſeveral parts. His head was bare; and, though he paſſed with the ſwiftneſs already mentioned, the *knight of the ſorrowful figure* ſaw and obſerved all theſe particulars: but, tho' he endeavoured to follow him, he could not; for it was not given to *Rozinante*'s feebleneſs to make way through thoſe craggy places; and beſides he was naturally ſlow-footed and flegmatic. *Don Quixote* immediately fancied this muſt be the owner of the ſaddle-cuſhion and portmanteau, and reſolved to go in ſearch of him, though he were ſure to wander a whole

5 Gold was not current in thoſe days among the common people of *Spain*.

year among thoſe mountains, before he ſhould find him: wherefore he commanded *Sancho* to cut ſhort over one ſide of the mountain, while he coaſted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man, who had ſo ſuddenly vaniſhed out of their ſight. I cannot do it, anſwered *Sancho*; for the moment I offer to ſtir from your worſhip, fear is upon me, aſſaulting me with a thouſand kinds of terrors and apparitions: and let this ſerve to advertiſe you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to ſtir a finger's breadth from your preſence. Be it ſo, ſaid he of *the ſorrowful figure*, and I am very well pleaſed that you rely upon my courage, which ſhall never be wanting to you, though your very ſoul in your body ſhould fail you: and now follow me ſtep by ſtep, or as you can, and make ſpying-glaſſes of your eyes: we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we ſaw, who doubtleſs is the owner of what we have found. To which *Sancho* replied: It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for, if we ſhould find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I muſt reſtore it: and therefore it would be better, without this unneceſſary diligence, to keep poſſeſſion of it, *bona fide*, 'till by ſome way leſs curious and officious, its true owner ſhall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time when I ſhall have ſpent it all, and then I am free by law. You deceive yourſelf in this, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for, ſince we have a ſuſpicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to ſeek him, and return it: and if we ſhould not look for him, the vehement ſuſpicion we have, that this may be he, makes us already as guilty, as if he really were. So that, friend *Sancho*, you ſhould be in no pain at ſearching after him, conſidering the uneaſineſs I ſhall be freed from in finding him. Then he pricked *Rozinante* on, and *Sancho* followed at the uſual rate: and, having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, ſaddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the ſuſpicion that he, who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

While they ſtood looking at the mule, they heard a whiſtle, like that of a ſhepherd tending his flock; and preſently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. *Don Quixote* called aloud to him, and deſired him to come down to them. He anſwered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that deſolate place, ſeldom or never troden, unleſs by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beaſts, which frequented thoſe mountains? *Sancho* replied, if he would come down, they would ſatisfy his curioſity

curioſity in every thing. The goatherd deſcended, and, coming to the place where *Don Quixote* was, he ſaid: I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there theſe ſix months already. Pray, tell me, have you lighted on his maſter hereabouts? We have lighted on nothing, anſwered *Don Quixote*, but a ſaddle-cuſhion and a ſmall portmanteau, which we found not far from hence. I found it too, anſwered the goatherd, but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of ſome miſchief, and leſt I ſhould be charged with having ſtolen it; for the devil is ſubtle, and lays ſtumbling-blocks and occaſions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not. I ſay ſo too, anſwered *Sancho:* for I alſo found it, and would not go within a ſtone's-throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell. Tell me, honeſt man, ſaid *Don Quixote*, do you know who is the owner of theſe goods? What I know, ſaid the goatherd, is, that, ſix months ago, more or leſs, there arrived at the huts of certain ſhepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the ſame ſaddle-cuſhion and portmanteau, you ſay you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the moſt craggy, and leaſt acceſſible. We told him, it was this where we now are: and ſo it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not eaſily find the way out: and I admire how you could get even hither, ſince there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I ſay, hearing our anſwer, turned about his mule, and made toward the place we ſhewed him, leaving us all pleaſed with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his queſtion, and the haſte he made to reach the mountain: and, from that time, we ſaw him not again, 'till, ſome days after, he iſſued out upon one of our ſhepherds, and, without ſaying a word, came up to him, and gave him ſeveral cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our ſumpter-aſs, which he plundered of all the bread and cheeſe ſhe carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful ſwiftneſs. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, went almoſt two days in queſt of him, through the moſt intricate part of this craggy hill; and at laſt we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleneſs, his garment torn, and his face ſo diſfigured and ſcorched by the ſun, that we ſhould ſcarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the deſcription given us of them, aſſured us he was the perſon we were in ſearch after. He ſaluted us courteouſly, and, in few, but complaiſant terms, bid us not wonder to ſee him in that condition,

to which he was neceſſitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold ſins. We intreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We deſired him likewiſe, that, when he ſtood in need of food, without which he could not ſubſiſt, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him ſome; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at leaſt, he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the ſhepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences paſſed, and promiſed from thenceforth to ask it for god's ſake, without giving diſturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he ſaid, he had no other than what chance preſented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his diſcourſe with ſuch melting tears, that we, who heard him, muſt have been very ſtones not to have born him company in them, conſidering what he was the firſt time we ſaw him, and what we ſaw him now to be: for, as I before ſaid, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and, by his courteous behaviour and civil diſcourſe, ſhewed himſelf to be well-born, and a court-like perſon: for, though we, who heard him, were country-people, his genteel carrriage was ſufficient to diſcover itſelf even to ruſticity. In the height of his diſcourſe he ſtopped ſhort, and ſtood ſilent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a conſiderable time, whilſt we all ſtood ſtill in ſuſpence, waiting to ſee what that fit of diſtraction would end in, with no ſmall compaſſion at the ſight: for by his demeanour, his ſtaring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground, and then ſhutting them again, by his biting his lips, and arching his brows, we eaſily judged, that ſome fit of madneſs was come upon him: and he quickly confirmed us in our ſuſpicions; for he ſtarted up, with great fury, from the ground, on which he had juſt before thrown himſelf, and fell upon the firſt that ſtood next him with ſuch reſolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out: Ah traitor *Fernando!* here, here you ſhall pay for the wrong you have done me; theſe hands ſhall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedneſs, and eſpecially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured: and to theſe he added other expreſſions, all tending to revile the ſaid *Fernando*, and charging him with falſhood and treachery. We diſengaged him from our companion at laſt, with no ſmall difficulty; and he, without ſaying a word, left us, and plunged amidſt the thickeſt of the buſhes and briers; ſo that we could not poſſibly follow him. By this we gueſs'd, that his madneſs return'd by fits, and that ſome perſon, whoſe name is *Fernando*, muſt have done him ſome injury of as grievous a nature, as

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the condition, to which it has reduced him, ſufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, ſince that time, by his iſſuing out one while to beg of the ſhepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force: for, when the mad fit is upon him, tho' the ſhepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but, when he is in his ſenſes, he asks it for god's ſake, with courteſy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without ſhedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I muſt tell you, purſued the goatherd, that yeſterday I, and four young ſwains, two of them my ſervants, and two my friends, reſolved to go in ſearch of him, and, having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of *Almodovar*, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his diſtemper be curable; or at leaſt inform ourſelves who he is, when he is in his ſenſes, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you, in anſwer to your enquiry, by which you may underſtand, that the owner of the goods you found is the ſame, whom you ſaw paſs by you ſo ſwiftly and ſo nakedly: for *Don Quixote* had already told him, how he had ſeen that man paſs skipping over the craggy rocks.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and, having now a greater deſire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he reſolved, as he had before purpoſed, to ſeek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unſearched, 'till he ſhould find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected: for, in that very inſtant, the youth they ſought appeared from between ſome clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they ſtood, and muttering to himſelf ſomething, which could not be underſtood, though one were near him, much leſs at a diſtance. His dreſs was ſuch as has been deſcribed: but, as he drew near, *Don Quixote* perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, ſtill retained the perfume of amber; whence he poſitively concluded, that the perſon, who wore ſuch apparel, could not be of the loweſt quality. When the youth came up to them, he ſaluted them with an harſh unmuſical accent, but with much civility. *Don Quixote* returned him the ſalute with no leſs complaiſance, and, alighting from *Rozinante*, with a genteel air and addreſs, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good ſpace very cloſe between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call *the ragged knight of the ſorry figure* (as *Don Quixote* of the *ſorrowful*) after he had ſuffered himſelf to be embraced, drew back a little, and, laying both his hands on *Don Quixote*'s ſhoulders, ſtood beholding him, as if to ſee whether

whether he knew him; in no leſs admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of *Don Quixote*, than *Don Quixote* was at the ſight of him. In ſhort, the firſt, who ſpoke after the embracing, was the *ragged knight*, and he ſaid what ſhall be told in the next chapter.

CHAP. X.

A continuation of the adventure of the ſable mountain.

THE hiſtory relates, that great was the attention, wherewith *Don Quixote* liſtened to the *ragged knight* of the mountain, who began his diſcourſe thus: Aſſuredly, ſignor, whoever you are (for I do not know you) I am obliged to you for your expreſſions of civility to me; and I wiſh it were in my power to ſerve you with more than my bare good-will, for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing but good wiſhes to return you, for your kind intentions towards me. Mine, anſwered *Don Quixote*, are to ſerve you, inſomuch, that I determined not to quit theſe mountains, 'till I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction, which, by your leading this ſtrange life, ſeems to poſſeſs you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to uſe all poſſible diligence to compaſs it; and though your misfortune were of that ſort, which keep the door locked againſt all kind of comfort, I intended to aſſiſt you in bewailing and bemoaning it the beſt I could; for it is ſome relief in misfortunes, to find thoſe who pity them. And, if you think my intention deſerves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beſeech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I ſee you are poſſeſſed of, I conjure you alſo by whatever in this life you have loved or do love moſt, to tell me, who you are, and what has brought you hither, to live and die, like a brute beaſt, amidſt theſe ſolitudes; as you ſeem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner ſo unbecoming of yourſelf, if I may judge by your perſon, and what remains of your attire. And I ſwear, added *Don Quixote*, by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a ſinner, and by the profeſſion of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to ſerve you to the utmoſt of what my profeſſion obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in aſſiſting you to bewail it, as I have already promiſed. The *knight of the wood*, hearing him of *the ſorrowful figure* talk in this manner, did nothing but view him, and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and when he had ſurveyed him thoroughly, he ſaid to him: If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me, for god's ſake, and, when I have eaten, I will

will do all you command me, in requital for the good wiſhes you have expreſſed toward me.

Sancho immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his ſcrip, ſome meat, wherewith the *ragged knight* ſatisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him, like a diſtracted perſon, ſo faſt, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than eat: and, while he was eating, neither he nor the by-ſtanders ſpoke a word. When he had done, he made ſigns to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way. Where being arrived, he ſtretched himſelf along upon the graſs, and the reſt did the ſame: and all this without a word ſpoken, 'till the *ragged knight*, having ſettled himſelf in his place, ſaid: If you deſire, gentlemen, that I ſhould tell you, in few words, the immenſity of my misfortunes, you muſt promiſe me not to interrupt, by asking queſtions, or otherwiſe, the thread of my doleful hiſtory; for, in the inſtant you do ſo, I ſhall break off, and tell no more. Theſe words brought to *Don Quixote*'s memory the tale his ſquire had told him, which, by his miſtaking the number of the goats that had paſſed the river, remained ſtill unfiniſhed. But, to return to our *ragged knight*; he went on, ſaying: I give this caution, becauſe I would paſs briefly over the account of my misfortunes; for the bringing them back to my remembrance ſerves only to add new ones: and though the fewer queſtions I am asked, the ſooner I ſhall have finiſhed my ſtory, yet will I not omit any material circumſtance, deſigning entirely to ſatisfy your deſire. *Don Quixote* promiſed, in the name of all the reſt, it ſhould be ſo; and, upon this aſſurance, he began in the following manner.

My name is *Cardenio*; the place of my birth one of the beſt cities of all *Andaluzia*; my family noble; my parents rich; my wretchedneſs ſo great, that my parents muſt have lamented it, and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth; for the goods of fortune ſeldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes ſent from heaven. In this country there lived a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wiſh for. Such is the beauty of *Lucinda*, a damſel of as good a family and as rich as myſelf, but of more good fortune, and leſs conſtancy, than was due to my honourable intentions. This *Lucinda* I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood and tender years; and ſhe, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, and were not diſpleaſed at them; foreſeeing, that, if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage: a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumſtances. Our love increaſed with our years, inſomuch that *Lucinda*'s father thought

thought proper, for reaſons of decency, to deny me acceſs to his houſe; imitating, as it were, the parents of that *Thisbe*, ſo celebrated by the poets. This reſtraint was only adding flame to flame, and deſire to deſire: for, though it was in their power to impoſe ſilence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which diſcover to the perſon beloved the moſt hidden ſecrets of the ſoul, and that with more freedom than the tongue; for oftentimes the preſence of the beloved object diſturbs and ſtrikes mute the moſt determined intention, and the moſt reſolute tongue. O heavens! how many *billets-doux* did I write to her! what charming, what modeſt, anſwers did I receive! how many ſonnets did I pen! how many love-verſes indite! in which my ſoul unfolded all its paſſion, deſcribed its inflamed deſires, cheriſhed its remembrances, and gave a looſe to its wiſhes. In ſhort, finding myſelf at my wit's end, and my ſoul languiſhing with deſire of ſeeing her, I reſolved at once to put in execution what ſeemed to me the moſt likely means to obtain my deſired and deſerved reward: and that was, to demand her of her father for my lawful wife; which I accordingly did. He anſwered me, that he thanked me for the inclination I ſhewed to do him honour in my propoſed alliance with his family; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand: for, without his full conſent and approbation, *Lucinda* was not a woman to be taken or given by ſtealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reaſon in what he ſaid, and that my father would come into it, as ſoon as I ſhould break it to him. In that very inſtant, I went to acquaint my father with my deſires; and, upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I ſpoke a word, ſaying to me: By this letter you will ſee, *Cardenio*, the inclination duke *Ricardo* has to do you ſervice. This duke *Ricardo*, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of *Spain*, whoſe eſtate lies in the beſt part of *Andaluzia*. I took and read the letter, which was ſo extremely kind, that I myſelf judged, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requeſted in it; which was, that he would ſend me preſently to him, being deſirous to place me (not as a ſervant, but) as a companion to his eldeſt ſon; and that he engaged to put me into a poſt anſwerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and eſpecially when I heard my father ſay; Two days hence, *Cardenio*, you ſhall depart, to fulfil the duke's pleaſure; and give thanks to god, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deſerve. To theſe he added ſeveral other expreſſions, by way of fatherly admonition.

The time fixed for my departure came: I talked the night before to *Lucinda*, and told her all that had paſſed; and I did

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the ſame to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to diſpoſe of her, till I knew what duke *Ricardo*'s pleaſure was with me. He promiſed me all I deſired; and ſhe, on her part, confirmed it, with a thouſand vows, and a thouſand faintings. I arrived at length where duke *Ricardo* reſided; who received and treated me with ſo much kindneſs, that envy preſently began to do her office, by poſſeſſing his old ſervants with an opinion, that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their intereſt. But the perſon the moſt pleaſed with my being there, was a ſecond ſon of the duke's, called *Fernando*, a ſprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous, and amorous diſpoſition, who, in a ſhort time, contracted ſo intimate a friendſhip with me, that it became the ſubject of every body's diſcourſe; and though I had a great ſhare likewiſe in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that diſtinguiſhing manner in which *Don Fernando* loved and treated me. Now, as there is no ſecret, which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with *Don Fernando* ceaſed to be barely ſuch by being converted into friendſhip, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and eſpecially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no ſmall diſquiet. He loved a country girl, a vaſſal of his father's: her parents were very rich, and ſhe herſelf was ſo beautiful, reſerved, diſcreet, and modeſt, that no one who knew her could determine, in which of theſe qualifications ſhe moſt excelled, or was moſt accompliſhed. Theſe perfections of the country-maid raiſed *Don Fernando*'s deſires to ſuch a pitch, that he reſolved, in order to carry his point, and ſubdue the chaſtity of the maiden, to give her his promiſe to marry her; for, otherwiſe, it would have been to attempt an impoſſibility. The obligation I was under to his friendſhip put me upon uſing the beſt reaſons, and the moſt lively examples, I could think of, to divert and diſſuade him from ſuch a purpoſe. But, finding it was all in vain, I reſolved to acquaint his father, duke *Ricardo*, with the affair. *Don Fernando*, being ſharp-ſighted and artful, ſuſpected and feared no leſs, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful ſervant, not to conceal from my lord and maſter the duke a matter ſo prejudicial to his honour: and therefore, to amuſe and deceive me, he ſaid, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had ſo captivated him, than to abſent himſelf for ſome months; and this abſence, he ſaid, ſhould be effected by our going together to my father's houſe, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of ſeeing and cheapening ſome very fine horſes in our town, which produces the beſt in the world. Scarcely had I heard him ſay this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his propoſal, as one of the beſt concerted imaginable, and ſhould have done ſo, had it not been

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ſo plauſible a one, ſince it afforded me ſo good an opportunity of returning to ſee my dear *Lucinda*. Upon this motive, I came into his opinion, and ſeconded his deſign, deſiring him to put it in execution as ſoon as poſſible; ſince, probably, abſence might have its effect, in ſpight of the ſtrongeſt inclinations. At the very time he made this propoſal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient ſeaſon to divulge it with ſafety to himſelf, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he ſhould hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the moſt part, nothing but appetite, and as pleaſure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what ſeemed to be love vaniſhes, becauſe it cannot paſs the bounds aſſigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would ſay, that, when *Don Fernando* had enjoyed the country girl, his deſires grew faint, and his fondneſs abated; ſo that, in reality, that abſence, which he propoſed as a remedy for his paſſion, he only choſe, in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

We came to our town; my father received him according to his quality; I immediately viſited *Lucinda*; my paſſion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor aſleep: unfortunately for me, I revealed it to *Don Fernando*, thinking that, by the laws of friendſhip, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in ſo lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and diſcretion of *Lucinda*, that my praiſes excited in him a deſire of ſeeing a damſel endow'd with ſuch fine accompliſhments. I complied with it, to my misfortune, and ſhewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two uſed to converſe together. She appeared to him, tho' in an undreſs, ſo charming, as to blot out of his memory all the beauties he had ever ſeen before. He was ſtruck dumb; he loſt all ſenſe; he was tranſported; in ſhort, he fell in love to ſuch a degree, as will appear by the ſequel of the ſtory of my misfortunes. And, the more to inflame his deſire, which he concealed from me, and diſcloſed to heaven alone, fortune ſo ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, deſiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, ſo ingenious, ſo modeſt, and ſo full of tenderneſs, that, when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in *Lucinda* alone were united all the graces of beauty and good ſenſe, which are diſperſed and divided among the reſt of her ſex. True it is (I confeſs it now) that though I knew what juſt grounds *Don Fernando* had to commend *Lucinda*, I was grieved to hear thoſe commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and ſuſpect him; for he was every moment putting me upon talking of *Lucinda*, and would

begin

begin the diſcourſe himſelf, though he brought it in never ſo abruptly: which awakened in me I know not what jealouſy; and, though I did not fear any change in the goodneſs and fidelity of *Lucinda*, yet I could not but dread the very thing they ſecured me againſt. *Don Fernando* conſtantly procured a ſight of the letters I wrote to *Lucinda*, and her anſwers, under pretence that he was mightily pleaſed with the wit of both. Now it fell out, that *Lucinda*, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having deſired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaul*——

Scarce had *Don Quixote* heard him mention books of chivalry, when he ſaid: Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your ſtory, that the lady *Lucinda* was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the ſublimity of her underſtanding; for it could never have been ſo excellent as you have deſcribed it, had ſhe wanted a reliſh for ſuch ſavoury reading: ſo that, with reſpect to me, it is needleſs to waſte more words in diſplaying her beauty, worth, and underſtanding; for, from only knowing her taſte, I pronounce her to be the moſt beautiful and the moſt ingenious woman in the world. And I wiſh, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had ſent her the good *Don Rugel* of *Greece*; for I know that the lady *Lucinda* will be highly delighted with *Daraida* and *Garaya*, and the witty conceits of the ſhepherd *Darinel*; alſo with thoſe admirable verſes of his *Bucolics*, which he ſung and repeated with ſo much good humour, wit, and freedom: but the time may come when this fault may be amended, and the reparation may be made, as ſoon as ever you will be pleaſed, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furniſh you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my ſoul, and the entertainment of my life; though, upon ſecond thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promiſed; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beams of the ſun can ceaſe to give heat, or thoſe of the moon to moiſten. So that, pray excuſe me, and go on; for that is of moſt importance to us at preſent.

While *Don Quixote* was ſaying all this, *Cardenio* hung down his head upon his breaſt, with all the ſigns of being profoundly thoughtful; and though *Don Quixote* twice deſired him to continue his ſtory, he neither lifted up his head, nor anſwered a word. But, after ſome time, he raiſed it, and ſaid: I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one perſuade me to the contrary, and he muſt be a blockhead who underſtands or believes otherwiſe, but that that great villain maſter *Eliſabat* lay with

queen

queen *Madaſima* [6]. It is falſe, I ſwear, anſwered *Don Quixote*, in great wrath; it is extreme malice, or rather villainy, to ſay ſo: queen *Madaſima* was a very noble lady, and it is not to be preſumed, that ſo high a princeſs ſhould lie with a quack; and whoever pretends ſhe did, lyes like a very great raſcal: and I will make him know it on foot or on horſeback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleaſes. *Cardenio* ſat looking at him very attentively, and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to proſecute his ſtory; neither would *Don Quixote* have heard him, ſo diſguſted was he at what he had heard of *Madaſima:* and ſtrange it was to ſee him take her part with as much earneſtneſs, as if ſhe had really been his true and natural princeſs; ſo far had his curſed books turned his head.

I ſay then, that *Cardenio*, being now mad, and hearing himſelf called liar and villain, with other ſuch opprobrious words, did not like the jeſt; and, catching up a ſtone that lay cloſe by him, he gave *Don Quixote* ſuch a thump with it on the breaſt, that it tumbled him down backward. *Sancho Pança*, ſeeing his maſter handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fiſt; and the ragged knight received him in ſuch ſort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and preſently, getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better; and when he had beaten and threſhed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidſt the rocks. *Sancho* got up in a rage to find himſelf ſo roughly handled, and ſo undeſervedly withal; and was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits; for, had they known as much, they ſhould have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd anſwered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that, if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. *Sancho Pança* replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking one another by the beard, and cuffing one another ſo, that, if *Don Quixote* had not made peace between them, they would have beat one another to pieces. *Sancho*, ſtill keeping faſt hold of the goatherd, ſaid: Let me alone, Sir *knight of the ſorrowful figure*; for, this fellow being a bumkin, like myſelf, and not dubbed a knight, I may very ſafely revenge myſelf on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand,

6 *Eliſabat* is a skilful ſurgeon, in *Amadis de Gaul*, who performs wonderful cures; and queen *Madaſima* is wife to *Gantaſi*, and makes a great figure in the aforeſaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deſerts, without any imputation on her honour.

like

like a man of honour. True, ſaid *Don Quixote*; but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened. Herewith he pacified them; and *Don Quixote* enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were poſſible to find out *Cardenio*; for he had a mighty deſire to learn the end of his ſtory. The goatherd told him, as at firſt, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet with him, either in or out of his ſenſes.

CHAP. XI.

Which treats of the ſtrange things that befel the valiant knight of la Mancha *in the ſable mountain; and how he imitated the penance of* Beltenebros.

DON QUIXOTE took his leave of the goatherd, and, mounting again on *Rozinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him; which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on ſoftly, entering into the moſt craggy part of the mountain; and *Sancho* was ready to burſt for want of ſome talk with his maſter, but would fain have had him begin the diſcourſe, that he might not break thro' what he had enjoined him: but, not being able to endure ſo long a ſilence, he ſaid to him: Signor *Don Quixote*, be pleaſed to give me your worſhip's bleſſing, and my diſmiſſion; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I ſhall, at leaſt, have the privilege of talking, and ſpeaking my mind; for, to deſire me to bear your worſhip company through theſe ſolitudes, night and day, without ſuffering me to talk when I liſt, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it, that beaſts ſhould talk now, as they did in the days of *Guiſopete* [7], it had not been quite ſo bad; ſince I might then have communed with my aſs as I pleaſed, and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune: for it is very hard, and not to be born with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in queſt of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, toſſings in a blanket, and brick-bat bangs, and, with all this, to ſew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb. I underſtand you, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; you are impatient till I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue: ſuppoſe it taken off, and ſay what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to laſt no longer than whilſt we are wandering among theſe craggy rocks. Be it ſo, ſaid *Sancho:* Let me talk now, for god knows what will be hereafter. And ſo beginning to enjoy the benefit of this licenſe, I ſay; What had your worſhip to do to ſtand up

7 Meaning *Æſop*, I ſuppoſe.

ſo warmly for that ſame queen *Magimaſa*, or what's her name? or, what was it to the purpoſe, whether that abbot[8] was her galant, or no? for, had you let that paſs, ſeeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his ſtory, and you would have eſcaped the thump with the ſtone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets.

In faith, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen *Madaſima* was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience, that I did not daſh to pieces that mouth, out of which ſuch blaſphemies iſſued. For it is very great blaſphemy to ſay, or even to think, that a queen ſhould be punk to a barber-ſurgeon. The truth of the ſtory is, that that ſame maſter *Eliſabat*, whom the madman ſpoke of, was a very prudent man, and of a very ſound judgment, and ſerved as tutor and phyſician to the queen: but, to think ſhe was his paramour, is an impertinence that deſerves to be ſeverely chaſtiſed. And, to ſhew you, that *Cardenio* did not know what he ſaid, you may remember, that, when he ſaid it, he was out of his wits. So ſay I, quoth *Sancho*; and therefore no account ſhould have been made of his words; for, if good-fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-ſtone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breaſt, we had been in a fine condition for ſtanding up in defence of that dear lady, whom god confound. Beſides, do you think, *Cardenio*, if he had killed you, he would not have come off, as being a madman? A knight-errant, anſwered *Don Quixote*, is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, both againſt men in their ſenſes, and thoſe out of them; how much more then ſhou'd he ſtand up in defence of queens of ſuch high degree and worth, as was queen *Madaſima*, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts: for, beſides her being extremely beautiful, ſhe was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which ſhe had many. And the counſels and company of maſter *Eliſabat* were of great uſe and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her ſufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occaſion to think and talk, that ſhe was his paramour: and I ſay again, they lye, and will lye two hundred times more, all who ſay, or think her ſo. I neither ſay, nor think ſo, anſwered *Sancho*; let thoſe who ſay it, eat the lye, and ſwallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty, or no, they have given an account to god before now: I come from my vineyard; I know nothing; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives; for he that

8 *Abad. Sancho*, remembring only the latter part of maſter *Eliſabat*'s name, pleaſantly calls him an *Abbot*.

buys

buys and lyes, ſhall find the lye left in his purſe behind: beſides, naked was I born, and naked I remain; I neither win, nor loſe; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not ſo much as a pin to hang it on: but, who can hedge in the cuckow? Eſpecially, do they ſpare god himſelf? God be my aid! quoth *Don Quixote*, what a parcel of impertinencies are you ſtringing! what has the ſubject we are upon to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads! Pr'ythee, *Sancho*, hold your tongue, and henceforward mind ſpurring your aſs, and forbear medling with what does not concern you. And underſtand, with all your five ſenſes, that whatever I have done, do, or ſhall do, is highly reaſonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights, who have profeſſed it in the world. Sir, replied *Sancho*, is it a good rule of chivalry, that we go wandering through theſe mountains, without path or road, in queſt of a madman, who, perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finiſh what he begun, not his ſtory, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs.

Peace, I ſay, *Sancho*, once again, ſaid *Don Quixote:* for know, that it is not barely the deſire of finding the madman that brings me to theſe parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, whereby I ſhall acquire a perpetual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: and it ſhall be ſuch an one as ſhall ſet the ſeal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous. And is this ſame exploit a very dangerous one? quoth *Sancho Pança*. No, anſwered he of *the ſorrowful figure*; though the die may chance to run ſo, that we may have an unlucky throw: but the whole will depend upon your diligence. Upon my diligence? quoth *Sancho*. Yes, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for if you return ſpeedily from the place whither I intend to ſend you, my pain will ſoon be over, and my glory will preſently commence: and, becauſe it is not expedient to keep you any longer in ſuſpence, waiting to know what my diſcourſe drives at, underſtand, *Sancho*, that the famous *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the moſt complete knights-errant: I ſhould not have ſaid *one of*; he was the ſole, the principal, the only one, in ſhort the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for *Don Belianis*, and for all thoſe, who ſay he equalled him in any thing! for, I ſwear, they are miſtaken. I ſay alſo, that, if a painter would be famous in his art, he muſt endeavour to copy after the originals of the moſt excellent maſters he knows. And the ſame rule holds good for all other arts and ſciences, that ſerve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aſpires to the character of prudent and patient, muſt imitate *Ulyſſes*, in whoſe perſon and toils *Homer* draws a lively picture of prudence and pa-

tience; as *Virgil* alſo does of a pious ſon, and a valiant and expert captain, in the perſon of *Æneas*; not delineating or deſcribing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to ſerve as patterns of virtue to ſucceeding generations. In this very manner was *Amadis* the polar, the morning ſtar, and the ſun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he, whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being ſo, friend *Sancho*, the knight-errant, who imitates him the moſt nearly, will, I take it, ſtand the faireſt to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumſtance, in which this knight moſt eminently diſcovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, conſtancy, and love, was, his retiring, when diſdained by the lady *Oriana*, to do penance in the poor rock, changing his name to that of *Beltenebros* [9]; a name moſt certainly ſignificant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily choſen. Now, it is eaſier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading ſerpents, ſlaying dragons, routing armies, ſhattering fleets, and diſſolving enchantments. And, ſince this place is ſo well adapted for the purpoſe, there is no reaſon why I ſhould let ſlip the opportunity, which now ſo commodiouſly offers me its forelock.

In effect, quoth *Sancho*, what is it your worſhip intends to do in ſo remote a place as this? Have I not told you, anſwered *Don Quixote*, that I deſign to imitate *Amadis*, acting here the deſperado, the ſenſeleſs, and the madman; at the ſame time copying the valiant *Don Orlando*, when he found, by the ſide of a fountain, ſome indications that *Angelica the fair* had diſhonoured herſelf with *Medoro:* at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, diſturbed the waters of the cryſtal ſprings, ſlew ſhepherds, deſtroyed flocks, fired cottages, demoliſhed houſes, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thouſand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And, ſuppoſing that I do not intend to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Rotolando* (for he had all theſe three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, ſaid, and thought, I will make a ſketch of them the beſt I can, in what I judge the moſt eſſential. And, perhaps, I may ſatisfy myſelf with only copying *Amadis*, who, without playing any miſchievous pranks, by weepings and tenderneſſes, arrived to as great fame as the beſt of them all. It ſeems to me, quoth *Sancho*, that the knights, who acted in ſuch manner, were provoked to it, and had a reaſon for doing theſe follies and penances: but, pray, what cauſe has your worſhip to run mad? What lady has diſdained you? or what tokens have

9 The *Lovely obſcure.*

you

you diſcovered, to convince you, that the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo* has committed folly either with *Moor* [1] or chriſtian? There lies the point, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and in this conſiſts the *fineſſe* of my affair: a knight-errant, who runs mad upon a juſt occaſion, deſerves no thanks; but to do ſo without reaſon, is the buſineſs, giving my lady to underſtand, what I ſhould perform in the wet, if I do this in the dry [2]. How much rather, ſince I have cauſe enough given me, by being ſo long abſent from my ever-honoured lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; for, as you may have heard from that whilome ſhepherd, *Ambroſio, The abſent feel and fear every ill.* So that, friend *Sancho*, do not waſte time in counſelling me to quit ſo rare, ſo happy, and ſo unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I muſt be, 'till your return with an anſwer to a letter I intend to ſend by you to my lady *Dulcinea*; and, if it proves ſuch as my fidelity deſerves, my madneſs and my penance will be at an end: but, if it proves the contrary, I ſhall be mad in earneſt, and, being ſo, ſhall feel nothing: ſo that, what anſwer ſoever ſhe returns, I ſhall get out of the conflict and pain, wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you ſhall bring, if in my ſenſes; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them.

But, tell me, *Sancho*, have you taken care of *Mambrino*'s helmet, which I ſaw you take off the ground, when that graceleſs fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper. To which *Sancho* anſwered: As god liveth, Sir *knight of the ſorrowful figure*, I cannot endure nor bear with patience ſome things your worſhip ſays: they are enough to make me think, that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of beſtowing iſlands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the cuſtom of knights-errant, muſt be mere vapour, and a lye, and all friction, or fiction, or how do you call it? for, to hear you ſay, that a barber's baſon is *Mambrino*'s helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in ſeveral days, what can one think, but that he, who ſays and affirms ſuch a thing, muſt be addle-brained? I have the baſon in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the uſe of my beard, if god be ſo gracious to me, as to reſtore me one time or other to my wife and children. Behold, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I ſwear likewiſe, that thou haſt the ſhalloweſt brain that any ſquire has, or ever

1 *Sancho* ſeems here to miſtake *Medoro*, the name of *Angelica*'s ſuppoſed galant, for *Moro*, which ſignifies a *Moor*.

2 A profane alluſion to that text of ſcripture; *if they do theſe things in a green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry?* Luke xxiii. 31. *Don Quixote*'s meaning is ---- She may gueſs what I wou'd do, if occaſion were given me, ſince I can do ſo much without any.

had, in the world. Is it poſſible, that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive, that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimera's, follies, and extravagancies, and ſeem all done by the rule of contraries? not that they are in reality ſo, but becauſe there is a crew of enchanters always about us, who alter and diſguiſe all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleaſure, and as they are inclined to favour or diſtreſs us: hence it is, that this, which appears to you a barber's baſon, appears to me *Mambrino*'s helmet, and to another will perhaps appear ſomething elſe: And it was a ſingular foreſight of the ſage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a baſon, which, really and truly, is *Mambrino*'s helmet: becauſe, being of ſo great value, all the world would perſecute me, in order to take it from me: but now, that they take it for nothing but a barber's baſon, they do not trouble themſelves to get it; as was evident in him, who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at preſent: I rather think of putting off all my armour, and being naked as I was born, in caſe I ſhould have more mind to copy *Orlando*, in my penance, than *Amadis*.

While they were thus diſcourſing, they arrived at the foot of a ſteep rock, which ſtood alone among ſeveral others that ſurrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the reſt. By its skirts ran a gentle ſtream, and it was encircled by a meadow ſo verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it ſeveral foreſt-trees, and ſome plants and flowers, which added greatly to the pleaſantneſs of the place. This was the ſcene, in which the *knight of the ſorrowful figure* choſe to perform his penance, and, upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice, as if he had been beſide himſelf. This is the place, O ye heavens, which I ſelect and appoint for bewailing the misfortune, in which yourſelves have involved me. This is the ſpot, where my flowing tears ſhall increaſe the waters of this cryſtal rivulet, and my continual and profound ſighs ſhall inceſſantly move the leaves of theſe lofty trees, in teſtimony and token of the pain my perſecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit theſe remote deſerts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long abſence, and ſome pangs of jealouſy, have driven to bewail himſelf among theſe craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmoſt extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accuſtomed to inhabit the cloſeſt receſſes of the mountains (ſo may the nimble and

laſcivious

laſcivious ſatyrs, by whom you are beloved in vain, never diſturb your ſweet repoſe) aſſiſt me to lament my hard fate, or at leaſt be not weary of hearing my moan. O *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, light of my darkneſs, glory of my pain, the north-ſtar of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (ſo may heaven proſper you in whatever you pray for) conſider, I beſeech you, the place and ſtate, to which your abſence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye ſolitary trees, who, from henceforth, are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my perſon. And, O thou my ſquire, agreeable companion in my moſt proſperous and adverſe fortune, carefully imprint in thy memory what thou ſhalt ſee me here perform, that thou may'ſt recount and recite it to her, who is the ſole cauſe of it all. And, ſaying this, he alighted from *Rozinante*, and, in an inſtant, took off his bridle and ſaddle, and giving him a ſlap on the buttocks, ſaid to him: O ſteed, as excellent for thy performances, as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himſelf. Go whither thou wilt; for thou haſt it written in thy forehead, that neither *Aſtolpho*'s *Hippogriff*, nor the famous *Frontino*, which coſt *Bradamante* ſo dear, could match thee in ſpeed [3].

Sancho, obſerving all this, ſaid: God's peace be with him, who ſaved us the trouble of unpannelling *Dapple* [4]; for, in faith, he ſhould not have wanted a ſlap on the buttocks, nor a ſpeech in his praiſe: but, if he were here, I would not conſent to his being unpannelled, there being no occaſion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or deſpair, any more than I, who was once his maſter, when it ſo pleaſed god. And truly, ſir *knight of the ſorrowful figure*, if it be ſo, that my departure and your madneſs go on in earneſt, it will be needful to ſaddle *Rozinante* again, that he may ſupply the loſs of my *Dapple*, and ſave me time in going and coming; for, if I go on foot, I know not when I ſhall get thither, nor when return, being, in truth, a ſorry footman. Be it as you will, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I do not diſapprove your project; and I ſay, you ſhall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to ſhew you what I do and ſay for her, that you may tell it her. What have I more to ſee, quoth *Sancho*, than what I have already ſeen? You are very far from being perfect in the ſtory, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I have not yet torn my garments,

3 Here *Don Quixote* imitates *the knight of the ſun*, who bewails his condition in the ſolitary iſland, and makes juſt ſuch another ſpeech to his horſe *Cornerino*, who grazes near him. *Chev. del Febo*, c. 23.

4 Here *Dapple* is loſt again, though he has been with *Sancho* ever ſince the very morning that *Gines* ſtole him, 'till the minute that the bill for the colts was to be given.

ſcattered my arms about, and daſhed my head againſt theſe rocks; with other things of the like ſort, that will ſtrike you with admiration. For the love of god, ſaid *Sancho*, have a care how you give yourſelf thoſe knocks; for you may chance to light upon ſuch an unlucky point of a rock, that, at the firſt daſh, you may diſſolve the whole machine of this penance: and I ſhould think, ſince your worſhip is of opinion, that knocks on the head are neceſſary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourſelf (ſince all is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a ſham) I ſay, you might content yourſelf with running your head againſt water, or ſome ſoft thing, ſuch as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady, that you daſhed your head againſt the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond. I thank you for your good-will, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; but I would have you to know, that all theſe things that I do are not in jeſt, but very good earneſt: for, otherwiſe, it would be to tranſgreſs the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lye at all, on pain of being puniſh'd as apoſtates; and the doing one thing for another is the ſame as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head muſt be real, ſubſtantial, and ſound ones, without equivocation or mental reſervation. However it will be neceſſary to leave me ſome lint, to heal me, ſince fortune will have it that we have loſt the balſam. It was worſe to loſe the aſs, anſwered *Sancho*; for, in loſing him, we loſt lint and every thing elſe; and I beſeech your worſhip not to put me in mind of that curſed drench; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very ſoul is turned upſide-down, not to ſay my ſtomach. As for the three days allowed me for ſeeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beſeech you, that they are already paſſed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady: and write you the letter, and diſpatch me quickly; for I long to come back, and releaſe your worſhip from this purgatory, wherein I leave you. *Purgatory*, do you call it, *Sancho*? ſaid *Don Quixote*. Call it rather *Hell*, or worſe, if any thing can be worſe. I have heard ſay, quoth *Sancho*, that *out of hell there is no retention* [5]. I know not, ſaid *Don Quixote*, what *retention* means. *Retention*, anſwered *Sancho*, means, that he, who is once in hell, never does, nor ever can get out. But it will be quite the reverſe with your worſhip, or it ſhall go hard with my heels, if I have but ſpurs to enliven *Rozinante*: and let me but once get to *Toboſo*, and into the preſence of my lady *Dulcinea*, and I warrant you I will tell her ſuch a ſtory of the fooliſh and mad things (for they are all no better) which your worſhip has done, and is doing, that I ſhall bring

5 *Redemption*, he means.

her

her to be as ſupple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree: with whoſe ſweet and honeyed anſwer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worſhip out of this purgatory, which ſeems a hell, and is not, becauſe there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have ſaid, none can have that are in hell; nor do I believe you will ſay otherwiſe.

That is true, anſwered he of *the ſorrowful figure*; but how ſhall we contrive to write the letter? And the aſs-colt-bill? added *Sancho*. Nothing ſhall be omitted, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and, ſince we have no paper, we ſhall do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax; though it will be as difficult to meet with theſe at preſent, as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in *Cardenio*'s pocket-book, and you ſhall take care to get it fairly tranſcribed upon paper, in the firſt town you come to, where there is a ſchoolmaſter; or, if there be none, any pariſh-clerk will tranſcribe it for you: but be ſure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law; for the devil himſelf will never be able to read their confounded court-hand. But what muſt we do about the ſigning it with your own hand? ſaid *Sancho*. Billet-doux are never ſubſcribed, anſwered *Don Quixote*. Very well, replied *Sancho*; but the warrant for the colts muſt of neceſſity be ſigned by yourſelf; for, if that be copied, people will ſay the ſigning is counterfeited, and I ſhall be forced to go without the colts. The warrant ſhall be ſigned in the ſame pocket-book; and, at ſight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be ſubſcribed thus; *Yours, 'till death, the knight of the ſorrowful figure*. And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor has ſhe ever ſeen a letter, or writing, of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the *Platonic* kind, extending no farther than to modeſt looks at one another; and even thoſe ſo very rarely, that I dare truly ſwear, in twelve years that I have loved her more than the ſight of theſe eyes, which the earth muſt one day devour, I have not ſeen her four times; and, perhaps, of theſe four times ſhe may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reſerve and ſtrictneſs, with which her father *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, and her mother *Aldonza Nogales* have brought her up.

Hey day! quoth *Sancho*, what the daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo!* is ſhe the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, alias *Aldonza Lorenzo?* It is even ſhe, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and ſhe, who deſerves to be miſtreſs of the univerſe. I know her well, quoth *Sancho*; and I can aſſure you, ſhe will pitch the bar with the luſtieſt ſwain in the pariſh: Long live the giver; why, ſhe is a mettled

mettled laſs, tall, ſtraight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that ſhall have her for a miſtreſs. O the jade! what a pair of lungs and a voice ſhe has! I remember ſhe got one day upon the church-ſteeple, to call ſome young ploughmen, who were in the field of her father's; and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as plainly as if they had ſtood at the foot of the tower: and the beſt of her is, that ſhe is not at all coy; for ſhe has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jeſt and a may-game of every body. I ſay then, *Sir knight of the ſorrowful figure*, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but alſo you may juſtly deſpair and hang yourſelf, and no body that hears it but will ſay you did extremely well, though the devil ſhould carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to ſee her; for I have not ſeen her this many a day, and by this time ſhe muſt needs be altered; for it mightily ſpoils womens faces, to be always abroad in the field, expoſed to the ſun and weather. And I confeſs to your worſhip, Signor *Don Quixote*, that hitherto I have been in a great error; for I thought for certain, that the lady *Dulcinea* was ſome great princeſs, with whom you was in love, or at leaſt ſome perſon of ſuch great quality, as to deſerve the rich preſents you have ſent her, as well that of the *Biſcainer*, as that of the galley-ſlaves; and many others there muſt have been, conſidering the many victories you muſt have gained, before I came to be your ſquire. But, all things conſidered, what good can it do the lady *Aldonza Lorenzo* (I mean the lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*) to have the vanquiſhed, whom your worſhip ſends or may ſend, fall upon their knees before her? for who knows but at the time they arrive, ſhe may be carding flax, or threſhing in the barn, and they may be aſhamed to ſee her, and ſhe may laugh, or be diſguſted at the preſent? I have often told thee, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, that thou art an eternal babler; and, though void of wit, your bluntneſs often occaſions ſmarting: but, to convince you at once of your folly, and my diſcretion, I will tell you a ſhort ſtory,

Know then, that a certain widow, handſom, young, gay, and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, ſtrapping, well-ſet, lay-brother. His ſuperior heard of it, and one day took occaſion to ſay to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehenſion: I wonder, madam, and not without great reaſon, that a woman of ſuch quality, ſo beautiful, and ſo rich, ſhould fall in love with ſuch a deſpicable, mean, ſilly, fellow, when there are, in this houſe, ſo many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and chooſe, as you would among pears, and ſay, this I like, that I do not like. But ſhe anſwered him, with great frankneſs and good-humour: you are much miſtaken, worthy ſir, and think altogether in the old-

faſhioned

fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear, since, for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than *Aristotle* himself. In like manner, *Sancho*, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Thinkest thou, that the *Amaryllis's*, the *Phyllis's*, the *Sylvia's*, the *Diana's*, the *Galatea's*, the *Alida's*, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers-shops, and stage-plays, are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood, and to those who do, and have celebrated them? No certainly, but they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous dispositions. And therefore it is sufficient, that I think and believe, that the good *Aldonza Lorenzo* is beautiful and chaste; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for there needs no enquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood [6]; and, for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. For you must know, *Sancho*, if you do not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, great beauty and a good name: now both these are to be found in perfection in *Dulcinea*; for, in beauty, none can be compared to her, and, for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. *Helen* is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by *Lucretia*, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether *Grecian*, *Latin*, or *Barbarian*. And let every one say what he pleases; for if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges. Your worship, replied *Sancho*, is always in the right, and I am an ass: but why do I mention an ass, when one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who was hanged? but give me the letter, and god be with you; for I am upon the wing.

Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and, stepping aside, began very gravely to write the letter; and when he had done, he called *Sancho*, and said, he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, if he should chance to lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill fortune. To which *Sancho* answered: write it, Sir, two or three times in the

6 Knights of *Malta* must be noble by father and mother for five generations, &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old catholics, without any mixture of *Moorish* or *Jewish* blood.

book,

book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully: but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly; for mine is so bad, that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one. Listen then, said *Don Quixote*, for it runs thus.

Don Quixote's letter to *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

Sovereign and high lady,

The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, *sends that health to you which he wants himself* [7]. *If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am enured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction, which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire* Sancho *will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy, of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours; and, if not, do what seems good to you: for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.*

Yours, until death,

The knight of the sorrowful figure.

By the life of my father, quoth *Sancho*, hearing the letter, it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Ods my life, how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with *the knight of the sorrowful figure!* Verily, your worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know. The profession I am of, answered *Don Quixote*, requires me to understand every thing. Well then, said *Sancho*, pray clap on the other side the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight. With all my heart, said *Don Quixote*; and, having written it, he read as follows.

Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to Sancho Pança *my squire: which three colts in order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge.* [8] Done in the heart of the *sable mountain*, the twenty-second of *August*, this present year ———

7 This is very like the beginning of some of *Ovid*'s epistles; as,

Quâ, nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem
Mittit Amaxonio Cressa puella viro. Phædra Hippolito, *ep.* 4.

8 The king of *Spain* writes, *Done at our court*, &c. as the king of *England* does, *Given*, &c.

It

It is mighty well, ſaid *Sancho*; pray ſign it. It wants no ſigning, ſaid *Don Quixote*; I need only put my cypher to it, which is the ſame thing, and is ſufficient, not only for three aſſes, but for three hundred. I rely upon your worſhip, anſwered *Sancho:* let me go and ſaddle *Rozinante*, and prepare to give me your bleſſing; for I intend to depart immediately, without ſtaying to ſee the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I ſaw you act ſo many, that ſhe can deſire no more. At leaſt, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I would have you ſee (nay, it is neceſſary you ſhould ſee) I ſay, I will have you ſee me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks; for I ſhall diſpatch them in leſs than half an hour: and having ſeen theſe with your own eyes, you may ſafely ſwear to thoſe you intend to add; for, aſſure yourſelf, you will not relate ſo many as I intend to perform. For the love of god, dear Sir, quoth *Sancho*, let me not ſee your worſhip naked; for it will move my compaſſion much, and I ſhall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is ſo diſordered with laſt night's grief for the loſs of poor *Dapple*, that I am in no condition, at preſent, to begin new lamentations. If your worſhip has a mind I ſhould be an eye-witneſs of ſome mad pranks, pray do them clothed, and with brevity, and let them be ſuch as will ſtand you in moſt ſtead: and the rather, becauſe for me there needed nothing of all this; and, as I ſaid before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worſhip ſo much deſires and deſerves. If otherwiſe, let the lady *Dulcinea* prepare herſelf; for if ſhe does not anſwer as ſhe ſhould do, I proteſt ſolemnly, I will fetch it out of her ſtomach by dint of kicks and buffets; for it is not to be endured, that ſo famous a knight-errant, as your worſhip, ſhould run mad, without why or wherefore, for a —— Let not madam provoke me to ſpeak out; before god, I ſhall blab, and out with all by wholeſale, though it ſpoil the market [9]. I am pretty good at this ſport: ſhe does not know me: if ſhe did, i' faith ſhe would agree with me. In troth, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, to all appearance you are as mad as myſelf. Not quite ſo mad, anſwered *Sancho*, but a little more choleric. But, ſetting aſide all this, what is it your worſhip is to eat till my return? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the ſhepherds, like *Cardenio?* Trouble not yourſelf about that, anſwered *Don Quixote:* though I were provide[d] I would eat nothing but herbs and

9 *Sancho* here, by threatening to blurt out ſomething, gives a kind of ſly propheſy of the *Dulcinea* he intended to palm on his maſter's folly, and prepares the reader for that groſs impoſition of enchanting the three princeſſes and their palfreys, into three country wenches upon aſſes. No tranſlation has made ſenſe of this artful paſſage; and even *Stevens*, with all his pretences to *Spaniſh* was ſo accurate, as to leave it intirely out, as he has done ſome others preceding in the ſame page.

fruits,

fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me; for the *fineſſe* of my affair conſiſts in not eating, and other auſterities. Then *Sancho* ſaid: Do you know, Sir, what I fear? that I ſhall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is ſo concealed? Obſerve well the marks; for I will endeavour to be hereabouts, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of ſome of the higheſt cliffs, to ſee if I can diſcover you when you return. But the ſureſt way not to miſs me, nor loſe yourſelf, will be, to cut down ſome boughs off the many trees that are here, and ſtrew them, as you go on, from ſpace to ſpace, till you are got down into the plain; and they will ſerve as land-marks and tokens to find me by, at your return, in imitation of *Theſeus*'s clue to the labyrinth.

I will do ſo, anſwered *Sancho Pança*; and, having cut down ſeveral, he begged his maſter's bleſſing, and, not without many tears on both ſides, took his leave of him. And mounting upon *Rozinante*, of whom *Don Quixote* gave him an eſpecial charge, deſiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper perſon, he rode towards the plain, ſtrewing broom-boughs here and there, as his maſter had directed him: and ſo away he went, though *Don Quixote* ſtill importuned him to ſtay, and ſee him perform, though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and ſaid: Your worſhip, Sir, ſaid very well, that, in order to my being able to ſwear with a ſafe conſcience, that I have ſeen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I ſhould, at leaſt, ſee you do one; though, in truth, I have ſeen a very great one already in your ſtaying here. Did I not tell you ſo? quoth *Don Quixote*: ſtay but a moment, *Sancho*, I will diſpatch them in the repeating of a *Credo* [1]. Then, ſtripping off his breeches in all haſte, he remained naked from the waiſt downwards, and covered only with the tail of his ſhirt: and preſently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers [2] in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, expoſing things that made *Sancho* turn *Rozinante* about, that he might not ſee them a ſecond time; and fully ſatisfied him, that he might ſafely ſwear his maſter was ſtark mad: and ſo we will leave him going on his way till his return, which was ſpeedy.

1 The *creed* is ſo ſoon run over in catholic countries, that the repeating it is the uſual proverb for brevity.

2 *Zapateras.* A kind of capering, ſtriking, at the ſame time, the ſole of the ſhoe, or foot, with the hand.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the refinements practiſed by Don Quixote, *as a lover, in the ſable mountain.*

THE Hiſtory, turning to recount what the *knight of the ſorrowful figure* did, when he found himſelf alone, informs us, that *Don Quixote*, having finiſhed his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and cloathed from the middle upward, and perceiving that *Sancho* was gone without caring to ſee any more of his fooliſh pranks, got upon the top of an high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any reſolution: and that was, which of the two was beſt, and would ſtand him in moſt ſtead, to imitate *Orlando* in his extravagant madneſs, or *Amadis* in his melancholic moods. And, talking to himſelf, he ſaid: If *Orlando* was ſo good and valiant a knight, as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, ſince, in ſhort, he was enchanted, and no body could kill him, but by thruſting a needle into the ſole of his foot; and therefore he always wore ſhoes with ſeven ſoles of iron. Theſe contrivances, however, ſtood him in no ſtead againſt *Bernardo del Carpio*, who knew the ſecret, and preſſed him to death between his arms, in *Roncesvalles*. But, ſetting aſide his valour, let us come to his loſing his wits, which it is certain he did, occaſioned by ſome tokens he found in the foreſt, and by the news brought him by the ſhepherd, that *Angelica* had ſlept more than two afternoons with *Medoro*, a little *Moor* with curled locks, and page to *Agramante*. And if he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him falſe, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madneſſes, if I do not imitate him in the occaſion of them? for, I dare ſwear, my *Dulcinea del Toboſo* never ſaw a *Moor*, in his own dreſs [3], in all her life, and that ſhe is this day as the mother that bore her: and I ſhould do her a manifeſt wrong, if, ſuſpecting her, I ſhould run mad of the ſame kind of madneſs with that of *Orlando Furioſo*. On the other ſide, I ſee that *Amadis de Gaul*, without loſing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the beſt of them. For, as the hiſtory has it, finding himſelf diſdained by his lady *Oriana*, who commanded him not to appear in her preſence, till it was her pleaſure, he only retired to the *poor rock*, accompanied by an hermit, and there wept his belly full, till heaven came to his

3 Many perſons in *Spain*, to all outward appearance *Spaniards*, are ſuſpected of being privately *Moors*.

relief,

relief, in the midſt of his trouble and greateſt anguiſh. And, if this be true, as it really is, why ſhould I take the pains to ſtrip myſelf ſtark-naked, or grieve theſe trees that never did me any harm? neither have I any reaſon to diſturb the water of theſe cryſtal ſtreams, which are to furniſh me with drink when I want it. Live the memory of *Amadis*, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of whom ſhall be ſaid, what was ſaid of another, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them [4]. And, if I am not rejected, nor diſdained, by my *Dulcinea*, it is ſufficient, as I have already ſaid, that I am abſent from her. Well then; hands, to your work: come to my memory, ye deeds of *Amadis*, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you: but I know, that the moſt he did was to pray; and ſo will I do. Whereupon he ſtrung ſome large galls of a cork-tree, which ſerved him for a roſary. But what troubled him very much, was, his not having an hermit to hear his confeſſion, and to comfort him; and ſo he paſſed the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees, and in the fine ſand, a great many verſes, all accommodated to his melancholy, and ſome in praiſe of *Dulcinea*. But thoſe that were found entire and legible, after he was found in that place, were only theſe following.

I.

Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow
So tall, ſo green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous caſe.
Nor let my loud-reſounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves diſmay,
Whilſt from my tears I ſeek relief,
In abſence from Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

II.

Here the ſad lover ſhuns the light,
By ſorrow to this deſert led;
Here exiled from his lady's ſight,
He ſeeks to hide his wretched head.
Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In abſence from Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

4 This is plainly an alluſion to that epitaph of *Phaeton*, in *Ovid*;
Hic ſitus eſt Phaethon, currus auriga paterni,
Quem ſi non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit auſis. Metam. l. 2. v. 327.

III. *O'er*

III.

O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And ſeeks miſhaps from place to place,
Curſing the proud relentleſs ſcorn
That baniſh'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel laſh diſplay;
He weeps, and feels the raging ſmart,
In abſence from Dulcinea
Del Toboſo.

The addition of *Del Toboſo* to the name of *Dulcinea* occaſioned no ſmall laughter in thoſe, who found the above-recited verſes: for they concluded, that *Don Quixote* imagined, that if, in naming *Dulcinea*, he did not add *Del Toboſo*, the couplet could not be underſtood; and it was really ſo, as he afterwards confeſſed. He wrote many others; but, as is ſaid, they could tranſcribe no more than thoſe three ſtanzas fair and entire. In this amuſement, and in ſighing, and invoking the fauns and ſylvan deities of thoſe woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the mournful and humid echo, to anſwer, to condole, and liſten to his moan, he paſſed the time, and in gathering herbs to ſuſtain himſelf till *Sancho*'s return; who, if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, *the knight of the ſorrowful figure* would have been ſo disfigured, that the very mother, who bore him, could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his ſighs and verſes, to relate what befel *Sancho* in his embaſſy.

Which was, that, when he got into the high road, he ſteered towards *Toboſo*; and the next day he came within ſight of the inn, where the miſhap of the blanket had befallen him: and ſcarce had he diſcovered it at a diſtance, when he fancied himſelf again flying in the air; and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have ſtopped, that is, about noon: beſides he had a mind to eat ſomething warm, all having been cold-treat with him for many days paſt. This neceſſity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, ſtill doubting whether he ſhould go in or not. And, while he was in ſuſpence, there came out of the inn two perſons, who preſently knew him; and one ſaid to the other: Pray, ſignor licentiate, is not that *Sancho Pança* yonder on horſeback, who, as our adventurer's houſekeeper told us, was gone with her maſter as his ſquire? Yes it is, ſaid the licentiate, and that is our *Don Quixote*'s horſe. And no wonder they knew him ſo well, they being the prieſt and the barber of his village, and the perſons who had made the ſcrutiny and goal-delivery of the books: and being

now certain it was *Sancho Pança* and *Rozinante*, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of *Don Quixote*, they went up to him, and the priest, calling him by his name, said: Friend *Sancho Pança*, where have you left your master? *Sancho Pança* immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place, and circumstances, in which he had left his master: so he answered, that his master was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. No, no, quoth the barber, *Sancho Pança*, if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and see that you produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you. There is no reason why you should threaten me, quoth *Sancho*; for I am not a man to rob or murder any body: let every man's fate kill him, or god that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain. And thereupon, very glibly, and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who was the daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what *Sancho* told them; and, though they already knew *Don Quixote*'s madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired *Sancho Pança* to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. He said, it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came at. The priest said, if he would shew it him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. *Sancho Pança* put his hand into his bosom, to take out the book, but found it not; nor could he have found it, had he searched for it till now; for it remained with *Don Quixote*, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When *Sancho* perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body, in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and presently after he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, they asked him what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? What should happen to me, answered *Sancho*, but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, each of them as stately as a castle? How so? replied the barber. I have lost the pocket-book, answered *Sancho*, in which was the letter to *Dulcinea*, and a bill signed by my master, by which he ordered

dered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home. And at the ſame time he recounted to them the loſs of *Dapple*. The prieſt bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he ſaw his maſter, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to uſage and cuſtom, ſince thoſe that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. *Sancho* was comforted by this, and ſaid, that, ſince it was ſo, he was in no great pain for the loſs of the letter to *Dulcinea*, for he could almoſt ſay it by heart; ſo that they might write it down from his mouth, where and when they pleaſed. Repeat it, then, *Sancho*, quoth the barber, and we will write it down afterwards. Then *Sancho* began to ſcratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now ſtood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the ſky: and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in ſuſpence, and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he ſaid, after a very long pauſe: Before god, maſter licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it ſaid: *High and ſubterrane lady*. No, ſaid the barber, not ſubterrane, but ſuper-humane, or ſovereign lady. It was ſo, ſaid *Sancho*. Then, if I do not miſtake, it went on: *the wounded, and the waking, and the ſmitten, kiſſes your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardleſs fair*; and then it ſaid I know not what of *health and ſickneſs that he ſent*; and ſo he went on, till at laſt he ended with, *Thine till death, the knight of the ſorrowful figure*.

They were both not a little pleaſed, to ſee how good a memory *Sancho* had, and commended it much, and deſired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they alſo might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice *Sancho* repeated it again, and thrice he added three thouſand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted alſo many other things concering his maſter, but ſaid not a word of the toſſing in the blanket, which had happened to himſelf in that inn, into which he refuſed to enter. He ſaid likewiſe, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind diſpatch from his lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, was to ſet forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at leaſt a king; for ſo it was concerted between them two; and it would be a very eaſy matter to bring it about, conſidering the worth of his perſon, and the ſtrength of his arm: and, when this was accompliſhed, his maſter was to marry him (for by that time he ſhould, without doubt, be a widower [5]) and to give him to wife one of the empreſs's maids of honour, heireſs to a

5 Here *Sancho* recollects that he has a wife, and that he cannot marry the damſel go-between till *Thereſa* is dead.

large and rich teritory on the main land; for, as to iſlands, he was quite out of conceit with them. *Sancho* ſaid all this with ſo much gravity, ever and anon blowing his noſe, and ſo much in his ſenſes, that they were ſtruck with freſh admiration at the powerful influence of *Don Quixote*'s madneſs, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's underſtanding alſo. They would not give themſelves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, ſince it did not at all hurt his conſcience, to let him continue in it; beſides that it would afford them the more pleaſure in hearing his follies: and therefore they told him, he ſhould pray to god for his lord's health, ſince it was very poſſible, and very feaſible, for him, in proceſs of time, to become an emperor, as he ſaid, or at leaſt an archbiſhop [6], or ſomething elſe of equal dignity. To which *Sancho* anſwered: Gentlemen, if fortune ſhould ſo order it, that my maſter ſhould take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbiſhop, I would fain know what archbiſhops-errant uſually give to their ſquires? They uſually give them, anſwered the prieſt, ſome benefice, or cure, or vergerſhip, which brings them in a good penny-rent, beſides the perquiſites of the altar, uſually valued at as much more. For this, it will be neceſſary, replied *Sancho*, that the ſquire be not married, and that he knows, at leaſt, the reſponſes to the maſs; and, if ſo, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the firſt letter of *A*, *B*, *C*. What will become of me, if my maſter ſhould have a mind to be an archbiſhop, and not an emperor, as is the faſhion and cuſtom of knights-errant? Be not uneaſy, friend *Sancho*, ſaid the barber; for we will intreat your maſter, and adviſe him, and even make it a caſe of conſcience, that he be an emperor and not an archbiſhop; for it will be better for him alſo, by reaſon he is more a ſoldier than a ſcholar. I have thought the ſame, anſwered *Sancho*, though I can affirm that he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is, to pray to our lord, that he will direct him to that, which is beſt for him, and will enable him to beſtow moſt favours upon me. You talk like a wiſe man, ſaid the prieſt, and will act therein like a good chriſtian. But the next thing now to be done, is, to contrive how we may bring your maſter off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and, that we may concert the proper meaſures, and get ſomething to eat likewiſe (for it is high time) let us go into the inn. *Sancho* deſired them to go in, and ſaid, he would ſtay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reaſon, why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in: but he prayed them to bring him out

6 The archbiſhops of *Toledo* and *Sevil* make as great a figure as moſt kings, having an annual revenue of little leſs than an hundred thouſand piſtoles.

ſomething

ſomething to eat that was warm, and alſo ſome barley for *Rozinante*. They went in, and left him, and ſoon after the barber brought him out ſome meat.

Then they two having laid their heads together, how to bring about their deſign, the prieſt bethought him of a device exactly fitted to *Don Quixote*'s humour, and likely to effect what they deſired. Which was, as he told the barber, that he deſigned to put himſelf into the habit of a damſel-errant, and would have him to equip himſelf, the beſt he could, ſo as to paſs for his ſquire; and that in this diſguiſe they ſhould go to the place where *Don Quixote* was; and himſelf, pretending to be an afflicted damſel, and in diſtreſs, would beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not chooſe but vouchſafe: and that the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her whither ſhe ſhould carry him, to redreſs an injury done her by a diſcourteous knight, intreating him, at the ſame time, that he would not deſire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, till he had done her juſtice on that wicked knight: and he made no doubt, but that *Don Quixote* would, by theſe means, be brought to do whatever they deſired of him, and ſo they ſhould bring him away from that place, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find ſome remedy for his unaccountable madneſs.

CHAP. XIII.

How the prieſt and the barber put their deſign in execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this hiſtory.

THE barber liked the prieſt's contrivance ſo well, that it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dreſs, leaving a new caſſock of the prieſt's in pawn for them. The barber made himſelf an huge beard of the ſorrel tail of a pyed ox, in which the innkeeper uſed to hang his comb. The hoſteſs asked them, why they deſired thoſe things? The prieſt gave them a brief account of *Don Quixote*'s madneſs, and how neceſſary that diſguiſe was, in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The hoſt and hoſteſs preſently conjectured, that this madman was he, who had been their gueſt, the maker of the balſam, and maſter of the blanketted ſquire; and they related to the prieſt what had paſſed between him and them, without concealing what *Sancho* ſo induſtriouſly concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the prieſt ſo nicely, that nothing could be better. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with ſtripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a ſpan, all pinked and ſlaſhed; and a tight waiſtcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white

ſattin; which, together with the petticoat, muſt have been made in the days of king *Bamba* [7]. The prieſt would not conſent to wear a woman's head-dreſs, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore o' nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other made a kind of vizard, which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he ſunk his head into his bever, which was ſo broad-brimmed, that it might ſerve him for an umbrella; and, lapping himſelf up in his cloak, he got upon his mule ſideways, like a woman: the barber got alſo upon his, with his beard, that reached to his girdle, between ſorrel and white, being, as has been ſaid, made of the tail of a pyed-ox. They took leave of all, and of good *Maritornes*, who promiſed, though a ſinner, to pray over an entire roſary, that god might give them good ſucceſs in ſo arduous and chriſtian a buſineſs as that they had undertaken.

But, ſcarcely had they got out of the inn, when the prieſt began to think he had done amiſs in equipping himſelf after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a prieſt to be ſo accoutred, though much depended upon it: and acquainting the barber with his ſcruple, he deſired they might change dreſſes, it being fitter that he ſhould perſonate the diſtreſſed damſel, and himſelf act the ſquire, as being a leſs profanation of his dignity: and, if he would not conſent to do ſo, he was determined to proceed no further, though the devil ſhould run away with *Don Quixote*. Upon this, *Sancho* came up to them, and, ſeeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber, in ſhort, conſented to what the prieſt deſired; and, the ſcheme being thus altered, the prieſt began to inſtruct the barber how to act his part, and what expreſſions to uſe to *Don Quixote*, to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had choſen for his fruitleſs penance. The barber anſwered, that, without his inſtructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dreſs till they came near to the place where *Don Quixote* was; and ſo he folded up his habit, and the prieſt adjuſted his beard, and on they went, *Sancho Pança* being their guide: who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; but ſaid not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and ſimplicity, the ſpark was ſomewhat covetous.

The next day, they arrived at the place, where *Sancho* had ſtrewed the broom boughs, as tokens to aſcertain the place where

7 As we ſay, *in the days of queen* Beſs. *Bamba* was an old *Gothic* king of *Spain*.

he

he had left his maſter; and knowing it again, he told them, that was the entrance into it, and therefore they would do well to put on their diſguiſe, if that was of any ſignificancy toward delivering his maſter: for they had before told him, that their going dreſſed in that manner was of the utmoſt importance towards diſengaging his maſter from that evil life he had choſen; and that he muſt by no means let his maſter know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he ſhould ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to *Dulcinea*, he ſhould ſay he had, and that ſhe, not being able to read or write, had anſwered by word of mouth, that ſhe commanded him, on pain of her diſpleaſure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great conſequence to him: for, with this, and what they intended to ſay to him themſelves, they made ſure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him ſo, that he ſhould preſently ſet out, in order to become an emperor, or a king; for, as to his being an archbiſhop, there was no need to fear that. *Sancho* liſtened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their deſign of adviſing his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbiſhop; for he was of opinion, that, as to rewarding their ſquires, emperors could do more than archbiſhops-errant. He told them alſo, it would be proper he ſhould go before, to find him, and deliver him his lady's anſwer; for, perhaps, that alone would be ſufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themſelves to ſo much trouble. They approved of what *Sancho* ſaid, and ſo they reſolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his maſter. *Sancho* entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little ſmooth ſtream, cool, and pleaſantly ſhaded by ſome rocks and neighbouring trees.

It was in the month of *Auguſt*, when the heats in thoſe parts are very violent: the hour was three in the afternoon: all which made the ſituation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for *Sancho*'s return, which accordingly they did. While they repoſed themſelves in the ſhade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any inſtrument, ſounded ſweetly and delightfully: at which they were not a little ſurprized, that being no place where they might expect to find a perſon who could ſing ſo well. For, though it is uſually ſaid, there are in the woods and fields ſhepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is really true: and eſpecially when they obſerved, that the verſes, they heard ſung, were not like the compoſitions of ruſtic ſhepherds, but like thoſe of witty and courtlike perſons. And the verſes, which confirmed them in their opinion, were theſe following.

I.

What cauſes all my grief and pain?
Cruel Diſdain.
What aggravates my miſery?
Accurſed jealouſy.
How has my ſoul its patience loſt?
By tedious abſence croſt.
Alas! no balſam can be found
To heal the grief of ſuch a wound,
When abſence, jealouſy, and ſcorn
Have left me hopeleſs and forlorn.

II.

What in my breaſt this grief could move?
Neglected love.
What doth my fond deſires withſtand?
Fate's cruel hand.
And what confirms my miſery?
Heav'n's fix'd decree.
Ah me! my boding fears portend
This ſtrange diſeaſe my life will end:
For, die I muſt, when three ſuch foes,
Heav'n, fate, and love, my bliſs oppoſe.

III.

My peace of mind what can reſtore?
Death's welcome hour.
What gains love's joys moſt readily?
Fickle inconſtancy.
Its pains what med'cine can aſſuage?
Wild phrenzy's rage.
'Tis therefore little wiſdom, ſure,
For ſuch a grief to ſeek a cure,
As knows no better remedy,
Than phrenzy, death, inconſtancy.

The hour, the ſeaſon, the ſolitude, the voice, and the skill of the perſon, who ſung, raiſed both wonder and delight in the two hearers, who lay ſtill, expecting if perchance they might hear ſomething more: but, perceiving the ſilence continue a good while, they reſolved to iſſue forth in ſearch of the muſician, who had ſung ſo agreeably. And, juſt as they were about to do ſo, the ſame voice hindered them from ſtirring, and again reached their ears with this ſonnet.

SONNET.

Friendſhip, that haſt with nimble flight
Exulting gained th' empyreal height,

In

In heav'n to dwell, whilſt here below
Thy ſemblance reigns in mimic ſhow!
From thence to earth, at thy beheſt,
Deſcends fair peace, cœleſtial gueſt;
Beneath whoſe veil of ſhining hue
Deceit oft' lurks, conceal'd from view.
Leave, friendſhip, leave thy heav'nly ſeat;
Or ſtrip thy livery off the cheat.
If ſtill he wears thy borrowed ſmiles,
And ſtill unwary truth beguiles,
Soon muſt this dark terreſtrial ball
Into its firſt confuſion fall.

The ſong ended with a deep ſigh, and they again liſtened very attentively in hopes of more; but, finding that the muſic was changed into grones and laments, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy Perſon, whoſe voice was as excellent, as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far, when, at doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the ſame ſtature and figure that *Sancho* had deſcribed to them, when he told them the ſtory of *Cardenio*. The man expreſſed no ſurprize at the ſight of them, but ſtood ſtill, inclining his head upon his breaſt, in a penſive poſture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them; 'till juſt at the inſtant when they came, unexpectedly, upon him. The prieſt, who was a well-ſpoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the deſcription, went up to him, and, in few, but very ſignificant, words, intreated and preſſed him to forſake that miſerable kind of life, leſt he ſhould loſe it in that place; which, of all misfortunes, would be the greateſt. *Cardenio* was then in his perfect ſenſes, free from thoſe outrageous fits, that ſo often drove him beſide himſelf: and, ſeeing them both in a dreſs not worn by any that frequented thoſe ſolitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for ſome time; and eſpecially when he heard them ſpeak of his affair as a thing known to them; for, by what the prieſt had ſaid to him, he underſtood as much: wherefore he anſwered in this manner. I am ſenſible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, ſometimes, without any deſert of mine, ſends into theſe places, ſo remote and diſtant from the commerce of human kind, perſons, who, ſetting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reaſonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to ſome better place: but, not knowing, as I do, that I ſhall no ſooner get out of this miſchief, but I ſhall fall into a greater, they, doubtleſs, take me for a very weak man, and, perhaps, what is worſe, a fool, or

a madman. And no wonder; for I have ſome apprehenſion, that the ſenſe of my misfortunes is ſo forcible and intenſe, and ſo prevalent to my deſtruction, that, without my being able to prevent it, I ſometimes become like a ſtone, void of all knowledge and ſenſation: and I find this to be true, by people's telling and ſhewing me the marks of what I have done, while the terrible fit has had the maſtery of me: And all I can do, is, to bewail myſelf in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curſes, and to excuſe my follies, by telling the occaſion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of ſenſe, ſeeing the cauſe, will not wonder at the effects: and, if they adminiſter no remedy, at leaſt they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their diſpleaſure at my behaviour into compaſſion for my misfortune. And, gentlemen, if you come with the ſame intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent perſuaſions, I beſeech you to hear the account of my numberleſs misfortunes: for, perhaps, when you have heard it, you may ſave yourſelves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady that admits of no conſolation.

The two, who deſired nothing more than to learn, from his own mouth, the cauſe of his miſery, intreated him to relate it, aſſuring him they would do nothing but what he deſired, either by way of remedy or advice: and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy ſtory, almoſt in the ſame words and method he had uſed, in relating it to *Don Quixote* and the goatherd, ſome few days before, when, on the mention of maſter *Eliſabat*, and *Don Quixote*'s punctuality, in obſerving the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut ſhort, as the hiſtory left it above. But now, as good-fortune would have it, *Cardenio*'s mad fit was ſuſpended, and afforded him leiſure to rehearſe it to the end: and ſo, coming to the paſſage of the love-letter, which *Don Fernando* found between the leaves of the book of *Amadis de Gaul*, he ſaid, he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

LUCINDA to *CARDENIO.*

I every day diſcover ſuch worth in you, as obliges and forces me to eſteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to diſcharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may eaſily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can juſtly deſire, if you really have that value for me, which you profeſs, and I believe you have.

This letter made me reſolve to demand *Lucinda* in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of thoſe, which gave

Don

Don Fernando ſuch an opinion of *Lucinda*, that he looked upon her as one of the moſt ſenſible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter, which put him upon the deſign of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told *Don Fernando* what *Lucinda*'s father expected; which was, that my father ſhould propoſe the match; but that I durſt not mention it to him, leſt he ſhould not come into it: not becauſe he was unacquainted with the circumſtances, goodneſs, virtue, and beauty of *Lucinda*, and that ſhe had qualities ſufficient to adorn any other family of *Spain* whatever; but becauſe I underſtood by him, that he was deſirous I ſhould not marry ſoon, but wait 'till we ſhould ſee what duke *Ricardo* would do for me. In a word, I told him, that I durſt not venture to ſpeak to my father about it, as well for that reaſon, as for many others, which diſheartened me, I knew not why; only I preſaged, that my deſires were never to take effect. To all this *Don Fernando* anſwered, that he took it upon himſelf to ſpeak to my father, and to prevail upon him to ſpeak to *Lucinda*'s. O ambitious *Marius!* O cruel *Catiline!* O wicked *Sylla!* O crafty *Galalon!* O perfidious *Vellido!* O vindictive *Julian!* O covetous *Judas* [8]! traitor! cruel, vindictive, and crafty! what diſſervice had this poor wretch done you, who ſo frankly diſcovered to you the ſecrets and the joys of his heart? wherein had I offended you? what word did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increaſe of your honour and your intereſt? But why do I complain? miſerable wretch that I am! ſince it is certain, that, when the ſtrong influences of the ſtars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with ſuch violence and fury, that no human force can ſtop them, nor human addreſs prevent them. Who could have thought, that *Don Fernando*, an illuſtrious cavalier, of good ſenſe, obliged by my ſervices, and ſecure of ſucceſs wherever his amorous inclinations led him, ſhould take ſuch cruel pains to deprive me of my ſingle ewe-lamb [9], which yet was not in my poſſeſſion? But, ſetting aſide theſe reflexions as vain and unprofitable, let us reſume the broken thread of my unhappy ſtory.

I ſay then, that *Don Fernando*, thinking my preſence an obſtacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked deſign in execution, reſolved to ſend me to his elder brother for money to pay for ſix horſes, which, merely for the purpoſe of getting me out of the way, that he might the better ſucceed in his helliſh

8 Every body knows *Marius*, *Catiline*, *Sylla*, and *Judas*. *Galalon* betrayed the army that came into *Spain* under *Charlemaine*; *Vellido* murdered king *Sancho*; and count *Julian* brought in the *Moors*, becauſe king *Roderigo* had raviſhed his daughter.

9 Alluding to *Nathan*'s parable, 2 *Sam.* xii.

intent,

intent, he had bought that very day, on which he offered to ſpeak to my father, and on which he diſpatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I ſo much as ſuſpect it? No, certainly; on the contrary, with great pleaſure I offered to depart inſtantly, well ſatisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night, I ſpoke with *Lucinda*, and told her what had been agreed upon between *Don Fernando* and me, bidding her not doubt the ſucceſs of our juſt and honourable deſires. She, as little ſuſpecting *Don Fernando*'s treachery, as I did, deſired me to make haſte back, ſince ſhe believed the completion of our wiſhes would be no longer deferred than 'till my father had ſpoken to her's. I know not whence it was, but ſhe had no ſooner ſaid this, than her eyes ſtood full of tears, and ſome ſudden obſtruction in her throat would not ſuffer her to utter one word of a great many ſhe ſeemed endeavouring to ſay to me. I was aſtoniſhed at this ſtrange accident, having never ſeen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune, or my aſſiduity, gave us an opportunity, we always converſed with the greateſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our diſcourſe tears, ſighs, jealouſies, ſuſpicions, or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by heaven for a miſtreſs. I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and underſtanding. She returned the compliment, by commending in me what, as a lover, ſhe thought worthy of commendation. We told one another an hundred thouſand little childiſh ſtories concerning our neighbours and acquaintance: and the greateſt length my preſumption ran, was, to ſeize, as it were by force, one of her fair and ſnowy hands, and preſs it to my lips, as well as the narrowneſs of the iron-grate, which was between us, would permit. But, the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure, ſhe wept and ſighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confuſion and trepidation, and aſtoniſhed at ſeeing ſuch new and ſad tokens of grief and tender concern in *Lucinda*. But, not to deſtroy my hopes, I aſcribed it all to the violence of the love ſhe bore me, and to the ſorrow, which parting occaſions in thoſe, who love one another tenderly. In ſhort, I went away ſad and penſive, my ſoul filled with imaginations and ſuſpicions, without knowing what I imagined or ſuſpected; all manifeſt preſages of the diſmal event reſerved in ſtore for me.

I arrived at the place whither I was ſent: I gave the letters to *Don Fernando*'s brother: I was well received: but my buſineſs was not ſoon diſpatched; for he ordered me to wait (much to my ſorrow) eight days, and to keep out of his father's ſight; for his brother, he ſaid, had written to him to ſend him a certain ſum of money, without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the falſe *Don Fernando*; for his brother did not

not want money to have diſpatched me immediately. This injunction put me into ſuch a condition, that I could not preſently think of obeying it, it ſeeming to me impoſſible to ſupport life under an abſence of ſo many days from *Lucinda*, eſpecially conſidering I had left her in ſo much ſorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheleſs, I did obey, like a good ſervant, though I found it was likely to be at the expence of my health. But, four days after my arrival, there came a man in queſt of me, with a letter, which he gave me, and which, by the ſuperſcription I knew to be *Lucinda*'s; for it was her own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it muſt be ſome very extraordinary matter, that put her upon writing to me at a diſtance, a thing ſhe very ſeldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the meſſenger, who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me, that, paſſing accidentally through a ſtreet of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and ſaid to him in a great hurry; friend, if you are a chriſtian, as you ſeem to be, I beg of you, for the love of god, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and perſon it is directed to; for both are well known; and in ſo doing you will do a charity acceptable to our lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief; and, ſo ſaying, ſhe threw the handkerchief out at the window; in which were tied up a hundred reals, and this gold ring I have here, with the letter I have given you: and preſently, without ſtaying for my anſwer, ſhe quitted the window; but firſt ſhe ſaw me take up the letter and the handkerchief; and I aſſured her, by ſigns, that I would do what ſhe commanded. And now, ſeeing myſelf ſo well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing, by the ſuperſcription, it was for you (for, ſir, I know you very well) and obliged beſides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I reſolved not to truſt any other perſon, but to deliver it to you with my own hands. And, in ſixteen hours (for ſo long it is ſince it was given me) I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues. While the kind meſſenger was ſpeaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling ſo, that I could ſcarce ſtand. At length I opened the letter, and ſaw it contained theſe words.

The promiſe, Don Fernando *gave you, that he would deſire your father to ſpeak to mine, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification, than your intereſt. Know, ſir, he has demanded me to wife; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks* Don Fernando *has over you, has accepted this propoſal with ſo much earneſtneſs, that the marriage is to be ſolemnized two days hence,*

hence, and that with ſo much ſecrecy and privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witneſſes of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and conſider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this buſineſs will ſhew you. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promiſed faith ſo ill.

Theſe, in fine, were the contents of the letter, and ſuch as made me ſet out immediately, without waiting for any other anſwer, or the money: for now I plainly ſaw, it was not the buying of the horſes, but the indulging his own pleaſure, that had moved *Don Fernando* to ſend me to his brother. The rage I conceived againſt *Don Fernando*, joined with the fear of loſing the prize I had acquired by the ſervices and wiſhes of ſo many years, added wings to my ſpeed; ſo that the next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment moſt convenient for me to go and talk with *Lucinda*. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the houſe of the honeſt man who brought me the letter. And fortune, which I then found propitious, ſo ordered it, that *Lucinda* was ſtanding at the grate [1], the witneſs of our loves. She preſently knew me, and I her; but not as ſhe ought to have known me, and I her. But who is there in the world that can boaſt of having fathomed, and thoroughly ſeen into, the intricate and variable nature of a woman? No body, certainly. I ſay then, that, as ſoon as *Lucinda* ſaw me, ſhe ſaid: *Cardenio*, I am in my bridal habit: there are now ſtaying for me, in the hall, the treacherous *Don Fernando* and my covetous father, with ſome others, who ſhall ſooner be witneſſes of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend; but procure the means to be preſent at this ſacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me, which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and ſtill do bear you. I replied to her, with confuſion and precipitation, fearing I ſhould want time to anſwer her: Let your actions, madam, make good your words; if you carry a dagger to ſecure your honour, I carry a ſword to defend you, or kill myſelf, if fortune proves adverſe to us. I do not believe ſhe heard all theſe words, being, as I perceived, called away haſtily; for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my ſorrow was fallen; the ſun of my joy was ſet: I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgment in my intellects. I was irreſolute as to going into her houſe, nor did

1 In *Spain*, lovers carry on their courtſhip at a low window with a grate before it, being ſeldom admitted into the houſe till the parents on both ſides are agreed.

I know which way to turn me: but when I reflected on the conſequence of my being preſent at what might happen in that caſe, I animated myſelf the beſt I could, and at laſt got into her houſe. And as I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was buſied about the ſecret affair then tranſacting, I eſcaped being perceived by any body. And ſo, without being ſeen, I had leiſure to place myſelf in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapiſtry met; whence, without being ſeen myſelf, I could ſee all that was done in the hall. Who can deſcribe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I ſtood there? the thoughts that occurred to me? the reflexions I made? Such, and ſo many, were they, that they neither can, nor ought to be told. Let it ſuffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall without other ornament than the cloaths he uſually wore. He had with him, for brideman, a couſin-german of *Lucinda*'s, and there was no other perſon in the room, but the ſervants of the houſe. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out *Lucinda*, accompanied by her mother, and two of her own maids, as richly dreſſed and adorned as her quality and beauty deſerved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and diſtraction I was in gave me no leiſure to view and obſerve the particulars of her dreſs; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the ſplendor of the precious ſtones and jewels of her head-attire, and of the reſt of her habit; which yet were exceeded in luſtre by the ſingular beauty of her fair and golden treſſes, which, vying with the precious ſtones, and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, ſtruck the eyes with ſuperior brightneſs. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repoſe! why doſt thou repreſent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to put me in mind of, and repreſent to my imagination, what ſhe then did; that, moved by ſo flagrant an injury, I may ſtrive, ſince I do not revenge it, at leaſt to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing theſe digreſſions I make; for my misfortune is not of that kind, that can or ought to be related ſuccinctly and methodically, ſince each circumſtance ſeems to me to deſerve a long diſcourſe. To this the prieſt replied; that they were ſo far from being tired with hearing it, that they took great pleaſure in the minuteſt particulars he recounted, being ſuch as deſerved not to be paſt over in ſilence, and merited no leſs attention than the principal parts of the ſtory.

I ſay then, continued *Cardenio*, that, they being all aſſembled in the hall, the pariſh-prieſt entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is neceſſary on

ſuch

ſuch occaſions, when he came to theſe words, 'Will you, 'Madam *Lucinda*, take Signor *Don Fernando*, who is here 'preſent, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the 'church commands?' I thruſt out my head and neck through the partings of the tapiſtry, and, with the utmoſt attention and diſtraction of ſoul, ſet myſelf to liſten to what *Lucinda* anſwered; expecting, from her anſwer, the ſentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O! that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud; Ah *Lucinda*, *Lucinda!* take heed what you do; conſider what you owe me: behold, you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice, that your ſaying *Yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the ſame moment. Ah, traitor *Don Fernando!* raviſher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? conſider, you cannot, as a chriſtian, arrive at the end of your deſires; for *Lucinda* is my wife, and I am her husband. Ah, fool that I am! now, that I am abſent, and at a diſtance from the danger, I am ſaying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now, that I have ſuffered myſelf to be robbed of my ſoul's treaſure, I am curſing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myſelf, if I had had as much heart to do it, as I have now to complain. In ſhort, ſince I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now aſhamed, repentant, and mad. The prieſt ſtood expecting *Lucinda*'s anſwer, who gave it not for a long time; and, when I thought ſhe was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting looſe her tongue to avow ſome truth, which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her ſay, with a low and faint voice, *I will.* The ſame ſaid *Don Fernando*, and, the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indiſſoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and ſhe, laying her hand on her heart ſwooned away between her mother's arms. It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I ſaw in the *Yes* I had heard, my hopes fruſtrated, *Lucinda*'s vows and promiſes broken, and no poſſibility left of my ever recovering the happineſs I in that moment loſt. I was totally confounded, and thought myſelf abandoned of heaven, and become an enemy to the earth that ſuſtained me, the air denying me breath for my ſighs, and the water moiſture for my tears: the fire alone was ſo increaſed in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealouſy. They were all affrighted at *Lucinda*'s ſwooning; and her mother unlacing her boſom to give her air, ſhe diſcovered in it a paper folded up, which *Don Fernando* preſently ſeized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux: and, having done reading it, he ſat himſelf down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the ſigns of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were uſing to recover his bride from her fainting fit. Per-

Perceiving the whole houſe in a conſternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was ſeen, or not; and with a determined reſolution, if ſeen, to act ſo deſperate a part, that all the world ſhould have known the juſt indignation of my breaſt, by the chaſtiſement of the falſe *Don Fernando*, and of the fickle, though ſwooning, traitreſs. But my fate, which has doubtleſs reſerved me for greater evils, if greater can poſſibly be, ordained, that, at that juncture, I had the uſe of my underſtanding, which has ſince failed me; and ſo, without thinking to take revenge on my greateſt enemies (which might very eaſily have been done, when they thought ſo little of me) I reſolved to take it on myſelf, and to execute on my own perſon that puniſhment, which they deſerved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I ſhould have done on them, even in taking away their lives: for a ſudden death ſoon puts one out of pain; but that, which is prolonged by tortures, is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the houſe, and went to the place where I had left the mule: I got it ſaddled, and, without taking any leave, I mounted, and rode out of the town, not daring, like another *Lot*, to look behind me; and, when I found myſelf in the field alone, and covered by the darkneſs of the night, and the ſilence thereof inviting me to complain, without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a looſe to my voice, and untied my tongue, in a thouſand exclamations on *Lucinda* and *Don Fernando*, as if that had been ſatisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, falſe, and ungrateful; but above all covetous, ſince the wealth of my enemy had ſhut the eyes of her affection, and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another, to whom fortune had ſhewn herſelf more bountiful and liberal. But, in the height of theſe curſes and reproaches, I excuſed her, ſaying; it was no wonder, that a maiden, kept up cloſe in her father's houſe, and always accuſtomed to obey her parents, ſhould comply with their inclination, eſpecially ſince they gave her for a husband ſo conſiderable, ſo rich, and ſo accompliſhed a cavalier; and that, to have refuſed him, would have made people think ſhe had no judgments or that her affections were engaged elſewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But, on the other hand, ſuppoſing ſhe had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared, that ſhe had not made ſo ill a choice, but ſhe might have been excuſed, ſince, before *Don Fernando* offered himſelf, they themſelves could not, conſiſtently with reaſon, have deſired a better match for their daughter: and how eaſily might ſhe, before ſhe came to the laſt extremity of giving her hand, have ſaid, that I had already given her mine: for I would have appeared, and have confirmed whatever ſhe had invented on this occaſion. In fine, I concluded,

cluded, that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and a desire of greatness, had made her forget those words, by which she had deluded, kept up, and nourished my firm hopes and honest desires.

With these soliloquies, and with this disquietude, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and, at day-break, arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts, through which I went on three days more, without any road or path, 'till at last I came to a certain meadow, that lies somewhere hereabouts; and there I enquired of some shepherds, which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither, with design to end my life here; and, at the entring among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or, as I rather believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus I was left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground: at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity: for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things, that they wanted no farther proof of my having lost my understanding: and I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since, but so shattered and crazy, that I commit a thousand extravagancies, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent, at the time, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. And when I come to myself, I find I am so weary, and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcase. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though, at such times, I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it, and the will to take it. At other times, as they tell me when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and, tho' the shepherds, who are bringing food from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting 'till it shall please heaven to bring it to a final period, or, by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of *Lucinda*, and the wrongs done me by *Don Fernando*: for, if it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains

mains only to beſeech god to have mercy on my ſoul; for I feel no ability nor ſtrength in myſelf to raiſe my body out of this ſtrait, into which I have voluntarily brought it.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter ſtory of my misfortune: tell me now, could it be borne with leſs concern than what you have perceived in me? And, pray, give yourſelves no trouble to perſuade or adviſe me to follow what you may think reaſonable and proper for my cure: for it will do me juſt as much good, as a medicine preſcribed by a skilful phyſician will do a ſick man, who refuſes to take it. I will have no health without *Lucinda:* and, ſince ſhe was pleaſed to give herſelf to another, when ſhe was, or ought to have been, mine, let me have the pleaſure of indulging myſelf in unhappineſs, ſince I might have been happy if I had pleaſed. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone: I, by endeavouring to deſtroy myſelf, would ſatisfy her will: and I ſhall ſtand as an example to poſterity of having been the only unfortunate perſon, whom the impoſſibility of receiving conſolation could not comfort, but plunged in ſtill greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itſelf.

Here *Cardenio* ended his long diſcourſe, and his ſtory, no leſs full of misfortunes than of love; and, juſt as the prieſt was preparing to ſay ſomething to him, by way of conſolation, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents, ſaid, what will be related in the fourth book of this hiſtory: for, at this point, the wiſe and judicious hiſtorian *Cid Hamet Benengeli* put an end to the third.

THE
LIFE *and* EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befel the prieſt and the barber in the ſame mountain.

MOST happy and fortunate were the times, in which the moſt daring knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was uſhered into the world; ſince, through the ſo honourable reſolution he took of reviving and reſtoring to the world the long ſince loſt, and as it were buried, order of knight-errantry, we, in theſe our times, barren and unfruitful of amuſing entertainments, enjoy not only the ſweets of his true hiſtory, but alſo the ſtories and epiſodes of it, which are, in ſome ſort, no leſs pleaſing, artificial, and true, than the hiſtory itſelf: which, reſuming the broken [9] thread of the narration, relates, that, as the prieſt was preparing himſelf to comfort *Cardenio*, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, ſpoke in this manner.

9 In the original, *carded, twiſted, and reel'd.*

O heavens! is it poſſible I have at laſt found a place, that can afford a ſecret grave for the irkſome burden of this body, which I bear about ſo much againſt my will? Yes, it is, if the ſolitude, which theſe rocks promiſe, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable ſociety ſhall I find in theſe crags and brakes, which will at leaſt afford me leiſure to communicate my miſeries to heaven by complaints, than in the converſation of men, ſince there is no one living, from whom I can expect counſel in doubts, eaſe in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes.

The prieſt, and they that were with him, heard all this very diſtinctly; and perceiving, as indeed it was, that the voice was near them, they roſe up in queſt of the ſpeaker; and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind a rock, they eſpied a youth, dreſſed like a peaſant, ſitting at the foot of an aſh-tree; whoſe face they could not then diſcern, becauſe he hung down his head, on account that he was waſhing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near ſo ſilently, that he did not hear them; nor was he intent upon any thing but waſhing his feet, which were ſuch, that they ſeemed to be two pieces of pure cryſtal, growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They ſtood in admiration at the whiteneſs and beauty of the feet, which did not ſeem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dreſs might have perſuaded them they were: and finding they were not perceived, the prieſt, who went foremoſt, made ſigns to the other two, to crouch low, or hide themſelves behind ſome of the rocks thereabouts: which they accordingly did, and ſtood obſerving attentively what the youth was doing. He had on a gray double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore alſo a pair of breeches and gamaſhes of gray cloth, and a gray huntſman's cap on his head. His gamaſhes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really ſeemed to be of ſnowy alabaſter. Having made an end of waſhing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with an handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his cap; and, at the taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding an incomparable beauty, and ſuch a beauty, that *Cardenio* ſaid to the prieſt, with a low voice; Since this is not *Lucinda*, it can be no human, but muſt be a divine creature. The youth took off his cap, and ſhaking his head, there began to flow down, and ſpread over his ſhoulders, a quantity of lovely hair, that *Apollo* himſelf might envy. By this they found, that the perſon, who ſeemed to be a peaſant, was, in reality, a woman, and a delicate one, nay, the handſomeſt that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even *Cardenio* himſelf, if he had

never ſeen and known *Lucinda*; for, as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of *Lucinda* alone could come in competition with her's. Her long and golden treſſes not only fell on her ſhoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers ſerved inſtead of a comb; and if her feet in the water ſeemed to be of cryſtal, her hands in her hair were like driven ſnow. All which excited a ſtill greater admiration and deſire in the three ſpectators to learn who ſhe was. For this purpoſe they reſolved to ſhew themſelves; and, at the ruſtling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raiſed her head, and, with both her hands, parting her hair from before her eyes, ſaw thoſe who had made the noiſe; and ſcarcely had ſhe ſeen them, when ſhe roſe up, and, without ſtaying to put on her ſhoes, or re-place her hair, ſhe haſtily ſnatched up ſomething like a bundle of clothes, which lay cloſe by her, and betook herſelf to flight, all in confuſion and ſurprize: but ſhe had not gone ſix ſteps, when, her tender feet not being able to endure the ſharpneſs of the ſtones, ſhe fell down: which the three perceiving, they went up to her, and the prieſt was the firſt who ſaid; Stay, madam, whoever you are; for thoſe you ſee here have no other intention but that of ſerving you: there is no reaſon why you ſhould endeavour to make ſo needleſs an eſcape, which neither your feet can bear, nor ours permit. To all this ſhe anſwered not a word, being aſtoniſhed and confounded. Then the prieſt, taking hold of her hand, went on ſaying: What your dreſs, madam, would conceal from us, your hair diſcovers; a manifeſt indication, that no ſlight cauſe has diſguiſed your beauty in ſo unworthy a habit, and brought you to ſuch a ſolitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to adminiſter a remedy to your misfortunes, at leaſt to aſſiſt you with our advice, ſince no evil, which does not deſtroy life itſelf, can afflict ſo much, or arrive to that extremity, as to make the ſufferer refuſe to hearken to advice, when given with a ſincere intention: and therefore, dear madam, or dear ſir, or whatever you pleaſe to be, ſhake off the ſurprize, which the ſight of us has occaſioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly, or ſeverally, diſpoſed to ſympathize with you in your misfortunes.

While the prieſt was ſaying this, the diſguiſed maiden ſtood like one ſtupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or ſpeaking a word: juſt like a country clown, when he is ſhewn of a ſudden ſomething curious, or never ſeen before. But the prieſt adding more to the ſame purpoſe, ſhe fetched a deep ſigh, and, breaking ſilence, ſaid: Since neither the ſolitude of theſe rocks has been ſufficient to conceal me, nor the diſcompoſure of my hair has ſuffered my tongue to belye my ſex, it would be in vain for me now to dreſs up a fiction, which,



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which, if you ſeemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaiſance, than for any other reaſon. This being the caſe, I ſay, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to ſatisfy you in whatever you have deſired of me; though I fear the relation I ſhall make of my misfortunes will raiſe in you a concern equal to your compaſſion; ſince it will not be in your power, either to remedy, or alleviate them. Nevertheleſs, that my honour may not ſuffer in your opinions, from your having already diſcovered me to be a woman, and your ſeeing me young, and alone, in this garb, any one of which circumſtances is ſufficient to bring diſcredit on the beſt reputation, I muſt tell you what I would gladly have concealed, if it was in my power. All this ſhe, who appeared ſo beautiful a woman, ſpoke without heſitating, ſo readily, and with ſo much eaſe, and ſweetneſs both of tongue and voice, that her good ſenſe ſurprized them no leſs than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and intreaties to her, that ſhe would perform her promiſe; ſhe, without more asking, having firſt modeſtly put on her ſhoes and ſtockings, and gathered up her hair, ſeated herſelf upon a flat ſtone; and the three being placed round her, after ſhe had done ſome violence to herſelf in reſtraining the tears that came into her eyes, ſhe began the hiſtory of her life, with a clear and ſedate voice, in this manner.

There is a place in this country of *Andaluzia*, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of thoſe they call *grandees of Spain*. This duke has two ſons; the elder, heir to his eſtate, and, in appearance, to his virtues; and the younger, heir to, I know not what, unleſs it be to the treachery of *Vellido* [1], and the deceitfulneſs of *Galalon* [2]. My parents are vaſſals to this nobleman: it is true, they are of low extraction, but ſo rich, that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled thoſe of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wiſh for, nor ſhould I have had any reaſon to fear being expoſed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for, it is probable, my misfortunes ariſe from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not ſo low, that they need to be aſhamed of their condition, nor ſo high, as to hinder me from thinking, that their meanneſs is the cauſe of my unhappineſs. In a word, they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they uſually ſay, old ruſty chriſtians [3]; but

1 Who murdered *Sancho* king of *Caſtile*, as he was eaſing himſelf, at the ſiege of *Zamora*.

2 Who betrayed the *French* army at *Roncevalles*.

3 That is, original *Spaniards*, without mixture of *Moor* or *Jew*, for ſeveral generations, ſuch only being qualified for titles of honour.

ſo ruſty, that their wealth, and handſom way of living, is, by degrees, acquiring them the name of gentlemen, and even of cavaliers; though the riches and nobility they valued themſelves moſt upon, was, their having me for their daughter: and, as they had no other child to inherit what they poſſeſſed, and were beſides very affectionate parents, I was one of the moſt indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirrour, in which they beheld themſelves, the ſtaff of their old age, and ſhe whoſe happineſs was the ſole object of all their wiſhes, under the guidence of heaven; to which, being ſo good, mine were always intirely conformable. And, as I was miſtreſs of their affections, ſo was I of all they poſſeſſed. As I pleaſed, ſervants were hired and diſcharged; through my hands paſſed the account and management of what was ſowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-preſſes, the number of herds, flocks, and bee-hives; in a word, all that ſo rich a farmer as my father has, or can be ſuppoſed to have, was intruſted to my care: I was both ſteward and miſtreſs, with ſo much diligence on my part, and ſatisfaction on theirs, that I cannot eaſily enhance it to you. The hours of the day that remained, after giving directions, and aſſigning proper tasks to the head-ſervants, overſeers, and day-labourers, I employed in ſuch exerciſes as are not only allowable, but neceſſary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the needle, making lace, and ſometimes ſpinning: and if now and then, to recreate my mind, I quitted theſe exerciſes, I entertained myſelf with reading ſome book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience ſhewed me, that muſic compoſes the mind when it is diſordered, and relieves the ſpirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's houſe; and if I have been ſo particular in recounting it, it was not out of oſtentation, nor to give you to underſtand that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deſerved to fall from that ſtate into the unhappy one I am now in. While I paſſed my time in ſo many occupations, and in a retirement that might be compared to that of a nunnery, without being ſeen, as I imagined, by any one beſides our own ſervants, (becauſe, when I went to maſs, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and ſome of the maid-ſervants, and I was ſo cloſely veiled and reſerved, that my eyes ſcarce ſaw more ground than the ſpace I ſet my foot upon;) it fell out, I ſay, notwithſtanding all this, that the eyes of love, or rather of idleneſs, to which thoſe of a lynx are not to be compared, diſcovered me thro' the induſtrious curioſity of *Don Fernando*; for that is the name of the duke's younger ſon, whom I told you of.

She had no ſooner named *Don Fernando*, than *Cardenio*'s colour changed, and he began to ſweat with ſuch violent perturbation,

bation, that the prieſt and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits, to which they had heard he was now and then ſubject. But *Cardenio* did nothing but ſweat, and ſat ſtill, fixing his eyes moſt attentively on the country-maid, imagining who ſhe muſt be; who, taking no notice of the emotions of *Cardenio*, continued her ſtory, ſaying:

Scarcely had he ſeen me, when (as he afterwards declared) he fell deſperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it ſufficiently evinced. But, to ſhorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endleſs, I paſs over in ſilence the diligence *Don Fernando* uſed in getting an opportunity to declare his paſſion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered preſents, and did favours to ſeveral of my relations. Every day was a feſtival and day of rejoicing in our ſtreet: no body could ſleep o' nights for ſerenades. Infinite were the billet-douxes that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expreſſions, and offers of kindneſs, with more promiſes and oaths in them, than letters. All which was ſo far from ſoftening me, that I grew the more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and all the meaſures he took to bring me to his lure had been deſigned for a quite contrary purpoſe; not that I diſliked the galantry of *Don Fernando*, or thought him too importunate: for it gave me I know not what ſecret ſatisfaction to ſee myſelf thus courted and reſpected by ſo conſiderable a cavalier, and it was not diſagreeable to me to find my own praiſes in his letters: for, let us women be never ſo ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleaſed to hear ourſelves called handſom. But all this was oppoſed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly ſaw through *Don Fernando*'s deſign; for, indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they repoſed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bid me conſider the diſproportion between me and *Don Fernando*, from whence I ought to conclude, that his thoughts, whatever he might ſay to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleaſure, than upon my good: and if I had a mind to throw an obſtacle in the way of his deſigns, in order to make him deſiſt from his unjuſt pretenſions, they would marry me, they ſaid, out of hand, to whomſoever I pleaſed, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; ſince their conſiderable wealth, and my good character, put it in their power eaſily to provide a ſuitable match for me. With this promiſe, and the truth of what they ſaid, I fortified my virtue, and would never anſwer *Don Fernando* the leaſt word, that might afford him the moſt diſtant hope of ſucceeding in his deſign. All this reſervedneſs of mine, which

he

he ought to have taken for diſdain, ſerved rather to quicken his laſcivious appetite; for I can give no better name to the paſſion he ſhewed for me, which, had it been ſuch as it ought, you would not now have known it, ſince there would have been no occaſion for my giving you this account of it.

At length *Don Fernando* diſcovered, that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at leaſt were reſolved to have me more narrowly watched. And this news, or ſuſpicion, put him upon doing what you ſhall preſently hear: which was, that, one night, as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being faſt locked, leſt by any neglect my virtue might be endangered, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midſt of all this care and precaution, and the ſolitude of this ſilence and recluſeneſs, he ſtood before me; at whoſe ſight I was ſtruck blind and dumb, and had not power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have ſuffered me to have done it: for he inſtantly ran to me, and, taking me in his arms (for, as I ſaid, I had no power to ſtruggle, being in ſuch confuſion) he began to ſay ſuch things, that one would think it impoſſible falſhood ſhould be able to frame them with ſuch an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his ſighs to his deſign. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all verſed in affairs of this nature, began, I know not how, to deem for true ſo many and ſo great falſities: not that his tears or ſighs could move me to any criminal compaſſion. And ſo, my firſt ſurprize being over, I began a little to recover my loſt ſpirits; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, ſaid: If, ſir, as I am between your arms, I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or ſaying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impoſſible for me to do or ſay it, as it is impoſſible for that, which has been, not to have been: ſo that, though you hold my body confined between your arms, I hold my mind reſtrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from yours, as you will ſee, if you proceed to uſe violence. I am your vaſſal, but not your ſlave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to diſhonour and inſult the meanneſs of mine; and though a country-girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me; I ſet no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, nor can your ſighs and tears mollify me. If I ſaw any of theſe things in a perſon, whom my parents ſhould aſſign me for a husband, my will ſhou'd conform itſelf to theirs, and not tranſgreſs the bounds which they preſcribed it. And therefore,

therefore, Sir, with the ſafety of my honour, though I ſacrificed my private ſatisfaction, I might freely beſtow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have ſaid all this, becauſe I would not have you think, that any one, who is not my lawful husband, ſhall ever prevail on me.

If that be all you ſtick at, moſt beautiful *Dorothea* (for that is the name of this unhappy woman) ſaid the treacherous cavalier, lo! here I give you my hand to be yours, and let the heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady you have here, be witneſſes to this truth. When *Cardenio* heard her call herſelf *Dorothea*, he fell again into his diſorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his firſt opinion: but he would not interrupt the ſtory, being deſirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; only he ſaid: What! Madam, is your name *Dorothea?* I have heard of one of the ſame name, whoſe misfortunes very much reſemble yours. But proceed; for ſome time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compaſſion. *Dorothea* took notice of *Cardenio*'s words, and of his ſtrange and tattered dreſs; and deſired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it preſently; for, if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage ſhe had to bear any diſaſter whatever that might befal her, ſecure in this, that none could poſſibly happen, that could in the leaſt add to thoſe ſhe already endured. Madam, replied *Cardenio*, I would not be the means of deſtroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine ſhould be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity loſt, nor is it of any importance that you ſhould know it as yet. Be that as it will, anſwered *Dorothea*; I go on with my ſtory. *Don Fernando*, taking the image that ſtood in the room, and placing it for a witneſs of our eſpouſals, with all the ſolemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband; although I warned him, before he had done, to conſider well what he was about, and the uneaſineſs it muſt needs give his father to ſee him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vaſſal; and therefore he ought to beware, leſt my beauty, ſuch as it was, ſhould blind him, ſince that would not be a ſufficient excuſe for his fault; and, if he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would ſuffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for ſuch diſproportionate matches are ſeldom happy, or continue long in that ſtate of pleaſure, with which they ſet out.

All theſe reaſons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him deſiſt from proſecuting his deſign; juſt as he, who never intends to pay, ſticks at nothing in making a bargain. Upon that occaſion I briefly reaſoned thus with myſelf.

ſelf. Well! I ſhall not be the firſt, who, by the way of marriage, has riſen from a low to an high condition, nor will *Don Fernando* be the firſt, whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since then I neither make a new world, nor a new cuſtom, ſurely I may be allowed to accept this honour, which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he ſhews for me ſhould laſt no longer than the accompliſhment of his will; for, in ſhort, in the ſight of god, I ſhall be his wife. Beſides, ſhould I reject him with diſdain, I ſee him prepared to ſet aſide all ſenſe of duty, and to have recourſe to violence; and ſo I ſhall remain diſhonoured, and without excuſe, when I am cenſured by thoſe, who do not know how innocently I came into this ſtrait. For what reaſons can be ſufficient to perſuade my parents, and others, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my conſent? All theſe queſtions and anſwers I revolved in my imagination in an inſtant. But what principally inclined and drew me, thoughtleſs as I was, to my ruin, was, *Don Fernando*'s oaths, the witneſſes by which he ſwore, the tears he ſhed, and, in fine, his genteel carriage and addreſs, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much diſengaged, and as reſerved, as mine. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witneſs on earth with thoſe in heaven. *Don Fernando* repeated and confirmed his oaths. He atteſted new ſaints, and imprecated a thouſand curſes on himſelf, if he failed in the performance of his promiſe. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his ſighs, and preſſed me cloſer between his arms, from which he had never once looſed me. And with this, and my maid's going again out of the room, I ceaſed to be one, and he became a traitor and perjured.

The day, that ſucceeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not ſo faſt as, I believe, *Don Fernando* wiſhed. For, after the accompliſhment of our deſires, the greateſt pleaſure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I ſay this, becauſe *Don Fernando* made haſte to leave me; and, by the diligence of the ſame maid, who had betrayed me, was got into the ſtreet before break of day. And, at parting, he ſaid, though not with the ſame warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and the truth and ſincerity of his oaths: and, as a confirmation of his promiſe, he drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it on mine. In ſhort, he went away, and I remained I know not whether ſad or joyful: this I can truly ſay, that I remained confuſed and thoughtful, and almoſt diſtracted at what had paſſed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery ſhe had been guilty of in conveying *Don Fernando* into my chamber;

ber: for, indeed, I had not yet determined with myſelf, whether what had befallen me was to my good or harm. I told *Don Fernando*, at parting, he might, if he pleaſed, ſince I was now his own, ſee me on other nights by the ſame method he had now taken, till he ſhould be pleaſed to publiſh what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a ſight of him in the ſtreet, or at church, in above a month, though I tired myſelf with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almoſt every day to hunt, an exerciſe he was very fond of. Thoſe days, and thoſe hours, I too well remember, were ſad and diſmal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at laſt to disbelieve, the fidelity of *Don Fernando*. I remember too, that I then made my damſel hear thoſe reproofs for her preſumption, which ſhe had eſcaped before. I was forced to ſet a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occaſion to enquire into the cauſe of my diſcontent, and laying myſelf under the neceſſity of inventing lyes to deceive them. But all this was ſoon put an end to by an accident, which bore down all reſpect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and expoſed my moſt ſecret thoughts on the publick ſtage of the world: which was this. Some few days after, a report was ſpread in the town, that *Don Fernando* was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of extreme beauty, and whoſe parents were of conſiderable quality, but not ſo rich, that her dowry might make her aſpire to ſo noble an alliance. Her name, it was ſaid, was *Lucinda*, and many ſtrange things were reported to have happened at their wedding.

Cardenio heard the name of *Lucinda*, but did nothing more than ſhrug up his ſhoulders, bite his lips, arch his brows, and ſoon after let fall two ſtreams of tears from his eyes. *Dorothea* did not, however, diſcontinue her ſtory, but went on, ſaying: This ſad news ſoon reached my ears; and my heart, inſtead of being chilled at hearing it, was ſo incenſed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could ſcarce forbear running out into the ſtreets, crying out and publiſhing aloud, how baſely and treacherouſly I had been uſed. But this fury was moderated, for the preſent, by a reſolution I took, and executed that very night; which was, to put myſelf into this garb, which was given me by one of thoſe, who, in farmers houſes, are called ſwains [4], to whom I diſcovered my whole misfortune, and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy then was. He, finding me bent upon my deſign, after he had condemned the raſhneſs of my undertaking, and blamed my

4 A kind of apprentice or journeyman farmer.

reſolution,

reſolution, offered himſelf to bear me company, as he expreſſed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put up, in a pillow-caſe, a woman's dreſs, with ſome jewels and money, to provide againſt whatever might happen: and, in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the ſecret, I left our houſe accompanied only by my ſervant, and a thouſand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot, the deſire of getting thither adding wings to my flight, that, if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might at leaſt demand of *Don Fernando*, with what conſcience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I enquired where *Lucinda*'s father lived; and the firſt perſon I addreſſed myſelf to anſwered me more than I deſired to hear. He told me where I might find the houſe, and related to me the whole ſtory of what had happened at the young lady's wedding; all which was ſo public in the town, that the people aſſembled in every ſtreet to talk of it. He told me that, on the night *Don Fernando* was married to *Lucinda*, after ſhe had pronounced the *Yes*, by which ſhe became his wedded wife, ſhe fell into a ſwoon; and the bridegroom, in unclaſping her boſom to give her air, found a paper written with *Lucinda*'s own hand, in which ſhe affirmed and declared, that ſhe could not be wife to *Don Fernando*, becauſe ſhe was already *Cardenio*'s (who, as the man told me, was a very conſiderable cavalier of the ſame town) and that ſhe had given her conſent to *Don Fernando*, merely in obedience to her parents. In ſhort, the paper gave them to underſtand, that ſhe deſigned killing herſelf as ſoon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewiſe her reaſons for ſo doing: all which, they ſay, was confirmed by a poniard they found about her, in ſome part of her cloaths. *Don Fernando*, ſeeing all this, and concluding himſelf deluded, mocked, and deſpiſed by *Lucinda*, made at her, before ſhe recovered from her fainting fit, and, with the ſame poniard that was found, endeavoured to ſtab her; and had certainly done it, if her parents, and the reſt of the company, had not prevented him. They ſaid farther, that *Don Fernando* immediately abſented himſelf, and that *Lucinda* did not come to herſelf till the next day, when ſhe confeſſed to her parents, that ſhe was really wife to the cavalier aforeſaid. I learned moreover, it was rumoured that *Cardenio* was preſent at the ceremony, and that, ſeeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of the town in deſpair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he ſet forth at large the wrong *Lucinda* had done him, and his reſolution of going where human eyes ſhould never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth; but the talk increaſed, when it was known that *Lucinda*

Cinda alſo was miſſing from her father's houſe; at which her parents were almoſt diſtracted, not knowing what means to uſe, in order to find her. This news rallied my ſcattered hopes, and I was better pleaſed not to find *Don Fernando*, than to have found him married, flattering myſelf, that the door to my relief was not quite ſhut; and hoping that, poſſibly, heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his ſecond marriage, to reduce him to a ſenſe of what he owed to the firſt, and to make him reflect, that he was a chriſtian, and obliged to have more regard to his ſoul, than to any worldly conſiderations. All theſe things I revolved in my imagination, and having no real conſolation, comforted myſelf with framing ſome faint and diſtant hopes, in order to ſupport a life I now abhor.

Being, then, in the town, without knowing what to do with myſelf, ſince I did not find *Don Fernando*, I heard a public crier promiſing a great reward to any one who ſhould find me, deſcribing my age, and the very dreſs I wore. And, as I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's houſe with the young fellow that attended me: a thing, which ſtruck me to the very ſoul, to ſee how low my credit was ſunk; as if it was not enough to ſay that I was gone off, but it muſt be added with whom, and he too a perſon ſo much below me, and ſo unworthy of my better inclinations. At the inſtant I heard the crier, I went out of the town with my ſervant, who already began to diſcover ſome ſigns of ſtaggering in his promiſed fidelity; and that night we got into the thickeſt of this mountain, for fear of being found. But, as it is commonly ſaid, that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one diſaſter is the beginning of a greater, ſo it befel me; for my good ſervant, till then faithful and truſty, ſeeing me in this deſert place, and incited by his own baſeneſs rather than by any beauty of mine, reſolved to lay hold of the opportunity this ſolitude ſeemed to afford him; and, with little ſhame, and leſs fear of God, or reſpect to his miſtreſs, began to make love to me: but, finding that I anſwered him with ſuch language as the impudence of his attempt deſerved, he laid aſide intreaties, by which, at firſt, he hoped to ſucceed, and began to uſe force. But juſt heaven, that ſeldom or never fails to regard and favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in ſuch a manner, that, with the little ſtrength I had, and without much difficulty, I puſhed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether alive or dead. And then, with more nimbleneſs than could be expected from my ſurprize and wearineſs, I entered into this deſert mountain, without any other thought or deſign than to hide myſelf here from my father, and others, who, by his order, were in ſearch after me. It is I know not how many months ſince, with this deſign, I came hither, where I met with a

ſhepherd,

ſhepherd, who took me for his ſervant to a place in the very midſt of theſe rocks. I ſerved him, all this time, as a ſhepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now ſo unexpectedly diſcovered me. But all my care and ſolicitude were to no purpoſe; for my maſter came to diſcover I was not a man, and the ſame wicked thoughts ſprung up in his breaſt, that had poſſeſſed my ſervant. But, as fortune does not always with the difficulty preſent the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the maſter, as before of the ſervant, I thought it more adviſeable to leave him, and hide myſelf once more among theſe brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my ſtrength or diſſuaſions with him. I ſay then, I again betook myſelf to theſe deſerts, where, without moleſtation, I might beſeech heaven, with ſighs and tears, to have pity on my diſconſolate ſtate, and either to aſſiſt me with ability to ſtruggle through it, or to put an end to my life among theſe ſolitudes, where no memory might remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of hers, has miniſtred matter to be talked of, and cenſured, in her own and in other countries.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's *diſcretion, with other very ingenious and entertaining particulars.*

THIS, gentlemen, is the true hiſtory of my tragedy: ſee now, and judge, whether you might not reaſonably have expected more ſighs than thoſe you have liſtened to, more words than thoſe you have heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes: and, the quality of my misfortune conſidered, you will perceive that all counſel is in vain, ſince a remedy is no where to be found. All I deſire of you is (what with eaſe you can and ought to do) that you would adviſe me where I may paſs my life, without the continual dread and apprehenſion of being diſcovered by thoſe, who are ſearching after me; for, though I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents toward me for a kind reception, yet ſo great is the ſhame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not ſuch as they expected, that I chooſe rather to baniſh myſelf for ever from their ſight, than to behold their face under the thought, that they ſee mine eſtranged from that integrity, they had good reaſon to promiſe themſelves from me.

Here ſhe held her peace, and her face was overſpread with ſuch a colour, as plainly diſcovered the concern and ſhame of her ſoul. The hearers felt in theirs no leſs pity than admiration at her misfortune. The prieſt was juſt going to adminiſter to her

her ſome preſent comfort and counſel: but *Cardenio* prevented him, ſaying: It ſeems then, madam, you are the beautiful *Dorothea*, only daughter of the rich *Clenardo*. *Dorothea* was ſurprized at hearing her father's name, and to ſee what a ſorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly *Cardenio* was apparelled: and ſhe ſaid to him; Pray, ſir, who are you that are ſo well acquainted with my father's name? for, to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned his name in the whole ſeries of the account of my misfortune. I am, anſwered *Cardenio*, that unfortunate perſon, whom, according to your relation, *Lucinda* owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy *Cardenio*, whom the baſe actions of him, who has reduced you to the ſtate you are in, have brought to the paſs you ſee, to be thus ragged, naked, deſtitute of all human comfort, and, what is worſt of all, deprived of reaſon; for I enjoy it only when heaven is pleaſed to beſtow it on me for ſome ſhort interval. I, *Dorothea*, am he, who was an eye-witneſs of the wrong *Don Fernando* did me; he, who waited to hear the fatal *Yes*, by which *Lucinda* confirmed herſelf his wife. I am he, who had not the courage to ſtay, and ſee what would be the conſequence of her ſwooning, nor what followed the diſcovery of the paper in her boſom: for my ſoul could not bear ſuch accumulated misfortunes: and therefore I abandoned the houſe and my patience together; and, leaving a letter with my hoſt, whom I intreated to deliver it into *Lucinda*'s own hands, I betook myſelf to theſe ſolitudes, with a reſolution of ending here my life, which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itſelf with depriving me of my ſenſes, perhaps to preſerve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you; and, as I have no reaſon to doubt of the truth of what you have related, heaven, peradventure, may have reſerved us both for a better iſſue out of our misfortunes than we think. For, ſince *Lucinda* cannot marry *Don Fernando*, becauſe ſhe is mine, as ſhe has publickly declared, nor *Don Fernando Lucinda*, becauſe he is yours, there is ſtill room for us to hope, that heaven will reſtore to each of us our own, ſince it is not yet alienated, nor paſt recovery. And, ſince we have this conſolation, not ariſing from very diſtant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I intreat you, madam, to entertain other reſolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourſelf to expect better fortune. For I ſwear to you, upon the faith of a cavalier and a chriſtian, not to forſake you, 'till I ſee you in poſſeſſion of *Don Fernando*, and, if I cannot, by fair means, perſuade him to acknowledge what he owes to you, then to take the liberty, allowed me as a gentleman, of calling him to an account with my ſword for the

wrong he has done you; without reflecting on the injuries done to myself, the revenge of which I leave to heaven, that I may the ſooner redreſs yours on earth.

Dorothea was quite amazed at what *Cardenio* ſaid; and, not knowing what thanks to return him for ſuch great and generous offers, ſhe would have thrown herſelf at his feet, to have kiſſed them; but *Cardenio* would by no means ſuffer her. The licentiate anſwered for them both, and approved of *Cardenio*'s generous reſolution, and, above all things, beſought and adviſed them to go with him to his village, where they might furniſh themſelves with whatever they wanted, and there conſult how to find *Don Fernando*, or to carry back *Dorothea* to her parents, or do whatever they thought moſt expedient. *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had ſtood ſilent and in ſuſpenſe, paid alſo his compliment, and, with no leſs good-will than the prieſt, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their ſervice. He told them alſo, briefly, the cauſe that brought them thither, with the ſtrange madneſs of *Don Quixote*, and that they were then waiting for his ſquire, who was gone to ſeek him. *Cardenio* hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had with *Don Quixote*, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it aroſe.

At this inſtant they heard a voice, and, knowing it to be *Sancho Pança*'s, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling as loud as he could to them, they went forward to meet him; and asking him after *Don Quixote*, he told them, that he had found him naked to his ſhirt, feeble, wan, and half dead with hunger, and ſighing for his lady *Dulcinea*; and tho' he had told him, that ſhe laid her commands on him to come out from that place, and repair to *Toboſo*, where ſhe expected him, his anſwer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty, 'till he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour: and, if his maſter perſiſted in that humour, he would run a riſque of never becoming an emperor, as he was in honour bound to be, nor even an archbiſhop, which was the leaſt he could be: therefore they ſhould conſider what was to be done to get him from that place. The licentiate bid him be in no pain about that matter; for they would get him away, whether he would or no.

He then recounted to *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* what they had contrived for *Don Quixote*'s cure, or at leaſt for decoying him to his own houſe. Upon which *Dorothea* ſaid, ſhe would undertake to act the diſtreſſed damſel better than the barber, eſpecially ſince ſhe had there a woman's apparel, with which ſhe could do it to the life; and they might leave it to her to perform

form what was neceſſary for carrying on their deſign, ſhe having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the ſtyle, the diſtreſſed damſels were wont to uſe, when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. Then there needs no more, quoth the prieſt, to put the deſign immediately in execution; for, doubtleſs, fortune declares in our favour, ſince ſhe has begun ſo unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furniſhed us ſo eaſily with what we ſtood in need of. *Dorothea* preſently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich ſtuff, and a mantle of fine green ſilk; and, out of a casket, a necklace, and other jewels, with which, in an inſtant, ſhe adorned herſelf in ſuch a manner, that ſhe had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All theſe, and more, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had brought from home, to provide againſt what might happen; but 'till then ſhe had had no occaſion to make uſe of them. They were all highly delighted with the gracefulneſs of her perſon, the gaiety of her diſpoſition, and her beauty; and they agreed, that *Don Fernando* muſt be a man of little judgment or taſte, who could ſlight ſo much excellence. But he, who admired moſt, was *Sancho Pança*, who thought (and it was really ſo) that, in all the days of his life, he had never ſeen ſo beautiful a creature; and therefore he earneſtly deſired the prieſt to tell him, who that extraordinary beautiful lady was, and what ſhe was looking for in thoſe parts? This beautiful lady, friend *Sancho*, anſwered the prieſt, is, to ſay the leaſt of her, heireſs in the direct male line of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*; and ſhe comes in queſt of your maſter, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redreſs her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your maſter's proweſs, which is ſpread over all *Guinea*, that has brought this princeſs to ſeek him. Now, a happy ſeeking, and a happy finding, quoth *Sancho Pança*, and eſpecially if my maſter prove ſo fortunate as to redreſs that injury, and right that wrong, by killing that whoreſon giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unleſs he be a goblin; for my maſter has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worſhip, Signor licentiate, which is, that you would not let my maſter take it into his head to be an archbiſhop, which is what I fear, but that you would adviſe him to marry this princeſs out of hand, and then he will be diſqualified to receive archiepiſcopal orders; and ſo he will come with eaſe to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wiſhes: for I have conſidered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me, that my maſter ſhould be an archbiſhop; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure diſpenſations for holding church-livings, having, as I

have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name. She is called, replied the priest, the princess *Micomicona*; for her kingdom being called *Micomicon*, it is clear she must be called so. There is no doubt of that, answered *Sancho*; for I have known many take their title and sirname from the place of their birth, as, *Pedro de Alcala*, *John de Ubeda*, *Diego de Valladolid*; and, for ought I know, it may be the custom, yonder in *Guinea*, for queens to take the names of their kingdoms. It is certainly so, said the priest; and, as to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power. With which assurance *Sancho* rested as well satisfied, as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were riveted in his fancy as in his master's, since he could so firmly persuade himself, that *Don Quixote* would, one time or other, come to be an emperor.

By this time *Dorothea* had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard; and they bid *Sancho* conduct them to the place where *Don Quixote* was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licentiate or the barber, for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest, nor *Cardenio*, would go with them; the latter, that he might not put *Don Quixote* in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: and therefore they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed *Dorothea* in her part; who said, they need give themselves no trouble about that, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered *Don Quixote*, by this time clothed, but not armed: and as soon as *Dorothea* espied him, and was informed by *Sancho*, that was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber; and, when she was come up to *Don Quixote*, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down *Dorothea* in his arms, who, alighting briskly, went and kneeled at *Don Quixote*'s feet: and, though he strove to raise her up, she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner.

I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, 'till your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if it be so, that the valour of your

your puiſſant arm be correſpondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who is come from regions ſo remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to ſeek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes. I will not anſwer you a word, fair lady, replied *Don Quixote*, nor will I hear a jot more of your buſineſs, 'till you ariſe from the ground. I will not ariſe, Signor, anſwered the afflicted damſel, if, by your courteſy, the boon I beg be not firſt vouchſafed me. I do vouchſafe, and grant it you, anſwered *Don Quixote*, provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or diſſervice to my king, my country, or her, who keeps the key of my heart and liberty. It will not be to the prejudice or diſſervice of any of theſe, dear ſir, replied the doleful damſel. And, as ſhe was ſaying this, *Sancho Pança* approached his maſter's ear, and ſaid to him ſoftly: Your worſhip, ſir, may very ſafely grant the boon ſhe asks; for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant: and ſhe, who begs it, is the mighty princeſs *Micomicona*, queen of the great kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*. Let her be who ſhe will, anſwered *Don Quixote*, I ſhall do what is my duty, and what my conſcience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profeſſion: and, turning himſelf to the damſel, he ſaid: Faireſt lady, ariſe; for I vouchſafe you whatever boon you ask. Then, what I ask, ſaid the damſel, is, that your magnanimous perſon will go with me, whither I will conduct you; and that you will promiſe me not to engage in any other adventure, or comply with any other demand whatever, 'till you have avenged me on a traitor, who, againſt all right, human and divine, has uſurped my kingdom. I repeat it, that I grant your requeſt, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and therefore, lady, from this day forward ſhake off the melancholy that diſturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover freſh force and ſpirits: for, by the help of god, and of my arm, you ſhall ſoon ſee yourſelf reſtored to your kingdom, and ſeated on the throne of your ancient and high eſtate, in deſpite of all the miſcreants that ſhall oppoſe it: and therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they ſay, lies in the delay. The diſtreſſed damſel would fain have kiſſed his hands; but *Don Quixote*, who was in every thing a moſt galant and courteous knight, would by no means conſent to it, but, making her ariſe, embraced her with much politeneſs and reſpect, and ordered *Sancho* to get *Rozinante* ready, and to help him on with his armour inſtantly. *Sancho* took down the arms, which were hung like a trophy on a tree, and, having got *Rozinante* ready, helped his maſter on with his armour in an inſtant; who, finding himſelf armed, ſaid: Let us go hence, in god's name, to ſuccour this great lady. The barber was ſtill kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing,

and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occaſioned the miſcarriage of their ingenious device: and ſeeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity *Don Quixote* prepared himſelf to accompliſh it, he got up, and took his lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they ſet her upon the mule. Immediately *Don Quixote* mounted *Rozinante*, and the barber ſettled himſelf upon his beaſt, *Sancho* remaining on foot; which renewed his grief for the loſs of his *Dapple:* but he bore it chearfully, with the thought that his maſter was now in the ready road, and juſt upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princeſs, and be at leaſt king of *Micomicon*; only he was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in the land of the *Negroes*, and that the people, who were to be his ſubjects, were all blacks: but he preſently bethought himſelf of a ſpecial remedy, and ſaid to himſelf: What care I, if my ſubjects be blacks? What have I to do, but to ſhip them off, and bring them over to *Spain*, where I may ſell them for ready money; with which money I may buy ſome title or employment, on which I may live at my eaſe all the days of my life? No! ſleep on, and have neither ſenſe nor capacity to manage matters, nor to ſell thirty or ten thouſand ſlaves in the turn of a hand [1]. Before god, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can: and, let them be never ſo black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers. With theſe conceits he went on, ſo buſied, and ſo ſatisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this *Cardenio* and the prieſt beheld from behind the buſhes, and did not know how to contrive to join companies: but the prieſt, who was a grand ſchemiſt, ſoon hit upon an expedient; which was, that, with a pair of ſciſſars, which he carried in a caſe, he whipped off *Cardenio*'s beard in an inſtant; then put him on a gray capouch, and gave him his own black cloke, himſelf remaining in his breeches and doublet: and now *Cardenio* made ſo different a figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himſelf, though he had looked in a glaſs. This being done, though the others were got a good way before them, while they were thus diſguiſing themſelves, they eaſily got firſt into the high road; for the rockineſs and narrowneſs of the way would not permit thoſe on horſeback to go on ſo faſt as thoſe on foot. In ſhort, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, when *Don Quixote* and his company came out, the prieſt ſet himſelf to gaze at him very earneſtly for ſome time, giving ſigns as if he began to know him: and, after he had ſtood a pretty while viewing

1 Literally, *while one may ſay, take away theſe ſtraws.*

him,

him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: In an happy hour are you met, mirrour of chivalry, my noble countryman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the flower and cream of gentility, the ſhelter and relief of the needy, the quinteſſence of knights-errant! and, in ſaying this, he embraced *Don Quixote* by the knee of his left leg; who, being amazed at what he ſaw and heard, ſet himſelf to conſider him attentively: at length he knew him, and was ſurprized to ſee him, and made no ſmall effort to alight; but the prieſt would not ſuffer it: whereupon *Don Quixote* ſaid; Permit me, Signor licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I ſhould be on horſeback, and ſo reverend a perſon as your worſhip on foot. I will by no means conſent to it, ſaid the prieſt: let your greatneſs continue on horſeback; for on horſeback you atchieve the greateſt exploits and adventures, that our age hath beheld: as for me, who am a prieſt, though unworthy, it will ſuffice me to get up behind ſome one of theſe gentlemen, who travel with you, if it be not too troubleſome to them; and I ſhall fanſy myſelf mounted on *Pegaſus*, or on a *Cebra* [2], or the ſprightly courſer beſtrid by the famous *Moor Muzaraque*, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain *Zulema*, not far diſtant from the grand *Compluto* [3]. I did not think of that, dear Signor licentiate, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and I know, my lady the princeſs will, for my ſake, order her ſquire to accommodate you with the ſaddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beaſt will carry double. I believe ſhe will, anſwered the princeſs; and I know it will be needleſs to lay my commands upon my ſquire; for he is ſo courteous and well-bred, that he will not ſuffer an eccleſiaſtic to go on foot, when he may ride. Very true, anſwered the barber; and, alighting in an inſtant, he complimented the prieſt with the ſaddle, which he accepted of without much intreaty. But it unluckily happened, that, as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than an hackney, and conſequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air; and, had they met with maſter *Nicholas*'s breaſt or head, he would have given his coming for *Don Quixote* to the devil. However, he was ſo frighted, that he tumbled to the ground, with ſo little heed of his beard, that it fell off: and, perceiving himſelf without it, he had no other ſhift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broke. *Don Quixote*, ſeeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a diſtance from the face of the fallen ſquire, ſaid: Od's life! this is very wonderful! no barber could have ſhaved off his beard more clean and ſmooth.

2 A ſwift beaſt of *Africa*, like a mule.

3 An univerſity of *Spain*, now *Alcala de Henares*.

The prieſt, who ſaw the danger their project was in of being diſcovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to maſter *Nicholas*, who ſtill lay bemoaning himſelf; and, holding his head cloſe to his breaſt, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him ſome words, which he ſaid were a ſpecific charm for faſtening on beards, as they ſhould ſoon ſee: and, when all was adjuſted, he left him, and the ſquire remained as well-bearded, and as whole, as before: at which *Don Quixote* marvelled greatly, and deſired the prieſt, when he had leiſure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion, that its virtue muſt extend farther than to the faſtening-on of beards, ſince it was clear, that, where the beard was torn off, the fleſh muſt be left wounded and bloody, and ſince it wrought a perfect cure, it muſt be good for other things beſides beards. It is ſo, ſaid the prieſt, and promiſed to teach it him the very firſt opportunity. They now agreed, that the prieſt ſhould get up firſt, and that they ſhould all three ride by turns, 'till they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to ſay, *Don Quixote*, the princeſs, and the prieſt; and the other three on foot, to wit, *Cardenio*, the barber, and *Sancho Pança*; *Don Quixote* ſaid to the damſel: Your grandeur, madam, will be pleaſed to lead on which way you like beſt. And, before ſhe could reply, the licentiate ſaid: Toward what kingdom would your ladyſhip go? toward that of *Micomicon*, I preſume: for it muſt be thither, or I know little of kingdoms. She, being perfect in her leſſon, knew very well ſhe was to anſwer *Yes*, and therefore ſaid: Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom. If it be ſo, ſaid the prieſt, we muſt paſs through our village, and from thence you muſt go ſtraight to *Cartagena*, where you may take ſhipping in god's name; and, if you have a fair wind, a ſmooth ſea, and no ſtorms, in little leſs than nine years you may get ſight of the great lake *Meona*, I mean *Meotis*, which is little more than an hundred days journey on this ſide of your highneſs's kingdom. You are miſtaken, good ſir, ſaid ſhe; for it is not two years ſince I left it; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole paſſage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I ſo much longed for, namely, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the fame of whoſe valour reached my ears the moment I ſet foot in *Spain*, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myſelf to his courteſy, and commit the juſtice of my cauſe to the valour of his invincible arm. No more; ceaſe your compliments, ſaid *Don Quixote*, for I am an enemy to all ſort of flattery; and though this be not ſuch, ſtill my chaſte ears are offended at this kind of diſcourſe. What I can ſay, dear madam, is, that, whether I have valour,

or

or not, what I have, or have not, ſhall be employed in your ſervice, even to the loſs of my life: and ſo, leaving theſe things to a proper time, I deſire, that Signor the licentiate would tell me, what has brought him into theſe parts, ſo alone, ſo unattended, and ſo lightly clad, that I am ſurprized at it. To this I ſhall anſwer briefly, replied the prieſt. Your worſhip, then, is to know, Signor *Don Quixote*, that I, and maſter *Nicholas*, our friend and barber, were going to *Sevil*, to receive ſome monies, which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the *Indies*, had ſent me: and it was no inconſiderable ſum; for it was above ſixty thouſand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter: and, paſſing yeſterday thro' theſe parts, we were ſet upon by four highway robbers, who ſtripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in ſuch a manner, that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and, as for this youth here (pointing to *Cardenio*) you ſee how they have transformed his [4]. And the beſt of the ſtory is, that it is publickly reported hereabouts, that the perſons, who robbed us, were certain galley-ſlaves, who, they ſay, were ſet at liberty, near this very place, by a man ſo valiant, that, in ſpite of the commiſſary and all his guards, he let them all looſe: and, without all doubt, he muſt needs have been out of his ſenſes, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conſcience and humanity, that could let looſe the wolf among the ſheep, the fox among the hens, and the waſps among the honey. He has defrauded juſtice of her due, and has ſet himſelf up againſt his king and natural lord, by acting againſt his lawful authority: he has, I ſay, diſabled the gallies of their hands, and diſturbed the many years repoſe of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed, whereby he may loſe his ſoul, and not gain his body. *Sancho* had related to the prieſt and the barber the adventure of the galley-ſlaves, atchieved with ſo much glory by his maſter; and therefore the prieſt laid it on thick in the relation, to ſee what *Don Quixote* would do, or ſay; whoſe colour changed at every word, and yet he durſt not own, that he had been the deliverer of thoſe worthy gentlemen. Theſe, ſaid the prieſt, were the perſons that robbed us; and god of his mercy pardon him, who prevented their being carried to the puniſhment they ſo richly deſerved.

4 The prieſt had clipped off *Cardenio*'s beard in haſte.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Which treats of the pleaſant and ingenious method of drawing our enamoured knight from the very rigorous penance he had impoſed on himſelf.

SCARCE had the prieſt done ſpeaking, when *Sancho* ſaid: By my troth, Signor licentiate, it was my maſter who did this feat; not but that I gave him fair warning, and adviſed him to beware what he did, and that it was a ſin to ſet them at liberty, for that they were all going to the gallies for being moſt notorious villains. Blockhead, ſaid *Don Quixote*, knights-errant have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to enquire whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppreſſed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to thoſe circumſtances, or that diſtreſs, by their faults, or their misfortunes: they are bound to aſſiſt them merely as being in diſtreſs, and to regard their ſufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and ſtring of miſerable wretches, and did by them what my profeſſion requires of me; and for the reſt I care not: and whoever takes it amiſs, ſaving the holy dignity of Signor the licentiate, and his honourable perſon, I ſay, he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lyes like a baſe-born ſon of a whore: and this I will make good with my ſword in the moſt ample manner. This he ſaid, ſettling himſelf in his ſtirrups, and clapping down the vizor of his helmet; for the barber's baſon, which, in his account, was *Mambrino*'s helmet, hung at his ſaddle-bow, till it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-ſlaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleaſant diſpoſition, already perceiving *Don Quixote*'s frenzy, and that every body, except *Sancho Pança*, made a jeſt of him, reſolved not to be behind hand with the reſt; and, ſeeing him in ſuch a heat, ſaid to him: Sir knight, be pleaſed to remember the boon you have promiſed me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever ſo urgent: therefore aſſuage your wrath; for if Signor the licentiate had known, that the galley-ſlaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would ſooner have ſewed up his mouth with three ſtitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have ſaid a word that might redound to the diſparagement of your worſhip. I would ſo, I ſwear, quoth the prieſt, and even ſooner have pulled off a *muſtachio*. I will ſay no more, madam, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and I will repreſs that juſt indignation raiſed in my breaſt, and will go on peaceably and quietly, till I have accompliſhed for you the promiſed boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beſeech

beſeech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what ſort, are the perſons, on whom I muſt take due, ſatisfactory, and complete revenge. That I will do, with all my heart, anſwered *Dorothea*, if it will not prove tedious and irkſome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes. Not at all, dear madam, anſwered *Don Quixote*. To which *Dorothea* replied: ſince it is ſo, pray favour me with your attention. She had no ſooner ſaid this, but *Cardenio* and the barber placed themſelves on each ſide of her, to hear what kind of ſtory the ingenious *Dorothea* would invent. The ſame did *Sancho*, who was as much deceived about her as his maſter. And ſhe, after ſettling herſelf well in her ſaddle, with a hem or two, and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the manner following.

In the firſt place, you muſt know, gentlemen, that my name is——Here ſhe ſtopped ſhort, having forgot the name the prieſt had given her: but he preſently helped her out; for he knew what ſhe ſtopped at, and ſaid: It is no wonder, madam, that your grandeur ſhould be diſturbed, and in ſome confuſion, at recounting your misfortunes; for they are often of ſuch a nature, as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyſhip, who have forgotten that you are called the princeſs *Micomicona*, rightful heireſs of the great kingdom of *Micomicon:* and with this intimation your grandeur may eaſily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate. You are in the right, anſwered *Dorothea*, and henceforward I believe it will be needleſs to give me any more hints; for I ſhall be able to conduct my true hiſtory to a concluſion without them.

My father, who was called *Tinacrio the wiſe*, was very learned in what they call art magic, and knew, by his ſcience, that my mother, who was called queen *Xaramilla*, ſhould die before him, and that he himſelf muſt, ſoon after, depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he uſed to ſay, did not trouble him ſo much, as the certain fore-knowledge he had, that a monſtrous giant, lord of a great iſland, almoſt bordering upon our kingdom, called *Pandafilando of the gloomy aſpect* (for it is averred, that, though his eyes ſtand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he ſquinted; and this he does out of pure malignity, to ſcare and frighten thoſe he looks at:) I ſay, he knew that this giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the ſmalleſt village to hide my head in: but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him; though, as far as he could underſtand, he never

never believed I would hearken to ſo unequal a match: and in this he ſaid the truth; for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never ſo huge and unmeaſurable. My father ſaid alſo, that, after his death, when I ſhould find *Pandafilando* begin to invade my kingdom, he adviſed me not to ſtay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total deſtruction of my faithful and loyal ſubjects, my beſt way was, freely to quit the kingdom to him without oppoſition, ſince it would not be poſſible for me to defend myſelf againſt the helliſh power of the giant; and immediately to ſet out, with a few attendants, for *Spain*, where I ſhould find a remedy for my diſtreſs, by meeting with a knight-errant, whoſe fame, about that time, ſhould extend itſelf all over this kingdom [5], and whoſe name, if I remember right, was to be *Don Açote*, or *Don Gigote* [6]. *Don Quixote*, you would ſay, madam, quoth *Sancho Pança*, or, as others call him, *the knight of the ſorrowful figure*. You are in the right, ſaid *Dorothea*. He ſaid farther, that he was to be tall and thin-viſaged, and that, on his right ſide, under the left ſhoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a gray mole with hairs like briſtles.

Don Quixote, hearing this, ſaid to his ſquire: Here, ſon *Sancho*, help me to ſtrip: I would know whether I am the knight propheſied of by that wiſe king. Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir? ſaid *Dorothea*. To ſee whether I have the mole your father ſpoke of, anſwered *Don Quixote*. You need not ſtrip, ſaid *Sancho*; I know you have a mole with thoſe ſame marks on the ridge of your back, which is a ſign of being a ſtrong man 7. It is enough, ſaid *Dorothea*; for, among friends, we muſt not ſtand upon trifles; and whether it be on the ſhoulder, or the back-bone, imports little: it is ſufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, ſince it is all the ſame fleſh: and doubtleſs my good father hit right in every thing, and I have not aimed amiſs in recommending myſelf to Signor *Don Quixote*; for he muſt be the knight, of whom my father ſpoke, ſince the features of his face correſpond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in *Spain*, but in all *La Mancha* [8]: for

5 So the queen of *Dacia*, hearing of the renown of *Amadis*, makes a voyage to the *firm iſland*, to implore his aſſiſtance. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 3. ch. 26.

6 *Don Horſewhip* or *Don Minc'd-meat*.

7 *Explandian* had ſeven red letters on his ſhoulder, which *Urganda* the enchantreſs interpreted to ſignify, that his heart ſhould be inflamed with violent love. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 3. ch. 31.

The ſame knight ſtrips off his ſhirt, in the company of kings, emperors, and princes, to ſhew the characters he was born with. *ibid.* ch. 54.

8 This whimſical *Anti-climax* puts one in mind of the inſtances of that figure in the *Art of ſinking in poetry*, eſpecially this:

Under

for I was hardly landed in *Oſſuna*, before I heard ſo many exploits of his recounted, that my mind immediately gave me, that he muſt be the very perſon I came to ſeek. But, dear madam, how came you to land at *Oſſuna?* anſwered *Don Quixote*, ſince it is no ſea-port town [9]. But, before *Dorothea* could reply, the prieſt interpoſing ſaid: Doubtleſs the princeſs meant to ſay, that, after ſhe had landed at *Malaga*, the firſt place, where ſhe heard news of your worſhip, was *Oſſuna*. That was my meaning, ſaid *Dorothea*. It is very likely, quoth the prieſt; pleaſe your majeſty to proceed. I have little more to add, replied *Dorothea*, but that, having, at laſt, had the good fortune to meet with Signor *Don Quixote*, I already look upon myſelf as queen and miſtreſs of my whole kingdom, ſince he, out of his courteſy and generoſity, has promiſed, in compliance with my requeſt, to go with me wherever I pleaſe to carry him; which ſhall be only where he may have a ſight of *Pandafilando of the gloomy aſpect*, that he may ſlay him, and reſtore to me what is ſo unjuſtly uſurped from me: for all this is to come about with the greateſt eaſe, according to the prophecy of the *wiſe Tinacrio* my good father; who, moreover, left it written in letters *Chaldean* or *Greek* (for I cannot read them) that, if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, ſhould have a mind to marry me, I ſhould immediately ſubmit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him poſſeſſion of my kingdom, together with my perſon [1].

What think you now? friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: do you not hear what paſſes? did not I tell you ſo? ſee whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to

Under the tropicks is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders *hath receiv'd our yoke.*

Pope and *Swift*'s miſcellanies, vol. III. p. 57.

Shelton, taking it (I ſuppoſe) for an error of the preſs, has put *Æthiopia* for *La Mancha*.

9 This geographical error of the princeſs, is, probably, a ſatire on the very ſame miſtake by the hiſtorian *Mariana*, who very gravely relates, that *Quintus Fabius Maximus Emilianus*, the conſul, having ſent 15000 men into *Spain* againſt *Viriatus*, theſe troops were landed at a city call'd *Orſuna* (or *Oſſuna*) in *Andaluſia*; whereas this city is many leagues from the ſea. From whence we may conclude, there are many other fine ſatirical ſtrokes, in this work, on the *ſpaniſh* writers, which we cannot point out, for want of a thorough acquaintance with thoſe authors.

1 *Arlanda*, princeſs of *Thrace*, deſiring *Don Floriſel* of *Niquea* to revenge the death of her brother, offers to make him maſter of her crown and perſon.

Amadis de Gaul, b. 9. ch. 14.

The giant *Gudulfo*, reſolving to marry the infanta of the *Cytherea* iſlands, whether ſhe will or no, is kill'd by the knight of the *green Armour*, to whom the lady makes an offer of her dominions, as a reward of his ſervice.

Ibid. ch. 36.

marry?

marry? I ſwear it is ſo, quoth *Sancho*, and pox take him for a ſon of a whore, who will not marry as ſoon as Signor *Pandafilando*'s weaſon is cut. About it then: her majeſty's a dainty bit; I wiſh all the fleas in my bed were no worſe. And ſo ſaying he cut a couple of capers, with ſigns of very great joy; and preſently laying hold of the reins of *Dorothea*'s mule, and making her ſtop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beſeeching her to give him her hand to kiſs, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and miſtreſs. Which of the by-ſtanders could forbear laughing, to ſee the madneſs of the maſter, and the ſimplicity of the man? In ſhort, *Dorothea* held out her hand to him, and promiſed to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when heaven ſhould be ſo propitious, as to put her again in poſſeſſion of it. *Sancho* returned her thanks in ſuch expreſſions, as ſet the company again a laughing.

This, gentlemen, continued *Dorothea*, is my hiſtory: it remains only to tell you, that, of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have none left but this honeſt ſquire with the long beard; for the reſt were all drowned in a violent ſtorm, which overtook us in ſight of the port. He and I got aſhore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle; and indeed the whole progreſs of my life is miracle and myſtery, as you may have obſerved. And if I have exceeded in any thing, or not been ſo exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what Signor the licientiate ſaid, at the beginning of my ſtory, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the ſufferers of their very memory. I will preſerve mine, O high and worthy lady, ſaid *Don Quixote*, under the greateſt that can befal me in your ſervice; and ſo I again confirm the promiſe I have made you, and I ſwear to bear you company to the end of the world, till I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whoſe proud head I intend, by the help of god, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not ſay good) ſword; thanks to *Gines de Paſſamonte*, who carried off my own [2]. This he muttered between his teeth, and went on ſaying: And, after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable poſſeſſion of your dominions, it ſhall be left to your own will to diſpoſe of your perſon as you ſhall think proper; ſince, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my underſtanding ſubjected, to her —— I ſay no more, it is impoſſible I ſhould prevail upon myſelf ſo much as to think of marrying, though it were a phœnix.

What *Don Quixote* ſaid laſt, about not marrying, was ſo diſpleaſing to *Sancho*, that, in a great fury, he ſaid, raiſing his voice: I vow and ſwear, Signor *Don Quixote*, your worſhip

2 It does not appear by the ſtory, either that *Gines* took away *Don Quixote*'s ſword, or that the knight had any way exchanged his own for another.

cannot

cannot be in your right ſenſes: how elſe is it poſſible you ſhould ſcruple to marry ſo high a princeſs as this lady is? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, ſuch good luck as ſhe now offers? Is my lady *Dulcinea* more beautiful? No, indeed, not by half? nay, I could almoſt ſay, ſhe is not worthy to tie this lady's ſhoe-ſtring. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your worſhip ſtands fiſhing for muſhrooms in the bottom of the ſea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth; and, when you are a king, make me a marquis, or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take all the reſt if he will. *Don Quixote*, hearing ſuch blaſphemies againſt his lady *Dulcinea*, could not bear it, and, lifting up his launce, without ſpeaking a word to *Sancho*, or giving him the leaſt warning [3], gave him two ſuch blows, that he laid him flat on the ground; and, had not *Dorothea* called out to him to hold his hand, doubtleſs he had killed him there upon the ſpot. Thinkeſt thou, ſaid he to him, after ſome pauſe, pitiful ſcoundrel, that I am always to ſtand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but tranſgreſſing on thy ſide, and pardoning on mine? Never think it, excommunicated varlet; for ſo doubtleſs thou art, ſince thou haſt dared to ſpeak ill of the peerleſs *Dulcinea*. Knoweſt thou not, ruſtic, ſlave, beggar, that, were it not for the force ſhe infuſes into my arm, I ſhould not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed ſcoffer, who, thinkeſt thou, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquis (for all this I look upon as already done) but the valour of *Dulcinea*, employing my arm as the inſtrument of her exploits? ſhe fights in me, and overcomes in me; and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O whoreſon villain! what ingratitude, when thou ſeeſt thyſelf exalted from the duſt of the earth to the title of a lord, to make ſo baſe a return for ſo great a benefit, as to ſpeak contemptuouſly of the hand that raiſed thee! *Sancho* was not ſo much hurt, but he heard all his maſter ſaid to him; and, getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind *Dorothea*'s palfrey, and from thence ſaid to his maſter: Pray, Sir, tell me; if you are reſolved not to marry this princeſs, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to beſtow on me? This is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from heaven, and afterwards you may converſe with my lady *Dulcinea*; for, I think, it is no new thing for kings to keep miſſes. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to ſay to that; for, if I muſt ſpeak the truth, I really think them both very well to paſs,

3 Literally, *without ſaying, this mouth is mine.*

though

though I never ſaw the lady *Dulcinea*. How! never ſaw her, blaſphemous traitor! ſaid *Don Quixote:* have you not juſt brought me a meſſage from her? I ſay, I did not ſee her ſo leiſurely, ſaid *Sancho*, as to take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece; but, take her all together, ſhe looks well enough. Now I excuſe you, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and pardon me the diſpleaſure I have given you; for the firſt motions are not in our own power. I have found it ſo, anſwered *Sancho*; and ſo, in me, the deſire of talking is always a firſt motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at leaſt, whatever comes to my tongue's end. For all that, quoth *Don Quixote*, take heed, *Sancho*, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes ſo often to the well —— I ſay no more. Well then, anſwered *Sancho*, god is in heaven, who ſees all guiles, and ſhall be judge who does moſt harm, I, in not ſpeaking well, or your worſhip in not doing ſo. Let there be no more of this, ſaid *Dorothea*; run, *Sancho*, and kiſs your maſter's hand, and ask him forgiveneſs; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praiſes and diſpraiſes; and ſpeak no ill of that lady *Toboſo*, whom I do not know any otherwiſe than as I am her humble ſervant; and put your truſt in god, for there will not be wanting an eſtate for you to live upon like a prince. *Sancho* went hanging his head, and begged his maſter's hand, which he gave him with great gravity; and, when he had kiſſed it, *Don Quixote* gave *Sancho* his bleſſing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had ſome queſtions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about ſome matters of great conſequence. *Sancho* did ſo; and, when they two were got a little before the reſt, *Don Quixote* ſaid: Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leiſure to enquire after many particulars concerning the meſſage you carried, and the anſwer you brought back; and now, that fortune affords us time and leiſure, do not deny me the ſatisfaction you may give me by ſuch good news. Ask me what queſtions you pleaſe, Sir, anſwered *Sancho:* I warrant I ſhall get out as well as I got in. But I beſeech your worſhip, dear Sir, not to be ſo very revengeful for the future. Why do you preſs that, *Sancho?* quoth *Don Quixote*. Becauſe, replied *Sancho*, the blows you were pleaſed to beſtow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raiſed between us the other night, than for what I ſaid againſt my lady *Dulcinea*, whom I love and reverence, like any relic (though ſhe be not one) only as ſhe belongs to your worſhip. No more of theſe diſcourſes, *Sancho*, on your life, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for they offend me: I forgave you before, and you know the common ſaying, *For a new ſin a new penance.*

While they were thus talking, they ſaw coming along the ſame road, in which they were going, a man riding upon an aſs;

aſs; and, when he came near, he ſeemed to be a gypſy: but *Sancho Pança*, who, wherever he ſaw an aſs, had his eyes and his ſoul fixed there, had ſcarce ſeen the man, when he knew him to be *Gines de Paſſamonte*, and, by the clue of the gypſy, found the bottom of his aſs: for it was really *Dapple*, upon which *Paſſamonte* rode; who, that he might not be known, and that he might ſell the aſs the better, had put himſelf into the garb of a gypſy, whoſe language, as well as ſeveral others, he could ſpeak as readily, as if they were his own native tongues. *Sancho* ſaw and knew him; and ſcarce had he ſeen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: Ah, rogue *Gineſillo*, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repoſe, quit my aſs, leave my delight; fly, whoreſon; get you gone, thief, and relinquiſh what is not your own. There needed not ſo many words, nor ſo much railing: for, at the firſt word, *Gines* nimbly diſmounted, and, taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, was gone in an inſtant, and out of reach of them all. *Sancho* ran to his *Dapple*, and, embracing him, ſaid: How haſt thou done, my deareſt *Dapple*, delight of my eyes, my ſweet companion? and then he kiſſed and careſſed him, as if he had been a human creature. The aſs held his peace, and ſuffered himſelf to be kiſſed and careſſed by *Sancho*, without anſwering him one word. They all came up, and wiſhed him joy of the finding his *Dapple*; eſpecially *Don Quixote*, who aſſured him, that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts. *Sancho* thanked him heartily.

While this paſſed, the prieſt ſaid to *Dorothea*, that ſhe had performed her part very ingeniouſly, as well in the contrivance of the ſtory, as in its brevity, and the reſemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She ſaid, ſhe had often amuſed herſelf with reading ſuch kind of books, but that ſhe did not know the ſituation of provinces or of ſea-ports, and therefore had ſaid at a venture, that ſhe landed at *Oſſuna*. I found it was ſo, ſaid the prieſt, and therefore I immediately ſaid what you heard, which ſet all to rights. But is it not ſtrange to ſee how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all theſe inventions and lyes, only becauſe they reſemble the ſtile and manner of his fooliſh books? It is, indeed, ſaid *Cardenio*, and ſomething ſo rare, and unſeen before, that I much queſtion, whether, if one had a mind to dreſs up a fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of ſucceeding in it [4]. There is another thing remarkable in it, ſaid the prieſt, which is, that, ſetting aſide the follies this honeſt gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madneſs, he can diſcourſe very ſenſibly upon other points,

4 Obſerve, in how ingenious and artful a manner *Cervantes* praiſes his own skill and dexterity in hitting the character of *Don Quixote*.

and ſeems to have a clear and ſettled judgment in all things; inſomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the ſubject of chivalries, you would never ſuſpect but that he had a ſound underſtanding.

While the reſt went on in this converſation, *Don Quixote* proceeded in his, and ſaid to *Sancho:* Friend *Pança*, let us forget what is paſt [5]; and tell me now, all rancour and animoſity apart, where, how, and when did you find *Dulcinea?* what was ſhe doing? what did you ſay to her? what anſwer did ſhe return? how did ſhe look, when ſhe read my letter? who tranſcribed it for you? and whatever elſe, in this caſe, is worth knowing, inquiring after, or being ſatisfied in, inform me of all, without adding or diminiſhing to give me pleaſure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any ſatisfaction. Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, if I muſt tell the truth, no body tranſcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all. It is as you ſay, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I found the pocket-book, I had written it in, two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do, when you ſhould find you had no letter; and I ſtill believed you would come back, as ſoon as you ſhould miſs it. So I ſhould have done, anſwered *Sancho*, had I not got it by heart, when your worſhip read it to me, and ſo perfectly, that I repeated it to a pariſh-clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, ſo exactly, that he ſaid, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never ſeen or read ſo pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life. And have you it ſtill by heart, *Sancho?* ſaid *Don Quixote.* No, ſir, anſwered *Sancho:* for, after I had delivered it, ſeeing it was to be of no farther uſe, I forgot it on purpoſe; and if I remember aught of it, it is that of *the high and ſubterrane,* (I mean *ſovereign*) *lady*, and the concluſion, *thine, 'till death, the knight of the ſorrowful figure:* and, between theſe two things, I put above three hundred *ſouls* and *lives*, and *dear eyes.*

CHAP. IV.

Of the reliſhing converſation, which paſſed between Don Quixote *and his ſquire* Sancho Pança, *with other accidents.*

ALL this does not diſpleaſe me; go on, ſaid *Don Quixote.* You arrived; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her ſtringing pearls, or embroidering ſome device with threads of gold for this her captive knight. No, I did not, anſwered *Sancho*; but I found her winnowing

5 In the original, *Echemos pelillos a la mar*, i. e. *let us throw little hairs into the ſea.*

two

two buſhels of wheat in a back-yard of her houſe. Then make account, ſaid *Don Quixote*, that the grains of that wheat were ſo many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary ſort? It was neither, anſwered *Sancho*, but of the reddiſh kind. Be aſſured however, quoth *Don Quixote*, that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the fineſt manchet bread: but go on. When you gave her my letter, did ſhe kiſs it? Did ſhe put it upon her head [6]? Did ſhe uſe any ceremony worthy of ſuch a letter? or what did ſhe do? When I was going to give it her, anſwered *Sancho*, ſhe was very buſy in winnowing a good ſieve-full of the wheat; and ſhe ſaid to me: Lay the letter, friend, upon that ſack; for I cannot read it till I have done winnowing all that is here. Diſcreet lady! ſaid *Don Quixote*; this was, to be ſure, that ſhe might read it, and entertain herſelf with it, at leiſure. Proceed, *Sancho:* while ſhe was thus employed, what diſcourſe had ſhe with you? what did ſhe inquire of you concerning me? and what did you anſwer? Make an end; tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn. She asked me nothing, ſaid *Sancho*; but I told her how your worſhip was doing penance, for her ſervice, among theſe rocks, naked from the waſte upwards [7], as if you were a ſavage, ſleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping, and curſing your fortune. In ſaying that I curſed my fortune, you ſaid amiſs, quoth *Don Quixote:* I rather bleſs it, and ſhall bleſs it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love ſo high a lady as *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. So high indeed, anſwered *Sancho*, that, in good faith, ſhe is a handful taller than I am. Why, how, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, have you meaſured with her? I meaſured thus, anſwered *Sancho:* as I was helping her to put a ſack of wheat upon an aſs, we ſtood ſo cloſe, that I perceived ſhe was taller than I by more than a full ſpan. If it be ſo, replied *Don Quixote*, does ſhe not accompany and ſet off this ſtature of body with a thouſand millions of graces of the mind?

But, *Sancho*, conceal not one thing from me: when you ſtood ſo near her, did you not perceive a *Sabean* odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and ſomething ſo ſweet, that I know not what name to give it? I ſay, a ſcent, a ſmell, as if you were in

6 A mark of the profoundeſt reſpect.

7 The author ſeems here to have forgot himſelf a little; for in the deſcription of *Don Quixote*'s penance (book 3. ch. 11.) we find him naked from the waſte downwards; which occaſioned *Sancho*'s ſeeing what he ſhould not have ſeen.

ſome curious glover's ſhop [8]? All I can ſay, is, quoth *Sancho*, that I perceived ſomewhat of a manniſh ſmell, which muſt have proceeded from her being in a dripping ſweat with over-much pains-taking. It could not be ſo, anſwered *Don Quixote*: you muſt either have had a cold in your head, or have ſmelt your own ſelf; for I very well know the ſcent of that roſe among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber. All that may be, anſwered *Sancho*; for the ſame ſmell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my lady *Dulcinea*; but where's the wonder, that one devil ſhould be like another? Well then, continued *Don Quixote*, ſhe has now done winnowing, and the corn is ſent to the mill. What did ſhe do, when ſhe had read the letter? The letter, quoth *Sancho*, ſhe did not read; for ſhe told me ſhe could neither read nor write: on the contrary, ſhe tore it to pieces, ſaying, ſhe would not give it to any body to read, that her ſecrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worſhip bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her ſake, was enough: laſtly, ſhe bid me tell your worſhip, that ſhe kiſſed your hands, and that ſhe remained with greater deſire to ſee you, than to write to you; and therefore ſhe humbly intreated, and commanded you, at ſight hereof, to quit thoſe brakes and buſhes, and leave off thoſe fooliſh extravagancies, and ſet out immediately for *Toboſo*, if ſome other buſineſs of greater importance did not intervene; for ſhe had a mighty mind to ſee your worſhip. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourſelf *the knight of the ſorrowful figure*. I asked her, whether the *Biſcainer* of t' other day had been there with her: ſhe told me, he had, and that he was a very honeſt fellow [9]: I asked her alſo after the galley-ſlaves; but ſhe told me ſhe had not yet ſeen any of them. All goes well, as yet, ſaid *Don Quixote*. But, tell me, what jewel did ſhe give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an uſual and ancient cuſtom among knights, and ladies-errant, to beſtow ſome rich jewel on the ſquires, damſels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their miſtreſſes or ſervants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news. Very likely, quoth *Sancho*, and a very good cuſtom it was; but it muſt have been in days of yore; for, now-a-days, the cuſtom is, to give only a piece of bread and cheeſe: for that was what my lady *Dulcinea* gave me, over the pales of the yard, when ſhe diſmiſſed me; by the ſame token that the cheeſe was made of ſheep's-milk. She is extremely generous, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and if ſhe did not give

8 In *Italy* and *Spain*, gloves are uſually perfumed.

9 Here the author ſoftens the ſatire upon the *Biſcainers*.

you

you a jewel of gold, it muſt be becauſe ſhe had not one about her: but ſleeves are good after *Eaſter* [1]. I ſhall ſee her, and all ſhall be ſet to rights.

But, do you know, *Sancho*, what I am ſurprized at? it is, that you muſt have gone and come through the air; for you have been little more than three days in going and coming, between this and *Toboſo*, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither: from whence I conclude, that the ſage enchanter, who has the ſuperintendance of my affairs, and is my friend (for ſuch a one there is, and muſt of neceſſity be, otherwiſe I ſhould be no true knight-errant) I ſay, this ſame enchanter muſt have aſſiſted you in travelling, without your perceiving it: for there are ſages, who will take you up a knight-errant ſleeping in his bed; and, without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thouſand leagues from the place where he fell aſleep. And, were it not for this, the knights-errant could not ſuccour one another in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of *Armenia*, with ſome dreadful monſter, or fierce goblin, or ſome other knight, and has the worſt of the combat, and is juſt upon the point of being killed; and, when he leaſt expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight his friend, who juſt before was in *England*; who ſuccours him, and delivers him from death; and that night he finds himſelf in his own chamber, ſupping with a very good appetite, though there be the diſtance of two or three thouſand leagues between the two countries. And all this is brought about by the induſtry and skill of thoſe ſage enchanters, who undertake the care of thoſe valorous knights. So that, friend *Sancho*, I make no difficulty in believing, that you went and came, in ſo ſhort time, between this place and *Toboſo*, ſince, as I have already ſaid, ſome ſage our friend muſt have expedited your journey, without your being ſenſible of it. It may be ſo, quoth *Sancho*; for, in good faith, *Rozinante* went like any gypſy's aſs with quickſilver in his ears. With quickſilver! ſaid *Don Quixote*, ay, and with a legion of devils to-boot; a ſort of cattle that travel, and make others travel, as faſt as they pleaſe, without being tired.

But, ſetting this aſide, what would you adviſe me to do now, as to what my lady commands me, about going to ſee her? for though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myſelf, at preſent, under an impoſſibility of doing it, on accoun-

1 A proverbial expreſſion, ſignifying that *a good thing is always ſeaſonable.* The *Spaniards*, for the ſake of warmth, wear ſleeves in winter, 'till about *Eaſter*: but, if the weather continues cold, ſleeves may be proper after *Eaſter*.

of the boon I have promiſed to grant the princeſs, who is now with us; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word, rather than indulge my pleaſure. On the one hand, the deſire of ſeeing my lady perſecutes and perplexes me: on the other, I am incited and called by my promiſed faith, and the glory I ſhall acquire in this enterprize. But what I propoſe to do, is, to travel faſt, and get quickly to the place where this giant is, and, preſently after my arrival, to cut off his head, and ſettle the princeſs peaceably in her kingdom, and that inſtant to return and ſee that ſun that enlightens my ſenſes; to whom I will make ſuch an excuſe, that ſhe ſhall allow my delay was neceſſary; for ſhe will perceive that all redounds to the increaſe of her glory and fame, ſince what I have won, do win, or ſhall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the ſuccour ſhe affords me, and from my being hers. Ah! quoth *Sancho*, how is your worſhip diſorder'd in your head! Pray, tell me, ſir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let ſlip ſo conſiderable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard ſay, is above twenty thouſand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things neceſſary for the ſupport of human life, and bigger than *Portugal* and *Caſtile* together. For the love of god, ſay no more, and take ſhame to yourſelf for what you have ſaid already; and follow my advice, and pardon me, and be married out of hand at the firſt place where there is a prieſt; and, if there be none, here is our licentiate, who will do it cleverly. And, pray take notice, I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were caſt in a mould for you: for a ſparrow in the hand is worth more than a buſtard on the wing; and, he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooſes ill. Look you, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, if you adviſe me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promiſed you, I would have you to know, that, without marrying, I can eaſily gratify your deſire: for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princeſs, I ſhall be intitled to a part of the kingdom, to beſtow it on whom I pleaſe; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I ſhould give it, but to yourſelf? That is clear, anſwered *Sancho:* but pray, ſir, take care to chooſe it toward the ſea, that, if I ſhould not like living there, I may ſhip off my black ſubjects, and diſpoſe of them as I ſaid before [2]. And trouble

2 *Sancho* had not told his maſter in what manner he intended to diſpoſe of his *Negroes*, but had only reſolved upon it in ſoliloquy. But this is no negligence in our author, but rather a fine ſtroke of humour, as it ſuppoſes *Sancho* ſo

trouble not yourſelf now to go and ſee my lady *Dulcinea*, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this buſineſs; for, before god, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit. You are in the right, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and I take your advice as to going firſt with the princeſs, before I go to ſee *Dulcinea*. And be ſure you ſay nothing to any body, no, not to thoſe, who are in our company, of what we have been diſcourſing and conferring upon: for ſince *Dulcinea* is ſo reſerved, that ſhe would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one elſe for me, ſhould diſcover them. If it be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, why does your worſhip ſend all thoſe you conquer by the might of your arm, to preſent themſelves before my lady *Dulcinea*, this being to give it under your hand that you are in love with her? If theſe perſons muſt fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeiſance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a ſecret? How dull and fooliſh you are! ſaid *Don Quixote*. You perceive not, *Sancho*, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation. For you muſt know, that, in this our ſtyle of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant, who ſerve her merely for her own ſake, without expectation of any other reward of their manifold and good deſires, than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights. I have heard it preached, quoth *Sancho*, that god is to be loved with this kind of love, for himſelf alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of puniſhment: though, for my part, I am inclined to love and ſerve him for what he is able to do for me. The devil take you, for a bumpkin, ſaid *Don Quixote*; you are ever and anon ſaying ſuch ſmart things, that one would almoſt think you have ſtudied. And yet, by my faith, quoth *Sancho*, I cannot ſo much as read.

While they were thus talking, maſter *Nicholas* called aloud to them to halt a little; for they had a mind to ſtop and drink at a ſmall ſpring hard by. *Don Quixote* ſtopped, much to the ſatisfaction of *Sancho*, who began to be tired of telling ſo many lyes, and was afraid his maſter ſhould at laſt catch him tripping: for, though he knew *Dulcinea* was a farmer's daughter of *Toboſo*, he had never ſeen her in all his life. In the mean while *Cardenio* had put on the clothes, which *Dorothea* wore when they found her; and, though they were none of the beſt, they were far beyond thoſe he had put off[3]. They all alighted near

ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed with the thought, that he does not diſtinguiſh whether he had ſaid it to his maſter, or to himſelf only.

3 Theſe muſt be the ragged apparel *Cardenio* wore before he was dreſſed in the prieſt's ſhort caſſock and cloke.

the fountain, and, with what the prieſt had furniſhed himſelf with at the inn, they ſomewhat appeaſed the violence of their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a young lad happened to paſs by, travelling along the road; who, looking very earneſtly at thoſe who were at the fountain, preſently ran to *Don Quixote*, and, embracing his legs, fell a weeping in good earneſt, and ſaid: Ah! dear Sir, does not your worſhip know me? Conſider me well: I am *Andres*, the lad, whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied. *Don Quixote* knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company, and ſaid: To convince you of what importance it is that there ſhould be knights-errant in the world, to redreſs the wrongs and injuries committed in it by inſolent and wicked men; you muſt know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was paſſing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of ſome perſon in affliction and diſtreſs. I haſted immediately, prompted by my duty, toward the place, from which the voice ſeemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you ſee here (I am glad, in my ſoul, he is preſent; for he will atteſt the truth of what I ſay:) I ſay, he was tied to the oak, naked from the waiſt upward; and a country-fellow, whom I afterward found to be his maſter, was cruelly laſhing him with the reins of a bridle: and, as ſoon as I ſaw it, I asked him the reaſon of ſo ſevere a whipping. The clown anſwered, that he was his ſervant, and that he whipped him for ſome inſtances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than ſimplicity. On which this boy ſaid: Sir, he whips me only becauſe I ask him for my wages. The maſter replied, with I know not what ſpeeches and excuſes, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In ſhort, I made him untie the boy, and ſwear to take him home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, ſon *Andres?* and did you not obſerve, with what authority I commanded, and how ſubmiſſively he promiſed to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Anſwer; be under no concern, but tell theſe gentlefolks what paſſed, that they may ſee and conſider, how uſeful it is, as I ſaid, that there ſhould be knights-errant upon the road. All that your worſhip has ſaid is very true, anſwered the lad; but the buſineſs ended quite otherwiſe than you imagine. How otherwiſe? replied *Don Quixote:* did not the ruſtic inſtantly pay you? He not only did not pay me, anſwered the boy, but, as ſoon as your worſhip was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the ſame tree, and gave me ſo many freſh ſtrokes, that I was flayed like any ſaint *Bartholomew*; and, at every laſh he gave me, he ſaid ſomething by way of ſcoff or jeſt upon your worſhip; at which,

if

if I had not felt ſo much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In ſhort, he laid me on in ſuch manner, that I have been ever ſince in an hoſpital, under cure of the bruiſes the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worſhip is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you was not called, nor meddled with other folks buſineſs, my maſter would have been ſatisfied with giving me a dozen or two of laſhes, and then would have looſed me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your worſhip's abuſing him ſo unmercifully, and calling him ſo many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no ſooner had you left him, but he diſcharged the tempeſt upon me, in ſuch ſort, that I ſhall never be a man again while I live.

The miſchief, ſaid *Don Quixote*, was in my going away: I ſhould not have ſtirred till I had ſeen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no ruſtic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him ſo to do. But you may remember, *Andres*, that I ſwore, if he did not pay you, I would ſeek him out, and find him, though he hid himſelf in the whale's belly. That is true, quoth *Andres*; but it ſignified nothing. You ſhall ſee now whether it ſignifies, ſaid *Don Quixote:* and ſo ſaying, he aroſe up very haſtily, and ordered *Sancho* to bridle *Rozinante*, who was grazing while they were eating. *Dorothea* asked him what it was he meant to do? He anſwered, that he would go and find out the ruſtic, and chaſtiſe him for ſo baſe a proceeding, and make him pay *Andres* to the laſt farthing, in ſpite and defiance of all the ruſtics in the world. She deſired he would conſider what he did, ſince, according to the promiſed boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, till he had accompliſhed hers; and, ſince he could not but know this better than any body elſe, ſhe intreated him to moderate his reſentment till his return from her kingdom [4]. You are in the right, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and *Andres* muſt have patience till my return, as you ſay, madam; and I again ſwear and promiſe not to reſt till he is revenged and paid. I do not depend upon theſe oaths, ſaid *Andres:* I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to *Sevil*, than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and god be with your worſhip, and with all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themſelves, as they have been to me. *Sancho* pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheeſe, out of his knapſack, and,

4 The ſtranger knight, in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 9. ch. 24. fighting with *Floriſel*, to carry off *Sylvia* from him, they are parted by a damſel, who puts the ſtranger in mind, that he cannot undertake any new adventure, till he has performed his promiſe to her. Inſtances of this ſort are numberleſs.

giving

giving it to the lad, ſaid to him: Here, brother *Andres*, we all have a ſhare in your misfortune. Why, what ſhare have you in it? ſaid *Andres*. This piece of bread and cheeſe, which I give you, anſwered *Sancho:* god knows whether I may not want it myſelf; for I would have you to know, friend, that we ſquires to knights-errant are ſubject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more eaſily conceived than told. *Andres* laid hold on the bread and cheeſe, and, ſeeing that no body elſe gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. It is true, he ſaid, at parting, to *Don Quixote:* For the love of god, Signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you ſee they are beating me to pieces, do not ſuccour nor aſſiſt me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be ſo great, but a greater will follow from your worſhip's aid, whom may the curſe of god light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world. *Don Quixote* was getting up to chaſtiſe him; but he fell a running ſo faſt, that no body offered to purſue him. *Don Quixote* was mightily abaſhed at *Andres*'s ſtory: and the reſt were forced to refrain, though with ſome difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

Which treats of what befel Don Quixote's *whole company in the inn.*

THE notable repaſt being ended, they ſaddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terrour of *Sancho Pança*, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hoſteſs, the hoſt, their daughter, and *Maritornes*, ſeeing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* coming, went out to meet them, with ſigns of much joy; and he received them with a grave deportment, and a nod of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hoſteſs anſwered, that, provided he would pay better than the time before, ſhe would get him a bed for a prince. *Don Quixote* ſaid, he would; and ſo they made him a tolerable one in the ſame large room where he had lain before: and he immediately threw himſelf down upon it; for he arrived very much ſhattered both in body and brains. He was no ſooner ſhut into his chamber, but the hoſteſs fell upon the barber, and, taking him by the beard, ſaid: By my faith, you ſhall uſe my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is toſſed up and down, that it is a ſhame; I mean the comb I uſed to ſtick in my good tail. The

barber

barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, till the licentiate bid him give it her; for there was no farther need of that artifice, but he might now diſcover himſelf, and appear in his own ſhape, and tell *Don Quixote*, that, being robbed by thoſe thieves the galley-ſlaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he ſhould ask for the princeſs's ſquire, they ſhould tell him, ſhe had diſpatched him before with advice to her ſubjects, that ſhe was coming, and bringing with her their common deliverer. With this the barber willingly ſurrendered to the hoſteſs the tail, together with all the other appurtenances ſhe had lent them, in order to *Don Quixote's* enlargement. All the folks of the inn were ſurprized, both at the beauty of *Dorothea*, and the comely perſonage of the ſhepherd *Cardenio*. The prieſt ordered them to get ready what the houſe afforded, and the hoſt, in hopes of being better paid, ſoon ſerved up a tolerable ſupper. All this while *Don Quixote* was aſleep, and they agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occaſion for ſleep than victuals.

The diſcourſe at ſupper, at which were preſent the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, and *Maritornes*, and all the paſſengers, turned upon the ſtrange madneſs of *Don Quixote*, and the condition in which they had found him. The hoſteſs related to them what befel him with the carrier; and looking about to ſee whether *Sancho* was by, and not ſeeing him, ſhe gave them a full account of his being toſſed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. And the prieſt happening to ſay, that the books of chivalry, which *Don Quixote* had read, had turned his brain, the inn-keeper ſaid: I cannot conceive how that can be; for really, as far as I can underſtand, there is no choicer reading in the world; and I have by me three or four of them, with ſome manuſcripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beſide. For, in harveſt-time, many of the reapers come hither every day for ſhelter, during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of theſe books in hand, and above thirty of us place ourſelves round him, and liſten to him with ſo much pleaſure, that it prevents a thouſand hoary hairs: at leaſt, I can ſay for myſelf, that, when I hear of thoſe furious and terrible blows, which the knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much, and could ſit and hear them day and night. I wiſh you did, quoth the hoſteſs; for I never have a quiet moment in my houſe but when you are liſtening to the reading; for then you are ſo beſotted, that you forget to ſcold for that time. It is true, ſaid *Maritornes*, and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing thoſe things; for they are very fine, eſpecially when they tell us how ſuch a lady, and her knight, lie embracing each

other

other under an orange-tree, and how a *Duenna* ſtands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I ſay, all this is pure honey. And pray, miſs, what is your opinion of theſe matters? ſaid the prieſt, addreſſing himſelf to the inn-keeper's daughter. I do not know indeed, Sir, anſwered the girl: I liſten too; and truly, though I do not underſtand it, I take ſome pleaſure in hearing it: but I have no reliſh for thoſe blows and ſlaſhes, which pleaſe my father ſo much; what I chiefly like, is, the complaints the knights make when they are abſent from their miſtreſſes; and really, ſometimes, they make me weep, out of the pity I have for them. You would ſoon afford them relief, young gentlewoman, ſaid *Dorothea*, if they wept for you. I do not know what I ſhould do, anſwered the girl; only I know, that ſeveral of thoſe ladies are ſo cruel, that their knights call them tigers, and lions, and a thouſand other ugly names. And, Jeſu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be, who are ſo hard-hearted and unconſcionable, that, rather than beſtow a kind look on an honeſt gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. And, for my part, I cannot ſee why all this coyneſs: if it is out of honeſty, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at. Hold your tongue, huſſy, ſaid the hoſteſs: methinks, you know a great deal of theſe matters; and it does not become young maidens to know, or talk, ſo much. When this gentleman asked me a civil queſtion, replied the girl, I could do no leſs, ſure, than anſwer him.

It is mighty well, ſaid the prieſt; pray, landlord, bring me thoſe books, for I have a mind to ſee them. With all my heart, anſwered the hoſt; and, going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it he took out three large volumes, and ſome manuſcript papers written in a very fair character. The firſt book he opened he found to be *Don Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, the next *Felixmarte* of *Hyrcania*, and the third the hiſtory of the grand captain *Gonçalo Hernandez* of *Cordoua*, with the life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*. When the prieſt had read the titles of the two firſt, he turned about to the barber, and ſaid: We want here our friend's houſe-keeper and niece. Not at all, anſwered the barber; for I myſelf can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire. What, Sir, would you burn my books? ſaid the inn-keeper. Only theſe two, ſaid the prieſt, that of *Don Cirongilio*, and that of *Felixmarte*. What then, are my books heretical, or flegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them? *Schiſmatical*, you would ſay, friend, ſaid the barber, and not *flegmatical*. It is true, replied the inn-keeper; but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the *Grand Captain*, and this of *Diego de Garcia*; for I will ſooner

let

let you burn one of my children, than either of the others. Dear brother, ſaid the prieſt, theſe two books are great lyars, and full of extravagant and fooliſh conceits; and this of the *Grand Captain* is a true hiſtory, and contains the exploits of *Gonçalo Hernandez* of *Cordoua*, who, for his many and brave actions, deſerved to be called by all the world the *Grand Captain*; a name renowned and illuſtrious, and merited by him alone. As for *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of *Truxillo* in *Eſtremadura*, a very brave ſoldier, and of ſuch great natural ſtrength, that he could ſtop a mill-wheel, in its greateſt rapidity, with a ſingle finger; and, being once poſted with a two-handed ſword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their paſſage over it. And he performed other ſuch things, that if, inſtead of being related by himſelf, with the modeſty of a cavalier who is his own hiſtorian, they had been written by ſome other diſpaſſionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipſed the actions of the *Hectors*, *Achilleſes*, and *Orlandos*. Perſuade my grandmother to that, quoth the inn-keeper; do but ſee what it is he wonders at, the ſtopping of a mill-wheel! before god your worſhip ſhould have read, what I have read, concerning *Felixmarte* of *Hyrcania*, who, with one back-ſtroke, cut aſunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been ſo many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars [5]. At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, conſiſting of above a million and ſix hundred thouſand ſoldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of ſheep. But what will you ſay of the good *Don Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, who was ſo ſtout and valiant, as you may ſee in the book, wherein is related, that, as he was ſailing on a river, a fiery ſerpent appeared above water; and he, as ſoon as he ſaw it, threw himſelf upon it, and, getting aſtride upon its ſcaly ſhoulders, ſqueezed its throat with both his hands, with ſo much force, that the ſerpent, finding itſelf in danger of being choked, had no other remedy, but to let itſelf ſink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they were got to the bottom, he found himſelf in a fine palace, and in ſo pretty a garden, that it was wonderful; and preſently the ſerpent turned to a venerable old man, who ſaid ſo many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray, ſay no more, Sir; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run

5 Children in *Spain*, we are told, make puppets reſembling friars out of bean cods by breaking as much of the upper end as diſcovers part of the firſt bean, which is to repreſent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

mad

mad with pleaſure. A fig for the *Grand Captain*, and for that *Diego Garcia* you ſpeak of.

Dorothea, hearing this, ſaid ſoftly to *Cardenio:* Our landlord wants but little to make the ſecond part of *Don Quixote*. I think ſo too, anſwered *Cardenio*; for, according to the indications he gives, he takes all that is related in theſe books for goſpel, and neither more nor leſs than matters of fact; and the bare-footed friars themſelves could not make him believe otherwiſe. Look you, brother, ſaid the prieſt; there never was in the world ſuch a man as *Felixmarte* of *Hyrcania*, nor *Don Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, nor any other knights, ſuch as the books of chivalry mention: for all is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who compoſed them for the purpoſe of whileing away time, as you ſee your reapers do in reading them; for I vow and ſwear to you, there never were any ſuch knights in the world, nor did ſuch feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it. To another dog with this bone, anſwered the hoſt; as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own ſhoe pinches: do not think Sir, to feed me with pap; for, before god, I am no ſuckling. A good jeſt indeed, that your worſhip ſhould endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of theſe good books are lyes and extravagances, being printed with the licence of the king's privy-council; as if they were people that would allow the impreſſion of ſuch a pack of lyes, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one diſtracted. I have already told you, friend, replied the prieſt, that it is done for the amuſement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-inſtituted commonwealths, the games of cheſs, tennis, and billiards, are permitted for the entertainment of thoſe who have nothing to do, and who ought not, or cannot work; for the ſame reaſon they permit ſuch books to be written and printed, preſuming, as they well may, that no body can be ſo ignorant as to take them for true hiſtories. And, if it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down ſuch rules for the compoſing books of chivalry, as ſhould, perhaps, make them agreeable, and even uſeful to many perſons: but I hope the time will come that I may communicate this deſign to thoſe who can remedy it; and, in the mean while, Signor inn-keeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and ſettle the point, whether they contain truths or lyes, as you pleaſe; and much good may do you with them, and god grant you do not halt on the ſame foot your gueſt *Don Quixote* does. Not ſo, anſwered the inn-keeper, I ſhall not be ſo mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered ſince thoſe famous knights-errant wandered about the world.

Sancho

Sancho came in about the middle of this converſation, and was much confounded, and very penſive, at what he heard ſaid, that knights-errant were not now in faſhion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lyes and fooleries; and he reſolved with himſelf to wait the event of this expedition of his maſter's; and, if it did not ſucceed as happily as he expected, he determined to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accuſtomed labour.

The inn-keeper was carrying away the cloke-bag and the books; but the prieſt ſaid to him: Pray ſtay, for I would ſee what papers thoſe are that are written in ſo fair a character. The hoſt took them out, and having given them to him, to read, he found about eight ſheets in manuſcript, and at the beginning a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.* The prieſt read three or four lines to himſelf, and ſaid: In truth I do not diſlike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all. To which the inn-keeper anſwered: Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I aſſure you that ſome of my gueſts, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earneſtneſs: but I would not give it them, deſigning to reſtore it to the perſon, who forgot and left behind him this cloke-bag with theſe books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again ſome time or other; and though I know I ſhall have a great want of the books, in faith I will reſtore them; for, though I am an inn-keeper, thank god I am a chriſtian. You are much in the right, friend, ſaid the prieſt; nevertheleſs, if the novel pleaſes me, you muſt give me leave to take a copy of it. With all my heart, anſwered the inn-keeper. While they two were thus talking, *Cardenio* had taken up the novel, and began to read it; and, being likewiſe pleaſed with it, he deſired the prieſt to read it ſo as that they might all hear it. I will, ſaid the prieſt, if it be not better to ſpend our time in ſleeping than in reading. It will be as well for me, ſaid *Dorothea*, to paſs the time in liſtening to ſome ſtory; for my ſpirits are not yet ſo compoſed as to give me leave to ſleep, though it were needful. Well then, ſaid the prieſt, I will read it, if it were but for curioſity; perhaps it may contain ſomething that is entertaining. Maſter *Nicholas* and *Sancho* joined in the ſame requeſt: on which the prieſt, perceiving that he ſhould give them all pleaſure, and receive ſome himſelf, ſaid: Be all attentive then, for the novel begins in the following manner.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

In which is recited The Novel of the Curious Impertinent [6].

IN *Florence*, a rich and famous city of *Italy*, in the province called *Tuſcany*, lived *Anſelmo* and *Lothario*, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and ſuch great friends, that all who knew them ſtiled them, by way of eminence and diſtinction, *the two friends*. They were both bachelors, young, of the ſame age, and of the ſame manners: all which was a ſufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendſhip. It is true indeed, that *Anſelmo* was ſomewhat more inclined to amorous dalliance than *Lothario*, who was fonder of country ſports; but, upon occaſion, *Anſelmo* neglected his own pleaſures, to purſue thoſe of *Lothario*; and *Lothario* quitted his, to follow thoſe of *Anſelmo*: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with ſuch harmony, that no clock kept ſuch exact time. *Anſelmo* fell deſperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the ſame city, called *Camilla*, daughter of ſuch good parents, and herſelf ſo good, that he reſolved (with the approbation of his friend *Lothario*, without whom he did nothing) to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was *Lothario*, who carried the meſſage; and it was he, who concluded the match, ſo much to the good liking of his friend, that, in a little time, he found himſelf in the poſſeſſion of what he deſired, and *Camilla* ſo ſatisfiedwith having obtained *Anſelmo* for her husband, that ſhe ceaſed not to give thanks to heaven, and to *Lothario*, by whoſe means ſuch good fortune had befallen her. For ſome days after the wedding, days uſually dedicated to mirth, *Lothario* frequented his friend *Anſelmo*'s houſe as he was wont to do, ſtriving to honour, pleaſe, and entertain him to the utmoſt of his power: but the nuptial ſeaſon being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, *Lothario* began to remit the frequency of his viſits to *Anſelmo*, thinking, as all diſcreet men ſhould, that one ought not to viſit and frequent the houſes of one's friends, when married, in the ſame manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendſhip neither can nor ought to be ſuſpicious in any thing, yet ſo nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may ſuffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend [7]? *Anſelmo* took notice

6 *Curioſo Impertinente.* I have rendered this title (as all our tranſlators have done) *verbatim*; though, in ſtrict propriety of ſpeech, the novel ought to be intitled, *The impertinently Curious*, ſince it is certain the ſubject of it is, not *Anſelmo*'s *Curious Impertinence*, but his *Impertinent Curioſity*.

7 The *Spaniſh* and *Italian* husbands are more inclined to jealouſy than thoſe of any other nation.

of

of *Lothario*'s remiſſneſs, and complained greatly of it, telling him, that, had he ſuſpected, that his being married would have been the occaſion of their not converſing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and ſince, by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired ſo ſweet a name as that of *the two friends*, he deſired he would not ſuffer ſo honourable and ſo pleaſing a title to be loſt, by over-acting the cautious part; and therefore he beſought him (if ſuch a term might be uſed between them) to return, and be maſter of his houſe, and come and go as heretofore; aſſuring him, that his wife *Camilla* had no other pleaſure, or will, than what he deſired ſhe ſhould have; and that knowing how ſincerely and ardently they loved each other, ſhe was much ſurprized to find him ſo ſhy.

To all theſe, and many other reaſons, which *Anſelmo* urged to *Lothario*, to perſuade him to uſe his houſe as before, *Lothario* replied with ſo much prudence, diſcretion, and judgment, that *Anſelmo* reſted ſatisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed, that, two days in a week, beſides holydays, *Lothario* ſhould come and dine with him: and, though this was concerted between them two, *Lothario* reſolved to do what he ſhould think moſt for the honour of his friend, whoſe reputation was dearer to him than his own. He ſaid, and he ſaid right, that the married man, on whom heaven has beſtowed a beautiful wife, ſhould be as careful what men he brings home to his houſe, as what female friends ſhe converſes with abroad; for that, which cannot be done, nor concerted, in the markets, at churches, at public ſhows, or aſſemblies (things, which huſbands muſt not always deny their wives) may be concerted and brought about at the houſe of a ſhe-friend or relation, of whom we are moſt ſecure. *Lothario* [8] ſaid alſo, that a married man ſtood in need of ſome friend to advertiſe him of any miſtakes in his conduct; for it often happens, that the fondneſs, a man has at firſt for his wife, makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that ſhe ought to do, or avoid doing, ſome things, the doing, or not doing, whereof may reflect honour or diſgrace; all which might eaſily be remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where ſhall we find a friend ſo diſcreet, ſo faithful, and ſincere, as *Lothario* here ſeems to require? indeed I cannot tell, unleſs in *Lothario* himſelf, who, with the utmoſt diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench [9], cut ſhort, and abridge the number of viſiting-days agreed upon, leſt the idle vulgar, and prying malicious eyes, ſhould cenſure the

8 Both *Shelton* and *Motteux* have put this ſentiment in *Anſelmo*'s mouth.

9 The original is *dezmar*, to *decimate*.

free acceſs of a young and rich cavalier, ſo well born, and of ſuch accompliſhments, as he could not but be conſcious to himſelf he was maſter of, to the houſe of a lady ſo beautiful as *Camilla*; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the cenſorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour, or that of his friend, ſhould be in the leaſt ſuſpected; and therefore, on moſt of the days agreed upon, he buſied and employed himſelf about ſuch things as he pretended were indiſpenſible. And thus the time paſſed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuſes on the other.

Now it fell out one day, as they two were walking in a meadow without the city, *Anſelmo* addreſſed *Lothario* in words to this effect. I know very well, friend *Lothario*, I can never be thankful enough to god for the bleſſings he has beſtowed upon me, firſt in making me the ſon of ſuch parents as mine were, and giving me with ſo liberal a hand what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and eſpecially in having given me ſuch a friend as yourſelf, and ſuch a wife as *Camilla*; two jewels, which, if I value not as high as I ought, I value, at leaſt, as high as I am able. Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe advantages, which uſually are ſufficient to make men live contented, I live the moſt uneaſy and diſſatisfied man in the whole world; having been for ſome time paſt harraſſed and oppreſſed with a deſire, ſo ſtrange, and ſo much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myſelf, and blame and rebuke myſelf for it when I am alone, endeavouring to ſtifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts: and yet I have ſucceeded no better in my endeavours to ſtifle and conceal it, than if I had made it my buſineſs to publiſh it to all the world. And ſince, in ſhort, it muſt one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breaſt; not doubting but that, through your ſecrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I ſhall ſoon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will riſe to as high a pitch, as my diſcontent has done by my own folly. *Lothario* was in great ſuſpence at *Anſelmo*'s diſcourſe, and unable to gueſs at what he aimed by ſo tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what deſire it could be that gave his friend ſo much diſturbance, he ſtill ſhot wide of the mark; and, to be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this ſuſpence threw him, he ſaid to him, that it was doing a notorious injury to their great friendſhip, to ſeek for round-about ways to acquaint him with his moſt hidden thoughts, ſince he might depend upon him, either for advice or aſſiſtance in what concerned them. It is very true, anſwered *Anſelmo*; and in this confidence I give you to underſtand, friend *Lothario*, that the thing, which diſquiets me, is, a deſire to know, whether my wife *Camilla* be as good

and

and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited [1]: and that she alone is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For, what thanks, said he, to a woman for being virtuous, when no body persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife *Camilla* may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her: and if she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, *Who can find her?* And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, my friend *Lothario*, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. And, among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain, that, if *Camilla* should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hid in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that de-

[1] *Casta est, quam nemo rogavit.* Ovid.
The nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd. Prior.

ſerves to be called ſuch, you muſt immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my deſign requires, and with the confidence our friendſhip aſſures me of.

This was what *Anſelmo* ſaid to *Lothario*; to all which he was ſo attentive, that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have ſaid, he opened not his lips till his friend had done: but now, perceiving that he was ſilent, after he had gazed at him earneſtly for ſome time, as if he had been looking at ſomething he had never ſeen before, and which occaſioned in him wonder and amazement, he ſaid to him: I cannot perſuade myſelf, friend *Anſelmo*, but that what you have been ſaying to me is all in jeſt; for, had I thought you in earneſt, I would not have ſuffered you to proceed ſo far; and, by not liſtening to you, I ſhould have prevented your long harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know that you are *Anſelmo*, and you know that I am *Lothario:* the miſchief is, that I think you are not the *Anſelmo* you uſed to be, and you muſt imagine I am not that *Lothario* I ought to be: for neither is what you have ſaid to me becoming that friend of mine, *Anſelmo*; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that *Lothario* whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and uſe their friends, as the poet expreſſes it, *uſque ad aras*; as much as to ſay, they ought not to employ their friendſhip in matters againſt the law of god. If an heathen had this notion of friendſhip, how much more ought a chriſtian to have it, who knows, that the divine friendſhip ought not to be forfeited for any human friendſhip whatever. And when a friend goes ſo far, as to ſet aſide his duty to heaven, in compliance with the intereſts of his friend, it muſt not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at ſtake. Tell me then, *Anſelmo*, which of theſe two are in danger, that I ſhould venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itſelf ſo deteſtable, as that you require of me? Neither, aſſuredly: on the contrary, if I underſtand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the ſame time, myſelf too of both. For, if I muſt do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, ſince a man, without honour, is worſe than if he were dead: and I being the inſtrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you ſo much harm, ſhall I not bring diſhonour upon myſelf, and, by conſequence, rob myſelf of life? Hear me, friend *Anſelmo*, and have patience, and forbear anſwering till I have done urging what I have to ſay, as to what your deſire exacts of me; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you. With all my heart, ſaid *Anſelmo*; ſay what you pleaſe.

Then

Then *Lothario* went on, ſaying: Methinks, O *Anſelmo*, you are at this time in the ſame diſpoſition that the *Moors* are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their ſect, by citations from holy ſcripture, nor by arguments drawn from reaſon, or founded upon articles of faith; but you muſt produce examples that are plain, eaſy, intelligible, demonſtrative, and undeniable, with ſuch mathematical demonſtrations as cannot be denied; as when it is ſaid: *if from equal parts we take equal parts, thoſe that remain are alſo equal.* And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you muſt ſhew it to them with your hands, and ſet it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method muſt I deal with you; for this deſire, which poſſeſſes you, is ſo extravagant and wide of all that has the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon, that I look upon it as miſpending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for at preſent I can give it no better name; and I am even tempted to leave you to your indiſcretion, as a puniſhment of your prepoſterous deſire: but the friendſhip I have for you will not let me deal ſo rigorouſly with you, nor will it conſent that I ſhould deſert you in ſuch manifeſt danger of undoing yourſelf. And, that you may clearly ſee that it is ſo, ſay, *Anſelmo*, have you not told me, that I muſt ſolicit her that is reſerved, perſuade her that is virtuous, bribe her that is diſintereſted, and court her that is prudent? yes, you have told me ſo. If then you know that you have a reſerved, virtuous, diſintereſted, and prudent wife, what is it you would have? And, if you are of opinion ſhe will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtleſs ſhe will, what better titles do you think to beſtow on her afterwards, than thoſe ſhe has already? or what will ſhe be more then, than ſhe is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you ſay you do, to what purpoſe would you try her, and not rather ſuppoſe her guilty, and treat her as ſuch? But, if ſhe be as good as you believe ſhe is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itſelf, ſince, when that is done, it will remain but in the ſame degree of eſteem it had before. And therefore we muſt conclude, that to attempt things, from whence miſchief is more likely to enſue, than any advantage to us, is the part of raſh and inconſiderate men; and eſpecially when they are ſuch as we are no way forced nor obliged to attempt, and when it may be eaſily ſeen at a diſtance, that the enterprize itſelf is downright madneſs. Difficult things are undertaken for the ſake of god, of the world, or of both together: thoſe, which are done for god's ſake, are ſuch as are enterprized by the ſaints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: thoſe, which

are taken in hand for love of the world, are done by thoſe, who paſs infinite oceans of water, various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are uſually called *the goods of fortune:* and thoſe, which are undertaken for the ſake of god and the world together, are the actions of brave ſoldiers, who no ſooner eſpy in the enemy's wall ſo much breach as may be made by a ſingle canon-ball, but, laying aſide all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifeſt danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of deſire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they throw themſelves intrepidly into the midſt of a thouſand oppoſing deaths that await them. Theſe are the difficulties, which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though ſo full of dangers and inconveniencies. But that, which you ſay you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you glory from god, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, ſuppoſing the event to anſwer your deſires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured, than you are at preſent: and, if you ſhould miſcarry, you will find yourſelf in the moſt miſerable condition that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that no body elſe knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will ſufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourſelf. And, as a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat the following ſtanza of the famous poet *Louis Tanſilo*, at the end of his firſt part of the *Tears of ſaint Peter* [2].

When conſcious Peter *ſaw the bluſhing eaſt,*
He felt redoubled anguiſh in his breaſt,
And, though by privacy ſecured from blame,
Saw his own guilt, and ſeeing dyed with ſhame.
For generous minds, betrayed into a fault,
No witneſs want, but ſelf-condemning thought:
To ſuch the conſcious earth alone and skies
Supply the place of thouſand prying eyes.

And therefore its being a ſecret will not prevent your ſorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual ſubject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, ſuch as that ſimple doctor wept, who, as the poet [3] relates of him, made trial of the cup, which the prudent *Reinaldo* more wiſely declined doing. And, though this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be obſerved,

2 This poem, written originally in *Italian*, was tranſlated into *Spaniſh* by *Juan Sedeno*, and into *French* by *Malherbe*.

3 *Arioſto* in *Orlando Furioſo*.

underſtood,

underſtood, and imitated. But I have ſtill ſomething more to ſay upon this ſubject; which, I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you are going to commit.

Tell me, *Anſelmo*; if heaven, or good fortune, had made you maſter and lawful poſſeſſor of a ſuperlatively fine diamond, of whoſe goodneſs and beauty all the jewellers, who had ſeen it, were fully ſatisfied, and ſhould unanimouſly declare, that, in weight, goodneſs, and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of ſuch a ſtone is capable of, and you yourſelf ſhould believe as much, as knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right, that you ſhould take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by mere dint of blows, try whether it was ſo hard, and ſo fine, as it was thought to be? And further, ſuppoſing this put in execution, and that the ſtone reſiſts ſo fooliſh a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and, if it ſhould break, as it might, would not all be loſt? Yes certainly, and make its owner to paſs for a ſimple fellow in every body's opinion. Make account then, friend *Anſelmo*, that *Camilla* is an exquiſitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreaſonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, ſince, though ſhe ſhould remain entire, ſhe cannot riſe in her value; and, ſhould ſhe fail, and not reſiſt, conſider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how juſtly you might blame yourſelf for having been the cauſe both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world ſo valuable as a chaſte and virtuous woman; and all the honour of women conſiſts in the good opinion the world has of them: and ſince that of your wife is unqueſtionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Conſider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one ſhould not lay ſtumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that ſhe may, without hindrance, advance towards her proper perfection, which conſiſts in being virtuous. Naturaliſts inform us, that the ermin is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that, when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make uſe of this artifice: knowing the way it uſually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the paſſes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noiſe, and drive it toward thoſe places; and when the ermin comes to the dirt, it ſtands ſtill, ſuffering itſelf rather to be taken, than, by paſſing through the mire, deſtroy and ſully its whiteneſs, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modeſt woman is an ermin, and the virtue of chaſtity is whiter and cleaner than ſnow; and he who would not have her loſe, but rather guard and preſerve it, muſt take a quite different method from that which is uſed with the ermin: for he muſt not lay in

her way the mire of the courtſhip and aſſiduity of importunate lovers, ſince perhaps, and without a perhaps, ſhe may not have virtue and natural ſtrength enough to enable her, of herſelf, to trample down and get clear over thoſe impediments: it is neceſſary, therefore, to remove ſuch things out of her way, and ſet before her pure and unſpotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemiſhed reputation. A good woman may alſo be compared to a mirrour of cryſtal, ſhining and bright, but liable to be ſullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the ſame manner as relicks are, to be adored, but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roſes and other flowers, the owner of which ſuffers no body to walk among them, or touch any thing, but only at a diſtance, and through iron-rails, to enjoy its fragrancy and beauty. Laſtly, I will repeat to you ſome verſes, which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which ſeem very applicable to our preſent purpoſe. A prudent old man adviſes another, who is father of a young maiden, to look well after her, and lock her up; and, among other reaſons, gives theſe following:

I.

If woman's glaſs, why ſhould we try
Whether ſhe can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Becauſe perchance ſhe may be ſo.

II.

Who that is wiſe ſuch brittle ware
Would careleſs daſh upon the floor,
Which broken, nothing can repair,
Nor ſolder to its form reſtore?

III.

In this opinion all are found,
And reaſon vouches what I ſay,
Wherever Danaës *abound,*
There golden ſhowers will make their way.

All that I have hitherto ſaid, O *Anſelmo*, relates only to you: it is now fit I ſhould ſay ſomething concerning myſelf; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth, into which you have run yourſelf, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no leſs. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, againſt all rules of friendſhip, would deprive me of my honour: nor is this all; you would have me take away yours. That you would rob me of mine, is plain: for, when *Camilla* finds that I make love to her, as you deſire I ſhould, it is certain

ſhe

ſhe will look upon me as a man void of honour, and baſe, ſince I attempt, and do, a thing ſo contrary to what I owe to myſelf, and to your friendſhip. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt: for *Camilla*, perceiving that I make addreſſes to her, muſt think I have diſcovered ſome mark of lightneſs in her, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty paſſion; and her looking upon herſelf as diſhonoured affects you as being her husband. And hence ariſes what we ſo commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reaſon for tranſgreſſing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect, or want of care, is nevertheleſs called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and thoſe who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence, are apt to look upon him with an eye, rather of contempt, than of pity. But I will tell you the reaſon, why the husband of a vicious wife is juſtly diſhonoured, though he does not know that he is, nor has been at all in fault, or connived at, or given her occaſion to become ſuch: and be not weary of hearing me, ſince the whole will redound to your own advantage.

When god created our firſt parent in the terreſtrial paradiſe (as the holy ſcripture informs us) he infuſed a ſleep into *Adam*; and, while he ſlept, he took a rib out of his left ſide, of which he formed our mother *Eve:* and, when *Adam* awaked, and beheld her, he ſaid; *This is fleſh of my fleſh, and bone of my bone.* And god ſaid; *For this cauſe ſhall a man leave father and mother, and they two ſhall be one fleſh.* And at that time the holy ſacrament of marriage was inſtituted, with ſuch ties, as death only can looſe. And this miraculous ſacrament is of ſuch force and virtue, that it makes two different perſons to be but one fleſh: nay, it doth more in the properly married; for though they have two ſouls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the fleſh of the wife is the very ſame with that of the husband, the blemiſhes or defects thereof are participated by the fleſh of the husband, though, as is already ſaid, he was not the occaſion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, becauſe they are all one fleſh; and the head feels the ſmart of the ancle, though it was not the cauſe of it: ſo the husband partakes of the wife's diſhonour by being the ſelf-ſame thing with her. And as the honours and diſhonours of the world all proceed from fleſh and blood, and thoſe of the naughty wife being of this kind, the husband muſt of neceſſity bear his part in them, and be reckoned diſhonoured without his knowing it. Behold then, O *Anſelmo*, the danger to which you expoſe yourſelf, in ſeeking to diſturb the quiet your virtuous conſort enjoys. Conſider, through how vain and impertinent a curioſity, you would ſtir up the humours that now lie dormant

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in the breaſt of your chaſte ſpouſe. Reflect, that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may loſe will be ſo great, that I will paſs over in ſilence what I want words to expreſs. But, if all I have ſaid be not ſufficient to diſſuade you from your prepoſterous deſign, you muſt look out for ſome other Inſtrument of your diſgrace and misfortune: for I reſolve not to act this part, though I ſhould thereby loſe your friendſhip, which is the greateſt loſs I am able to conceive.

Here the virtuous and diſcreet *Lothario* ceaſed, and *Anſelmo* was ſo confounded and penſive, that, for ſome time, he could not anſwer him a word; but at laſt he ſaid: I have liſtened, friend *Lothario*, to all you have been ſaying to me, with the attention you may have obſerved; and in your arguments, examples, and compariſons, I plainly diſcover your great diſcretion, and the perfection of that friendſhip you have attained to: I ſee alſo and acknowledge, that, in rejecting your opinion, and adhering to my own, I fly the good, and purſue the evil. Yet, this ſuppoſed, you muſt conſider, that I labour under the infirmity, to which ſome women are ſubject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals, and other things ſtill worſe, even ſuch as are loathſom to the ſight, and much more ſo to the taſte. And therefore ſome art muſt be made uſe of to cure me; and it may be done with eaſe, only by your beginning to court *Camilla*, though but coldly and feignedly, who cannot be ſo yielding and pliant, that her modeſty ſhould fall to the ground at the firſt onſet; and with this faint beginning I ſhall reſt ſatisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendſhip, not only in reſtoring me to life, but by perſuading me not to be the cauſe of my own diſhonour. And there is one reaſon eſpecially, which obliges you to undertake this buſineſs, which is, that, whereas I am determined, as I am, to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me diſcloſe my frenzy to another perſon, and ſo hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preſerve: and though your own ſhould loſe ground in *Camilla*'s opinion, while you are making love to her, it is of little or no conſequence; ſince, in a ſhort time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then diſcover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. And, ſince you hazard ſo little, and may give me ſo much pleaſure by the riſque, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniences may appear to you in it, ſince, as I have already ſaid, if you will but ſet about it, I ſhall give up the cauſe for determined.

Lothario, perceiving *Anſelmo*'s fixed reſolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what farther reaſons to offer, to diſſuade him from his purpoſe, and finding he threatned to impart his extravagant deſire to ſome other perſon, reſolved,

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in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter, that, without giving *Camilla* any disturbance, *Anselmo* should rest satisfied: and therefore he returned for answer, that he desired he would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. *Anselmo* embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with *Camilla* alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to give her the music, and write verses in her praise, and, if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. *Lothario* consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what *Anselmo* imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to *Anselmo*'s house, where they found *Camilla* waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had staid abroad longer that day than usual. *Lothario*, after some time, retired to his own house, and *Anselmo* remained in his, as contented as *Lothario* was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomly out of this impertinent business. But that night he bethought himself of a way how to deceive *Anselmo*, without offending *Camilla:* and the next day he came to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by *Camilla*, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will, knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner being ended, and the cloth taken away, *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to stay with *Camilla* while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch, and be back in about an hour and half. *Camilla* prayed him not to go, and *Lothario* offered to bear him company: but it signified nothing with *Anselmo*; on the contrary, he importuned *Lothario* to stay and wait for him; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired *Camilla* to bear *Lothario* company 'till his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly [4], that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and *Camilla* and *Lothario* remained by themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to din-

4 The original is *supo tan bien fingir la necessidad, ò necedad de su ausencia*, &c. that is, *he knew so well how to feign the necessity, or rather folly of his absence*, &c. but it being impossible to retain the gingle of *necessidad* and *necedad* in the translation, it was thought proper to give the sentence somewhat a different turn. Note, *Shelton*, *Motteux*, &c. have quite omitted it.

ner.

ner. Thus *Lothario* found himſelf entered the liſts, as his friend had deſired, with an enemy before him, able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a ſquadron of armed cavaliers: think then, whether *Lothario* had not cauſe to fear. But the firſt thing he did, was, to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and begging *Camilla* to pardon his ill-manners, he ſaid he would willingly repoſe himſelf a little 'till *Anſelmo*'s return. *Camilla* anſwered, that he might repoſe himſelf more at eaſe on the couch [5] than in the chair, and therefore deſired him to walk in, and lie down there. *Lothario* excuſed himſelf, and ſlept where he was 'till *Anſelmo*'s return; who, finding *Camilla* retired to her chamber, and *Lothario* aſleep, believed, that, as he had ſtaid ſo long, they had had time enough both to talk and to ſleep; and he thought it long 'till *Lothario* awaked, that he might go out with him, and inquire after his ſucceſs. All fell out as he wiſhed. *Lothario* awaked, and preſently they went out together, and *Anſelmo* asked him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. *Lothario* anſwered, that he did not think it proper to open too far the firſt time, and therefore all he had done was, to tell her ſhe was very handſom, and that the whole town rung of her wit and beauty; and this he thought a good introduction, as it might inſinuate him into her good-will, and diſpoſe her to liſten to him the next time with pleaſure: in which he employed the ſame artifice, which the devil uſes to deceive a perſon who is on his guard; who, being in reality an angel of darkneſs, tranſforms himſelf into one of light, and, ſetting plauſible appearances before him, at length diſcovers himſelf, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning. *Anſelmo* was mightily pleaſed with all this, and ſaid he would give him the like opportunity every day, without going abroad; for he would ſo employ himſelf at home, that *Camilla* ſhould never ſuſpect his ſtratagem.

Now many days paſſed, and *Lothario*, though he ſpoke not a word to *Camilla* on the ſubject, told *Anſelmo* that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the leaſt ſign of any thing that was amiſs, or even diſcover the leaſt glimpſe or ſhadow of hope for himſelf; on the contrary, that ſhe threatned to tell her husband, if he did not quit his baſe deſign. It is very well, ſaid *Anſelmo*, hitherto *Camilla* has reſiſted words; we muſt next ſee how ſhe will reſiſt deeds: to-morrow I will give you two thouſand crowns in gold to preſent her with, and as many more to buy jewels by way of lure; for women, eſpecially if they are

5 *Eſtrado.* A ſpace of the viſiting-rooms of ladies, raiſed a foot above the floor of the reſt of the room, covered with carpets or mats, on which the ladies ſit on cuſhions laid along by the wall, or low ſtools.

handſom,

handſom, though never ſo chaſte, are fond of being well dreſſed and going fine: and, if ſhe reſiſts this temptation, I will be ſatisfied, and give you no farther trouble. *Lothario* anſwered, that, ſince he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was ſure he ſhould come off wearied and repulſed. The next day he received the four thouſand crowns, and with them four thouſand confuſions, not knowing what new lye to invent: but, in fine, he reſolved to tell him, that *Camilla* was as inflexible to preſents and promiſes, as to words, ſo that he need not weary himſelf any farther, ſince all the time was ſpent in vain.

But fortune, which directed matters otherwiſe, ſo ordered it, that *Anſelmo*, having left *Lothario* and *Camilla* alone as uſual, ſhut himſelf up in an adjoining chamber, and ſtood looking and liſtening through the key-hole, how they behaved themſelves, and ſaw, that, in above half an hour, *Lothario* ſaid not a word to *Camilla*; nor would he have ſaid a word, had he ſtood there an age. On which he concluded, that all his friend had told him of *Camilla*'s anſwers were mere fiction and lyes. And, to try whether they were ſo or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling *Lothario* aſide, asked him, what news he had for him, and what diſpoſition he had found *Camilla* in? *Lothario* replied, that he was reſolved not to mention that buſineſs any more to her, for ſhe had anſwered him ſo ſharply and angrily, that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. Ah! ſaid *Anſelmo*, *Lothario*, *Lothario!* how ill do you anſwer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repoſe in you! I am juſt come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not ſpoken a word to *Camilla*; whence I conclude, that you have never yet ſpoken to her at all. If it be ſo, as doubtleſs it is, why do you deceive me? Or why would you induſtriouſly deprive me of thoſe means I might otherwiſe find to compaſs my deſire? *Anſelmo* ſaid no more; but what he had ſaid was ſufficient to leave *Lothario* abaſhed and confounded: who, thinking his honour touched by being caught in a lye, ſwore to *Anſelmo*, that from that moment he took upon him to ſatisfy him, and would tell him no more lyes, as he ſhould find, if he had the curioſity to watch him; which however he might ſave himſelf the trouble of doing; for he would endeavour ſo earneſtly to procure him ſatisfaction, that there ſhould be no room left for ſuſpicion. *Anſelmo* believed him; and, to give him an opportunity, more ſecure and leſs liable to ſurprize, he reſolved to abſent himſelf from home for eight days, and to viſit a friend of his, who lived in a village not far from the city. And, to excuſe his departure to *Camilla*, he contrived that his friend ſhould preſs earneſtly for his company. Raſh and unhappy *Anſelmo!* what

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is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is it you are contriving? Conſider, you are acting againſt yourſelf, deſigning your own diſhonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your ſpouſe *Camilla* is virtuous; you poſſeſs her peaceably and quietly; no body diſturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not ſtray beyond the walls of her houſe; you are her heaven upon earth, the aim of her deſires, the accompliſhment of her wiſhes, and the rule by which ſhe meaſures her will, adjuſting it wholly according to yours, and that of heaven. If then the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modeſty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain, or you can deſire, why will you ranſack thoſe mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treaſures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, ſince, in truth, it is ſupported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature. Conſider, that he, who ſeeks after what is impoſſible, ought in juſtice to be denied what is poſſible; as a certain poet has better expreſſed it in theſe verſes:

In death I life deſire to ſee,
Health in diſeaſe, in tortures reſt,
In chains and priſons liberty,
And truth in a diſloyal breaſt.

But adverſe fate and heav'n's decree
In this, to baffle me, are joined,
That, ſince I ask what cannot be,
What can be I ſhall never find.

The next day, *Anſelmo* went to his friend's houſe in the country, telling *Camilla*, that, during his abſence, *Lothario* would come to take care of his houſe, and dine with her, and deſiring her to treat him as ſhe would do his own perſon. *Camilla*, as a diſcreet and virtuous woman ſhould, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and repreſented to him, how improper it was, that any body, in his abſence, ſhould take his place at his table; and if he did it, as doubting her ability to manage his family, ſhe deſired he would try her for this time, and he ſhould ſee, by experience, that ſhe was equal to truſts of greater conſequence. *Anſelmo* replied, it was his pleaſure it ſhould be ſo, and that ſhe had nothing to do but to acquieſce and be obedient. *Camilla* ſaid, ſhe would, tho' much againſt her inclination. *Anſelmo* went away, and the next day *Lothario* came to his houſe, where he was received by *Camilla* with a kind and modeſt welcome. But ſhe never expoſed herſelf to be left alone with *Lothario*, being conſtantly attended by her men and maid-ſervants, eſpecially by her own maid called *Leonela*, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy

infancy in her father's houſe, ſhe loved very much, and, upon her marriage with *Anſelmo*, had brought with her. *Lothario* ſaid nothing to her the three firſt days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the ſervants were gone to make a haſty dinner: for ſo *Camilla* had directed; and farther *Leonela* had orders to dine before her miſtreſs, and never to ſtir from her ſide: but ſhe, having her thoughts intent upon other matters, of her own pleaſure, and wanting to employ thoſe hours, and that opportunity, to her own purpoſes, did not always obſerve her miſtreſs's orders, but often left them alone, as if ſhe had been expreſly commanded ſo to do. Nevertheleſs the modeſt preſence of *Camilla*, the gravity of her countenance, and her compoſed behaviour, were ſuch, that they awed and bridled *Lothario*'s tongue. But the influence of her virtues in ſilencing *Lothario*'s tongue redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For, if his tongue lay ſtill, his thoughts were in motion; and he had leiſure to contemplate, one by one, all thoſe perfections of goodneſs and beauty, of which *Camilla* was miſtreſs, and which were ſufficient to inſpire love into a ſtatue of marble, and how much more into a heart of fleſh. *Lothario* gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and conſidered how worthy ſhe was to be beloved: and this conſideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regards he had for *Anſelmo*; and, a thouſand times, he thought of withdrawing from the city, and going where *Anſelmo* ſhould never ſee him, nor he *Camilla*, more: but the pleaſure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obſtacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himſelf, and had frequent ſtruggles within him, to get the better of the pleaſure he received in gazing on *Camilla*. He blamed himſelf, when alone, for his folly; he called himſelf a falſe friend, and a bad chriſtian. He reaſoned upon, and made compariſons between, his own conduct, and that of *Anſelmo*, and ſtill concluded, that *Anſelmo*'s folly and preſumption were greater than his own infidelity: and, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excuſable before god, as it was before men, he ſhould fear no puniſhment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodneſs of *Camilla*, together with the opportunity, which the thoughtleſs husband had put into his hands, quite overturned *Lothario*'s integrity. And, without regarding any thing but what tended to the gratification of his paſſion, at the end of three days from the time of *Anſelmo*'s abſence, during which he had been in perpetual ſtruggle with his deſires, he began to ſolicit *Camilla*, with ſuch earneſtneſs and diſorder, and with ſuch amorous expreſſions, that *Camilla* was aſtoniſhed, and could only riſe from her ſeat, and retire to her chamber, without anſwering a word. But, notwithſtanding this ſudden blaſt, *Lothario*'s hope was not withered:

withered: for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the purſuit of *Camilla*; who, having diſcovered in *Lothario* what ſhe could never have imagined, was at a loſs how to behave. But thinking it neither ſafe, nor right, to give him opportunity or leiſure of talking to her any more, ſhe reſolved, as ſhe accordingly did, to ſend that very night one of her ſervants to *Anſelmo* with a letter, wherein ſhe wrote as follows.

CHAP. VII.

In which is continued The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

CAMILLA's letter to *ANSELMO*.

AN army, it is commonly ſaid, makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a caſtle without its governor; but a young married woman, I ſay, makes a worſe without a husband, when there is no juſt cauſe for his abſence. I am ſo uneaſy without you, and ſo intirely unable to ſupport this abſence, that, if you do not return ſpeedily, I muſt go and paſs my time at my father's houſe, though I leave yours without a guard: for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleaſure, than upon any thing which concerns you: and, ſince you are wiſe, I ſhall ſay no more, nor is it proper I ſhould.

Anſelmo received this letter, and underſtood by it, that *Lothario* had begun the attack, and that *Camilla* muſt have received it according to his wiſh: and, overjoyed at this good news, he ſent *Camilla* a verbal meſſage, not to ſtir from her houſe upon any account, for he would return very ſpeedily. *Camilla* was ſurprized at *Anſelmo*'s anſwer, which increaſed the perplexity ſhe was under: for now ſhe durſt neither ſtay in her own houſe, nor retire to that of her parents; ſince in ſtaying ſhe hazarded her virtue, and in going ſhe ſhould act contrary to her husband's poſitive command. At length, ſhe reſolved upon that, which proved the worſt for her; which was, to ſtay, and not to ſhun *Lothario*'s company, leſt it might give her ſervants occaſion to talk; and ſhe already began to be ſorry ſhe had written what ſhe did to her ſpouſe, fearing leſt he ſhould think, *Lothario* muſt have obſerved ſome ſigns of lightneſs in her, which had emboldened him to lay aſide the reſpect he owed her. But, conſcious of her own integrity, ſhe truſted in god, and her own virtuous diſpoſition, reſolving to reſiſt, by her ſilence, whatever *Lothario* ſhould ſay to her, without giving her husband any farther account, leſt it ſhould involve him in any quarrel

quarrel or trouble. She even began to conſider, how ſhe might excuſe *Lothario* to *Anſelmo*, when he ſhould ask her the cauſe of her writing that letter.

With theſe thoughts, more honourable than proper or beneficial, the next day ſhe ſate ſtill, and heard what *Lothario* had to ſay to her; who plyed her ſo warmly, that *Camilla*'s firmneſs began to totter; and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes, and prevent ſome indications of an amorous compaſſion, which the tears and arguments of *Lothario* had awakened in her breaſt. All this *Lothario* obſerved, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In ſhort, he thought it neceſſary, whilſt he had the time and opportunity, which *Anſelmo*'s abſence afforded him, to ſhorten the ſiege of this fortreſs. And therefore he attacked her pride with the praiſes of her beauty; for there is nothing, which ſooner reduces and levels the towering caſtles of the vanity of the fair ſex, than vanity itſelf, when poſted upon the tongue of flattery. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with ſuch engines, that, though ſhe had been made of braſs, ſhe muſt have fallen to the ground. *Lothario* wept, intreated, flattered, and ſolicited with ſuch earneſtneſs and demonſtrations of ſincerity, that he quite overthrew all *Camilla*'s reſerve, and at laſt triumphed over what he leaſt expected, and moſt deſired. She ſurrendered, even *Camilla* ſurrendered; and what wonder, when even *Lothario*'s friendſhip could not ſtand its ground? A plain example, ſhewing us, that the paſſion of love is to be vanquiſhed only by flying, and that we muſt not pretend to grapple with ſo powerful an enemy, ſince divine ſuccours are neceſſary to ſubdue ſuch force, though human. *Leonela* alone was privy to her lady's frailty; for the two faithleſs friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. *Lothario* would not acquaint *Camilla* with *Anſelmo*'s project, nor with his having deſignedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, leſt ſhe ſhould eſteem his paſſion the leſs, or ſhould think he had made love to her by chance, rather than out of choice.

A few days after, *Anſelmo* returned home, and did not miſs what he had loſt, which was what he took leaſt care of, and yet valued moſt. He preſently went to make a viſit to *Lothario*, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and the one enquired what news concerning his life or death. The news I have for you, O friend *Anſelmo*, ſaid *Lothario*, is, that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have ſaid to her are given to the wind; my offers have been deſpiſed, my preſents refuſed; and, when I ſhed ſome few feigned tears, ſhe made a mere jeſt of them. In ſhort, as *Camilla* is the ſum of all beauty, ſhe is alſo the repoſitory, in which modeſty, good-nature, and reſerve, with

all the virtues which can make a good woman praiſe-worthy and happy, are treaſured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money: here it is; I had no occaſion to make uſe of it; for *Camilla*'s integrity is not to be ſhaken by things ſo mean as preſents and promiſes. Be ſatisfied, *Anſelmo*, and make no farther trials; and ſince you have ſafely paſſed the gulf of thoſe doubts and ſuſpicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expoſe yourſelf on the deep ſea of new diſquiets, nor make a freſh trial, with another pilot, of the goodneſs and ſtrength of the veſſel, which heaven has allotted you for your paſſage through the ocean of this world: but make account, that you are arrived ſafe in port; and ſecure yourſelf with the anchor of ſerious conſideration, and lie by, 'till you are required to pay that duty, from which no human rank is exempted.

Anſelmo was intirely ſatisfied with *Lothario*'s words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by ſome oracle. Nevertheleſs he deſired him not to give over the undertaking, tho' he carried it on merely out of curioſity and amuſement; however he need not, for the future, ply her ſo cloſe as he had done: all that he now deſired of him, was, that he would write ſome verſes in her praiſe under the name of *Chloris*, and he would give *Camilla* to underſtand that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modeſty: and, if *Lothario* did not care to be at the trouble of writing the verſes himſelf, he would do it for him. There will be no need of that, ſaid *Lothario*; for the *Muſes* are not ſo unpropitious to me, but that, now and then, they make me a viſit. Tell *Camilla* your thoughts of my counterfeit paſſion, and leave me to make the verſes; which, if not ſo good as the ſubject deſerves, ſhall, at leaſt, be the beſt I can make. Thus agreed the impertinent and the treacherous friend. And *Anſelmo*, being returned to his houſe, inquired of *Camilla*, what ſhe wondered he had not already inquired, namely, the occaſion of her writing the letter ſhe had ſent him. *Camilla* anſwered, that ſhe then fancied *Lothario* looked at her a little more licentiouſly than when he was at home; but that now ſhe was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own; for *Lothario* had, of late, avoided ſeeing, and being alone with her. *Anſelmo* replied, that ſhe might be very ſecure from that ſuſpicion; for, to his knowledge, *Lothario* was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of *Chloris*; and, though it were not ſo, ſhe had nothing to fear, conſidering *Lothario*'s virtue, and the great friendſhip that ſubſiſted between them. Had not *Camilla* been beforehand advertiſed by *Lothario*, that this ſtory of his love for *Chloris* was all a fiction, and that he had told it *Anſelmo*, that he might have an opportunity,

now and then, of employing himſelf in the praiſes of *Camilla* herſelf, ſhe had doubtleſs fallen into the deſperate ſnare of jealouſy: but, being prepared for it, it gave her no diſturbance.

The next day, they three being together at table, *Anſelmo* deſired *Lothario* to recite ſome of the verſes he had compoſed on his beloved *Chloris*; for, ſince *Camilla* did not know her, he might ſafely repeat what he pleaſed. Though ſhe did know her, anſwered *Lothario*, I ſhould have no reaſon to conceal what I have written; for when a lover praiſes his miſtreſs's beauty, and, at the ſame time, taxes her with cruelty, he caſts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I muſt tell you, that yeſterday I made a ſonnet on the ingratitude of *Chloris*; and it is this.

SONNET.

In the dead ſilence of the peaceful night,
When others cares are huſh'd in ſoft repoſe,
The ſad account of my neglected woes
To conſcious heaven and Chloris *I recite.*
And when the ſun, with his returning light,
Forth from the eaſt his radiant journey goes,
With accents, ſuch as ſorrow only knows,
My griefs to tell, is all my poor delight.
And when bright Phœbus, *from his ſtarry throne,*
Sends rays direct upon the parched ſoil,
Still in the mournful tale I perſevere.
Returning night renews my ſorrow's toil;
And though, from morn to night, I weep and moan,
Nor heaven nor Chloris *my complainings hear.*

Camilla was very well pleaſed with the ſonnet, but *Anſelmo* more: he commended it, and ſaid, the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to ſo much truth. What then! replied *Camilla*, are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth? Not all they tell us as poets, anſwered *Lothario*, but as lovers; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall ſhort of the truth. There is no doubt of that, replied *Anſelmo*, reſolved to ſecond and ſupport the credit of every thing *Lothario* ſaid with *Camilla*, who was now become as indifferent to *Anſelmo*'s artifice, as ſhe was in love with *Lothario*. Being therefore pleaſed with every thing that was his, and beſides taking it for granted, that all his deſires and verſes were addreſſed to her, and that ſhe was the true *Chloris*, ſhe deſired him, if he could recollect any other ſonnet or verſes, to repeat them. I remember one, anſwered *Lothario*; but I be-

lieve it is not ſo good as the former, or, to ſpeak properly, leſs bad; as you ſhall judge; for it is this.

SONNET.

I die, if not believed, 'tis ſure I die,
For ere I ceaſe to love and to adore,
Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
Dead at your feet you ſhall behold me lie.
When to the regions of obſcurity
I hence am baniſh'd, to enjoy no more
Glory and life, you, in that luckleſs hour,
Your image graven in my heart ſhall ſee.
That relique, with a lover's generous pride,
I treaſure in my breaſt, the only ſource
Of comfort, whilſt thy rigour lets me live.
Unhappy he, who ſteers his dangerous courſe
Through unfrequented ſeas, no ſtar to guide,
Nor port his ſhatter'd veſſel to receive.

Anſelmo commended this ſecond ſonnet as much as he had done the firſt; and thus he went on, adding link after link to the chain, wherewith he bound himſelf, and ſecured his own diſhonour; for when *Lothario* diſhonoured him moſt, he then aſſured him his honour was ſafeſt. And thus, every ſtep of the ladder *Camilla* deſcended toward the center of her diſgrace, ſhe aſcended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermoſt round of virtue and her good fame.

Now it happened one day, that *Camilla*, being alone with her maid, ſaid to her: I am aſhamed, dear *Leonela*, to think how little value I ſet upon myſelf, in not making it coſt *Lothario* more time to gain the entire poſſeſſion of my inclinations, which I gave up ſo ſoon: I fear he will look upon my eaſineſs in ſurrendering as levity, without reflecting on the violence he uſed, which put it out of my power to reſiſt him. Dear madam, anſwered *Leonela*, let not this trouble you; for there is nothing in it: the value of a gift, if it be good in itſelf, and worthy of eſteem, is not leſſened by being ſoon given; and therefore they ſay, he who gives quickly, gives twice. They ſay alſo, quoth *Camilla*, that which coſts little, is leſs valued. This does not affect your caſe, anſwered *Leonela*; for love, as I have heard ſay, ſometimes flies and ſometimes walks; runs with one perſon, and goes leiſurely with another: ſome he warms, and ſome he burns; ſome he wounds, and others he kills: in one and the ſame inſtant he begins and concludes the career of his deſires. He often in the morning lays ſiege to a fortreſs, and in the evening has it ſurrendered to him; for no force

force is able to reſiſt him. And, this being ſo, what are you afraid of, if this be the very caſe of *Lothario*, love having made my maſter's abſence the inſtrument to oblige you to ſurrender to him, and it being abſolutely neceſſary to finiſh, in that interval, what love had decreed, without giving *Time* himſelf any time to bring back *Anſelmo*, and, by his preſence, render the work imperfect? for love has no ſurer miniſter to execute his deſigns than opportunity: it is that he makes uſe of in all his exploits, eſpecially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearſay; and, one day or other, madam, I may let you ſee, that I alſo am a girl of fleſh and blood. Beſides, madam, you did not declare your paſſion, nor engage yourſelf ſo ſoon, but you had firſt ſeen, in his eyes, in his ſighs, in his expreſſions, in his promiſes, and his preſents, *Lothario*'s whole ſoul; and in that, and all his accompliſhments, how worthy *Lothario* was of your love. Then, ſince it is ſo, let not theſe ſcruples and niceties diſturb you, but reſt aſſured, that *Lothario* eſteems you no leſs than you do him; and live contented and ſatisfied, that, ſince you are fallen into the ſnare of love, it is with a perſon of worth and character, and one who poſſeſſes not only the four SS [6], which, they ſay, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet. Do but hear me, and you ſhall ſee how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right, [7] amiable, bountiful, conſtant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illuſtrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the SS, as they ſay; laſtly, true, valiant, and wiſe: the X ſuits him not, becauſe it is a harſh letter; the Y, he is young; the Z, zealous of your honour [8].

Camilla ſmiled at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more converſant in love-matters, than ſhe had hitherto owned; and indeed ſhe now confeſſed to *Camilla*, that ſhe had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the ſame city. At which *Camilla* was much diſturbed, fearing leſt, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger. And therefore ſhe ſifted her, to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. She, with little ſhame, and much boldneſs, owned it had. For it is certain, that the ſlips of the miſtreſs take off all ſhame from the maid-ſervants, who, when they ſee their miſtreſſes trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. *Camilla* could do no more but beg of *Leonela* to ſay nothing of her affair to the perſon ſhe ſaid was her lover, and

6 As if we ſhould ſay, *ſightly*, *ſprightly*, *ſincere* and *ſecret*.

7 It was impoſſible here to tranſlate the original exactly, it being neceſſary to uſe words whoſe initial letters follow in an alphabetical order.

8 This is ſomething like that play in uſe among us; *I love my love with an A, becauſe he is amorous*, &c.

to manage her own with ſuch ſecrecy, that it might not come to the knowledge of *Anſelmo* or of *Lothario*. *Leonela* anſwered, ſhe would do ſo: but ſhe kept her word in ſuch a manner, as juſtified *Camilla*'s fears, that ſhe might loſe her reputation by her means. For the lewd and bold *Leonela*, when ſhe found, that her miſtreſs's conduct was not the ſame it uſed to be, had the aſſurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the houſe, preſuming that her lady durſt not ſpeak of it, though ſhe knew it. For this inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of miſtreſſes, that they become ſlaves to their very ſervants, and are neceſſitated to conceal their diſhoneſty and lewdneſs; as was the caſe with *Camilla*. For, though ſhe ſaw, not once only, but ſeveral times, that *Leonela* was with her gallant in a room of her houſe, ſhe was ſo far from daring to chide her, that ſhe gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all ſhe could to prevent his being ſeen by her husband. But all could not hinder *Lothario* from ſeeing him once go out of the houſe at break of day; who, not knowing who he was, thought, at firſt, it muſt be ſome apparition. But when he ſaw him ſteal off, muffling himſelf up, and concealing himſelf with care and caution, he changed one fooliſh opinion for another, which muſt have been the ruin of them all, if *Camilla* had not remedied it. *Lothario* was ſo far from thinking, that the man, whom he had ſeen coming out of *Anſelmo*'s houſe, at ſo unſeaſonable an hour, came thither upon *Leonela*'s account, that he did not ſo much as remember there was ſuch a perſon as *Leonela* in the world. What he thought, was, that *Camilla*, as ſhe had been eaſy and complying to him, was ſo to another alſo: for the wickedneſs of a bad woman carries this additional miſchief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man, to whoſe intreaties and perſuaſions ſhe ſurrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the ſlighteſt grounds, that ſhe yields to others even with greater facility.

All *Lothario*'s good ſenſe, and prudent reaſonings, ſeem to have failed him upon this occaſion: for, without making one proper, or even rational reflexion, without more ado, grown impatient, and blinded with a jealous rage, that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on *Camilla*, who had offended him in nothing, he went to *Anſelmo* before he was up, and ſaid to him: Know, *Anſelmo*, that, for ſeveral days paſt, I have ſtruggled with myſelf, to keep from you what is no longer poſſible nor juſt to conceal. Know, that *Camilla*'s fort is ſurrendered, and ſubmitted to my will and pleaſure; and if I have delayed diſcovering to you this truth, it was, to ſatisfy myſelf, whether it was any wanton deſire in her, or whether ſhe had a mind to try me, and to ſee, whether the love, I made to her, with your connivance, was in earneſt. And I ſtill believed, if

ſhe

ſhe was what ſhe ought to be, and what we both thought her, ſhe would, before now, have given you an account of my ſolicitations. But, ſince I find ſhe has not, I conclude ſhe intends to keep the promiſe ſhe has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are abſent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where *Camilla* uſed to entertain him.) And, ſince the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of putting it in execution, *Camilla* may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and obſerve this I ſhall now give you, that, without poſſibility of being miſtaken, and upon matureſt deliberation, you may ſatisfy yourſelf as to what is moſt fitting for you to do. Pretend an abſence of three or four days, as you uſed to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourſelf in the wardrobe, where the tapeſtry, and other moveables, may ſerve to conceal you; and then you will ſee with your own eyes, and I with mine, what *Camilla* intends; and if it be wickedneſs, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may then, with ſecrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury.

Anſelmo was amazed, confounded, and aſtoniſhed at *Lothario*'s words, which came upon him at a time when he leaſt expected to hear them; for he already looked upon *Camilla* as victorious over *Lothario*'s feigned aſſaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conqueſt. He ſtood a good while with his eyes fixed motionleſs on the ground, and at length ſaid: *Lothario*, you have done what I expected from your friendſhip; I muſt follow your advice in every thing; do what you will, and be as ſecret as ſo unlooked-for an event requires. *Lothario* promiſed him he would; and ſcarce had he left him, when he began to repent of all he had ſaid, and was convinced he had acted fooliſhly, ſince he might have revenged himſelf on *Camilla* by a leſs cruel and leſs diſhonourable method. He curſed his want of ſenſe, condemned his heedleſs reſolution, and was at a loſs how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the ſcrape. At laſt he reſolved to diſcover all to *Camilla*; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone; and immediately, on his coming in, ſhe ſaid: Know, dear *Lothario*, that I have an uneaſineſs at heart, which tortures me in ſuch a manner, that methinks it is ready to burſt it, and, indeed, it is a wonder it does not; for *Leonela*'s impudence is arrived to that pitch, that ſhe, every night, entertains a gallant in the houſe, who ſtays with her 'till day-light, ſo much to the prejudice of my reputation, that it will leave room for cenſure to whoever ſhall

ſee him go out at ſuch unſeaſonable hours: and what gives me the moſt concern is, that I cannot chaſtiſe, or ſo much as reprimand her: for her being in the ſecret of our correſpondence puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal hers; and I am afraid of ſome unlucky event from this corner.

At firſt, when *Camilla* ſaid this, *Lothario* believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by perſuading him that the man, he ſaw go out, was *Leonela*'s galant, and not *Camilla*'s: but, perceiving that ſhe wept, and afflicted herſelf, and begged his aſſiſtance in finding a remedy, he ſoon came into the belief of what ſhe ſaid; and ſo was filled with confuſion and repentance for what he had done. He deſired *Camilla* to make herſelf eaſy, for he would take an effectual courſe to reſtrain *Leonela*'s inſolence. He alſo told her what the furious rage of jealouſy had inſtigated him to tell *Anſelmo*, and how it was agreed that *Anſelmo* ſhould hide himſelf in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witneſs, from thence, of her diſloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madneſs, and deſired her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them out of ſo perplexed a labyrinth, as his raſhneſs had involved them in. *Camilla* was aſtoniſhed at hearing what *Lothario* ſaid, and, with much reſentment, reproached him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her; and, with many and diſcreet reaſons, ſet before him the folly and inconſiderateneſs of the reſolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purpoſes, than men, though it often fails them, when they ſet themſelves purpoſely to deliberate; *Camilla* inſtantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair ſeemingly incapable of all remedy. She bid *Lothario* ſee that *Anſelmo* hid himſelf the next day where he had propoſed; for by this very hiding ſhe propoſed to ſecure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment, without fear of ſurprize: and, without letting him into the whole of her deſign, ſhe only deſired him, after *Anſelmo* was poſted, to be ready at *Leonela*'s call, and that he ſhould take care to anſwer to whatever ſhe ſhould ſay to him, juſt as he would do, if he did not know that *Anſelmo* was liſtening. *Lothario* preſs'd her to explain to him her whole deſign, that he might, with the more ſafety and caution, be upon his guard in all that he thought neceſſary. No other guard, ſaid *Camilla*, is neceſſary, but only to anſwer me directly to what I ſhall ask you. For ſhe was not willing to let him into the ſecret of what ſhe intended to do, leſt he ſhould not come into that deſign, which ſhe thought ſo good, and ſhould look out for ſome other, not likely to prove ſo ſucceſsful.

Lothario then left her; and, the next day, *Anſelmo*, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned preſently back to hide himſelf; which he might conveniently

niently enough do: for *Camilla* and *Leonela* were out of the way on purpoſe. *Anſelmo* being now hid, with all that palpitation of heart, which may be imagined in one, who expected to ſee with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, and was upon the point of loſing that ſupreme bliſs he thought himſelf poſſeſſed of in his beloved *Camilla*; ſhe and *Leonela*, being well aſſured that *Anſelmo* was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; and *Camilla* had ſcarce ſet her foot in it, when, fetching a deep ſigh, ſhe ſaid: Ah, dear *Leonela*, would it not be better, before I put that in execution, which I would keep ſecret from you, leſt you ſhould endeavour to prevent it, that you ſhould take *Anſelmo*'s dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breaſt? But do it not; for it is not reaſonable I ſhould bear the puniſhment of another's fault. I will firſt know, what the bold and wanton eyes of *Lothario* ſaw in me, that could give him the aſſurance to diſcover ſo wicked a deſign, as that he has diſcovered to me, in contempt of his friend, and of my honour. Step to the window, *Leonela*, and call him; for, doubtleſs, he is waiting in the ſtreet, in hopes of putting his wicked deſign in execution. But firſt my cruel, but honourable, purpoſe ſhall be executed. Ah, dear madam! anſwered the cunning and well-inſtructed *Leonela*, what is it you intend to do with this dagger? is it to take away your own life, or *Lothario*'s? Which-ever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you ſhould diſſemble your wrong, than to let this wicked man now into the houſe, while we are alone. Conſider, madam, we are weak women, and he a man, and reſolute; and, as he comes blinded and big with his wicked purpoſe, he may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worſe for you, than taking away your life. A miſchief take my maſter *Anſelmo*, for giving this impudent fellow ſuch an aſcendant in his houſe. But, pray, madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what ſhall we do with him after he is dead? What, child? anſwered *Camilla*; why, leave him here for *Anſelmo* to bury him: for it is but juſt he ſhould have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call him, without more ado; for all the time I loſe in delaying to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend againſt that loyalty I owe to my husband.

All this *Anſelmo* liſtened to, and, at every word *Camilla* ſpoke, his ſentiments changed. But when he underſtood, that ſhe intended to kill *Lothario*, he was inclined to prevent it, by coming out and diſcovering himſelf; but was withheld by the ſtrong deſire he had to ſee what would be the end of ſo brave and virtuous a reſolution; purpoſing however to come out time enough to prevent miſchief. And now *Camilla* was taken with

with a ſtrong fainting fit; and throwing herſelf upon a bed that was there, *Leonela* began to weep bitterly, and to ſay: Ah, wo is me! that I ſhould be ſo unhappy as to ſee die here, between my arms, the flower of the world's virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chaſtity; with other ſuch expreſſions, that no body, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the moſt compaſſionate and faithful damſel in the univerſe, and her lady for another perſecuted *Penelope*. *Camilla* ſoon recovered from her ſwoon, and, when ſhe was come to herſelf, ſhe ſaid: Why do you not go, *Leonela*, and call the moſt faithleſs friend of all friends that the ſun ever ſaw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be ſpent by delay, and the juſt vengeance I expect paſs off in empty threatnings and curſes. I am going to call him, ſaid *Leonela*; but, dear madam, you muſt firſt give me that dagger, leſt, when I am gone, you ſhould do a thing, which might give thoſe who love you cauſe to weep all their lives long. Go, dear *Leonela*, and fear not, ſaid *Camilla*; I will not do it: for though I am reſolute, and, in your opinion, ſincere in defending my honour, I ſhall not be ſo to the degree that *Lucretia* was, of whom it is ſaid, that ſhe killed herſelf without having committed any fault, and without firſt killing him, who was the cauſe of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I muſt; but it ſhall be after I have ſatiated my revenge on him, who is the occaſion of my being now here to bewail his inſolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine.

Leonela wanted a great deal of intreaty, before ſhe would go and call *Lothario*; but at laſt ſhe went, and, while ſhe was away, *Camilla*, as if ſhe was talking to herſelf, ſaid: Good god! would it not have been more adviſable to have diſmiſſed *Lothario*, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me diſhoneſt and naught, though it be only for the ſhort time I defer the undeceiving him? Without doubt it would have been better: but I ſhall not be revenged, nor my husband's honour ſatisfied, if he gets off ſo clean, and ſo ſmoothly, from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts have led him. No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprizes with ſo laſcivious a deſire. Let the world know (if perchance it comes to know it) that *Camilla* not only preſerved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the perſon, who dared to wrong him. But, after all, it would perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to *Anſelmo*: but I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the miſchief I pointed out to him, muſt be owing to pure good-nature, and a confidence in *Lothario*, which would not let him believe, that the leaſt thought, to the prejudice

prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breaſt of ſo faithful a friend: nor did I myſelf believe it for many days, nor ſhould ever have given credit to it, if his inſolence had not riſen ſo high, and his avowed preſents, large promiſes, and continual tears, put it paſt all diſpute. But why do I talk thus? Does a brave reſolution ſtand in need of counſel? No, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! Come, vengeance! Let the falſe one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befal what will. Unſpotted I entered into the power of him, whom heaven allotted me for my husband, and unſpotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaſte blood, and the impure gore of the falſeſt friend that friendſhip ever ſaw. And ſaying this, ſhe walked up and down the room, with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking ſuch irregular and huge ſtrides, and with ſuch geſtures, that one would have thought her beſide herſelf, and have taken her, not for a ſoft and delicate woman, but for ſome deſperate ruffian.

Anſelmo obſerved all, from behind the arras, where he had hid himſelf, and was amazed at all, and already thought what he had ſeen and heard ſufficient to balance ſtill greater ſuſpicions, and began to wiſh that *Lothario* might not come, for fear of ſome ſudden diſaſter. And being now upon the point of diſcovering himſelf, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by ſeeing *Leonela* return with *Lothario* by the hand; and, aſſoon as *Camilla* ſaw him, ſhe drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and ſaid: Take notice, *Lothario*, of what I ſay to you: if you ſhall dare to paſs this line you ſee here, or but come up to it, the moment I ſee you attempt it, I will pierce my breaſt with this dagger I hold in my hand: but, before you anſwer me a word to this, hear a few more I have to ſay to you, and then anſwer me as you pleaſe. In the firſt place, *Lothario*, I deſire you to tell me, whether you know *Anſelmo* my husband, and in what eſtimation you hold him? And, in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me? Anſwer me to this, and be under no concern, nor ſtudy for an anſwer; for they are no difficult queſtions I ask you. *Lothario* was not ſo ignorant, but that, from the inſtant *Camilla* bid him hide *Anſelmo*, he gueſſed what ſhe intended to do, and accordingly humoured her deſign ſo well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit paſs for ſomething more than truth; and therefore he anſwered *Camilla* in this manner. I did not imagine, fair *Camilla*, that you called me to anſwer to things ſo wide of the purpoſe, for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promiſed favour, why did you not adjourn it to a ſtill farther day? for the nearer the proſpect of poſſeſſion is, the more eager we are to enjoy the deſired good. But, that you may not

ſay,

ſay, I do not anſwer to your queſtions, I reply, that I know your husband *Anſelmo*, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendſhip I will ſay nothing, that I may not be a witneſs againſt myſelf of the wrong, which love, that powerful excuſe for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does: for, were it not ſo, I ſhould not, for leſs excellence, have acted ſo contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and ſo much againſt the holy laws of true friendſhip, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love. If you acknowledge ſo much, replied *Camilla*, mortal enemy of all that juſtly deſerves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror, in which *Anſelmo* looks, and in which you might have ſeen upon what ſlight grounds you injure him? But ah! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was that made you forget yourſelf: it was, doubtleſs, ſome indiſcretion of mine: for I will not call it immodeſty, ſince it proceeded not from deſign, but from ſome one of thoſe inadvertencies, which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is no body preſent, before whom, they think, they need be upon the reſerve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever anſwer your addreſſes with any word or ſign, that could give you the leaſt ſhadow of hope, that you ſhould ever accompliſh your infamous deſires? When were not your amorous expreſſions repulſed and rebuked with rigour and ſeverity? When were your many promiſes, and greater preſents, believed or accepted? But, knowing, that no one can perſevere long in an affair of love, unleſs it be kept alive by ſome hope, I take upon myſelf the blame of your impertinence; ſince, without doubt, ſome inadvertency of mine has nouriſhed your hope ſo long: and therefore I will chaſtiſe, and inflict that puniſhment on myſelf, which your offence deſerves. And, to convince you, that, being ſo ſevere to myſelf, I could not poſſibly be otherwiſe to you, I had a mind you ſhould come hither to be a witneſs to the ſacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greateſt deliberation imaginable, and by me too through my careleſneſs in not ſhunning the occaſion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. I ſay again, that the ſuſpicion I have, that ſome inadvertency of mine has occaſioned ſuch licentious thoughts in you, is what diſturbs me the moſt, and what I moſt deſire to puniſh with my own hands; for ſhould ſome other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die killing, and carry with me one, who ſhall intirely ſatisfy the thirſt of that revenge I expect, and partly enjoy already, as I ſhall have before my eyes, to what place ſoever I go, the vengeance

vengeance of impartial juſtice ſtrictly executed on him, who has reduced me to this deſperate condition.

At theſe words, ſhe flew upon *Lothario*, with the drawn dagger, ſo ſwiftly, and with ſuch incredible violence, and with ſuch ſeeming earneſtneſs to ſtab him to the heart, that he was almoſt in doubt himſelf whether thoſe efforts were feigned or real; and he was forced to make uſe of all his dexterity and ſtrength to prevent his being wounded by *Camilla*, who played the counterfeit ſo to the life, that, to give this ſtrange impoſture a colour of truth, ſhe reſolved to ſtain it with her own blood. For, perceiving, or pretending, that ſhe could not wound *Lothario*, ſhe ſaid: Since fortune denies a complete ſatisfaction to my juſt deſires, it ſhall not however be in its power to defeat that ſatisfaction entirely: and ſo ſtruggling to free her dagger-hand, held by *Lothario*, ſhe got it looſe, and, directing the point to a part, where it might give but a ſlight wound, ſhe ſtabbed herſelf above the breaſt, near the left ſhoulder, and preſently fell to the ground as in a ſwoon. *Leonela* and *Lothario* ſtood in ſuſpence, and aſtoniſhed at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, eſpecially when they ſaw *Camilla* lying on the floor, and bathed in her own blood. *Lothario* ran haſtily, frighted, and breathleſs, to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the ſlightneſs of the wound, the fear he had been in vaniſhed, and he admired afreſh at the ſagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair *Camilla*. And now, to act his part, he began to make a long and ſorrowful lamentation over the body of *Camilla*, as if ſhe were dead, imprecating heavy curſes, not only on himſelf, but on him who had been the cauſe of bringing him to that paſs: and, knowing that his friend *Anſelmo* over-heard him, he ſaid ſuch things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done *Camilla* herſelf, though they had judged her to be really dead. *Leonela* took her in her arms, and laid her on the bed, beſeeching *Lothario* to procure ſomebody to dreſs *Camilla*'s wound ſecretly. She alſo deſired his advice and opinion what they ſhould ſay to *Anſelmo* about it, if he ſhould chance to come home before it was healed. He anſwered, that they might ſay what they pleaſed; that he was not in a condition of giving any advice worth following: he bid her endeavour to ſtaunch the blood; and, as for himſelf, he would go where he ſhould never be ſeen more. And ſo, with a ſhew of much ſorrow and concern, he left the houſe; and when he found himſelf alone, and in a place where no body ſaw him, he ceaſed not to croſs himſelf in admiration at the cunning of *Camilla*, and the ſuitable behaviour of *Leonela*. He conſidered, what a thorough aſſurance *Anſelmo* muſt have of his wife's being a ſecond *Portia*, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice

rejoice together at the impoſture and the truth, the moſt artfully diſguiſed that can be imagined.

Leonela, as ſhe was bidden, ſtaunched her miſtreſs's blood, which was juſt as much as might ſerve to colour her ſtratagem; and waſhing the wound with a little wine, ſhe bound it up the beſt ſhe could, ſaying ſuch things, while ſhe was dreſſing it, as were alone ſufficient to make *Anſelmo* believe, that he had in *Camilla* an image of chaſtity. To the words *Leonela* ſaid *Camilla* added others, calling herſelf coward and poor-ſpirited, in that ſhe wanted the reſolution, at a time when ſhe ſtood moſt in need, to deprive herſelf of that life ſhe ſo much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether ſhe ſhould give an account of what had happened to her beloved ſpouſe, or no. *Leonela* perſuaded her to ſay nothing about it, ſince it would lay him under a neceſſity of revenging himſelf on *Lothario*, which he could not do without great danger to himſelf; and a good woman was obliged to avoid all occaſion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and ſhould rather prevent all ſuch as much as ſhe poſſibly could. *Camilla* replied, ſhe approved of her opinion, and would follow it; but that by all means they muſt contrive what to ſay to *Anſelmo* about the wound, which he muſt needs ſee. To which *Leonela* anſwered, that, for her part, ſhe knew not how to tell a lye, though but in jeſt. Then, pr'ythee, replied *Camilla*, how ſhould I know how, who dare not invent, or ſtand in one, though my life were at ſtake? If we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the naked truth, than that he ſhould catch us in a falſe ſtory. Be in no pain, madam, anſwered *Leonela*; for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will ſtudy what we ſhall tell him; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his ſight, and heaven may be pleaſed to favour our juſt and honourable intentions. Compoſe yourſelf, good madam; endeavour to quiet your ſpirits, that my maſter may not find you in ſo violent a diſorder; and leave the reſt to my care, and to that of heaven, which always favours honeſt deſigns.

Anſelmo ſtood, with the utmoſt attention, liſtening to, and beholding repreſented, the tragedy of the death of his honour; which the actors performed with ſuch ſtrange and moving paſſions, that it ſeemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they perſonated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of ſlipping out of his houſe, that he might ſee his dear friend *Lothario*, and rejoice with him on the finding ſo precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out; which he made uſe of, and immediately went to ſeek *Lothario*; and, having found him, it is impoſſible to recount the

embraces

embraces he gave him, the ſatisfaction he expreſſed, and the praiſes he beſtowed on *Camilla*. All which *Lothario* hearkened to, without being able to ſhew any ſigns of joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerouſly he treated him. And though *Anſelmo* perceived that *Lothario* did not expreſs any joy, he believed it was becauſe *Camilla* was wounded, and he had been the occaſion of it. And therefore, among other things, he deſired him to be in no pain about *Camilla*; for, without doubt, the wound muſt be very ſlight, ſince her maid and ſhe had agreed to hide it from him: and, as he might depend upon it there was nothing to be feared, he deſired that thenceforward he would rejoice and be merry with him, ſince, through his diligence, and by his means, he found himſelf raiſed to the higheſt pitch of happineſs he could wiſh to arrive at; and, for himſelf, he ſaid, he would make it his paſtime and amuſement to write verſes in praiſe of *Camilla*, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. *Lothario* applauded his good reſolution, and ſaid, that he too would lend a helping hand towards raiſing ſo illuſtrious an edifice.

Anſelmo now remained the man of the world the moſt agreeably deceived. He led home by the hand the inſtrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. *Camilla* received *Lothario* with a countenance ſeemingly ſhy, but with inward gladneſs of heart. This impoſture laſted ſome time, 'till, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel, and the iniquity, 'till then ſo artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curioſity coſt poor *Anſelmo* his life.

CHAP. VIII.

The concluſion of The Novel of the Curious Impertinent, *with the dreadful battle betwixt* Don Quixote *and certain wine-skins.*

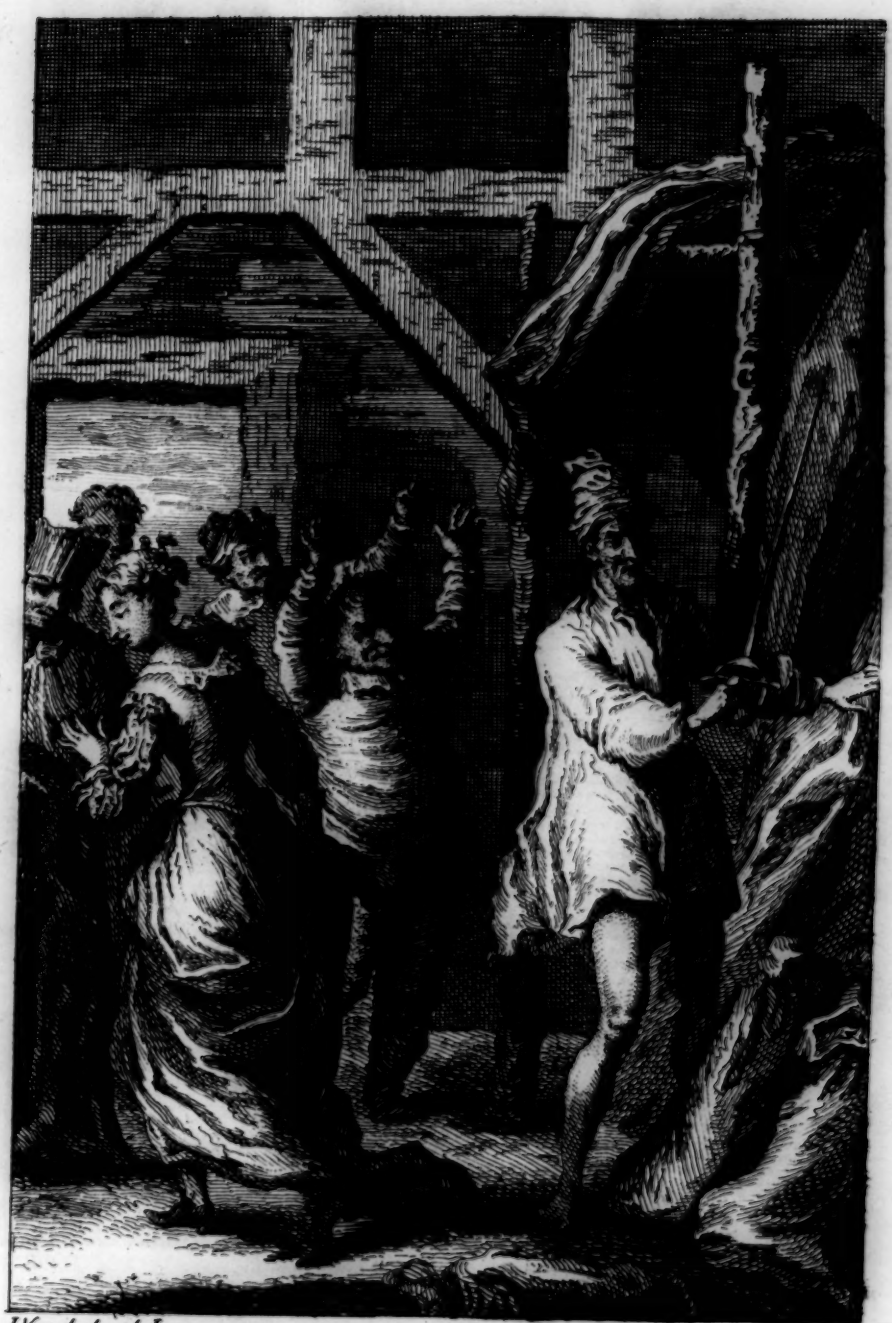
THERE remained but little more of the *Novel* to be read, when from the room, where *Don Quixote* lay, *Sancho Pança* came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: Run, ſirs, quickly, and ſuccour my maſter, who is over head and ears in the tougheſt and cloſeſt battle my eyes have ever beheld. As god ſhall ſave me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the princeſs *Micomicona*, ſuch a ſtroke, that he has cut off his head cloſe to his ſhoulders, as if it had been a turnip. What ſay you, brother? quoth the prieſt, (leaving off reading the remainder of the *Novel*) are you in your ſenſes, *Sancho*? How the devil can this be, ſeeing the giant is two thouſand leagues off? At that inſtant they heard a great noiſe in the room, and

Don

Don Quixote calling aloud, Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your ſcimitar ſhall avail you nothing. And it ſeemed as if he gave ſeveral hacks and ſlaſhes againſt the walls. Don't ſtand liſtening, quoth *Sancho*; but go in and part the fray, or aid my maſter: though by this time there will be no occaſion; for doubtleſs the giant is already dead, and giving an account to god of his paſt wicked life; for I ſaw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one ſide, and as big as a great wine-skin [9]. I will be hanged, quoth the inn-keeper at this juncture, if *Don Quixote*, or *Don Devil*, has not given a gaſh to ſome of the wine-skins that ſtand at his bed's-head, and the wine he has let out muſt be what this honeſt fellow takes for blood: and ſo ſaying, he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found *Don Quixote* in the ſtrangeſt ſituation in the world. He was in his ſhirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was ſix inches ſhorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he had on his head a little red cap, ſomewhat greaſy, which belonged to the inn-keeper. About his left arm he had twiſted the bed-blanket (to which *Sancho* owed a grudge, and he very well knew why) and in his right hand he held his drawn ſword, with which he was laying about him on all ſides, and uttering words, as if he had really been fighting with ſome giant: and the beſt of it was, his eyes were ſhut; for he was aſleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant: for his imagination was ſo taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of *Micomicon*, and already engaged in fight with his enemy; and, fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins ſo many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The inn-keeper, perceiving it, fell into ſuch a rage, that he ſet upon *Don Quixote*, and, with his clenched fiſts, began to give him ſo many cuffs, that, if *Cardenio* and the prieſt had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant; and yet, notwithſtanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake, 'till the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and ſouſed it all over his body at a daſh; whereat *Don Quixote* awaked, but not ſo thoroughly as to be ſenſible of the pickle he was in. *Dorothea*, perceiving how ſcantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to ſee the fight between her champion and her adverſary. *Sancho* was ſearching all about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he ſaid: Well, I ſee plainly, that every thing about this houſe is enchantment: for, the time be-

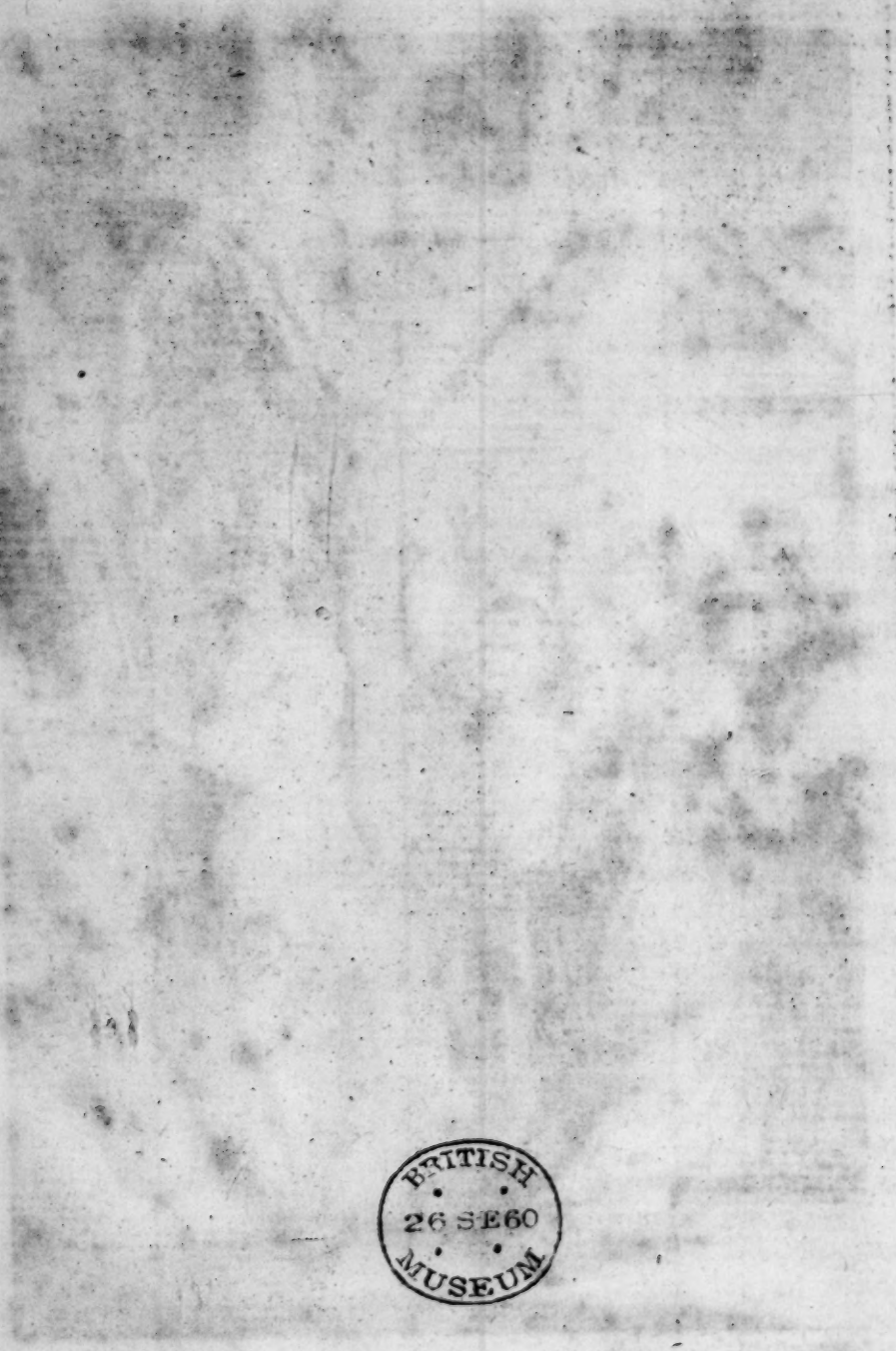
9 In *Spain* they keep their wines in the skin of a hog, goat, ſheep, or other beaſt.

fore,



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G. Vander Gucht Scul.


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fore, in this very ſame place where I now am, I had ſeveral punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or ſeeing any body: and now the head is vaniſhed, which I ſaw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood ſpouting from the body like any fountain. What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to god and his ſaints! ſaid the inn-keeper: Doſt thou not ſee, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but theſe skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wiſh I may ſee his ſoul floating in hell that pierced them! I know nothing, ſaid *Sancho*; only that I ſhall be ſo unfortunate, that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like ſalt in water. Now *Sancho* awake, was madder than his maſter aſleep; ſo beſotted was he with the promiſes he had made him. The inn-keeper loſt all patience, to ſee the ſquire's flegm, and the knight's wicked handy-work; and he ſwore they ſhould not eſcape, as they did the time before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry ſhould not exempt him from diſcharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins.

The prieſt held *Don Quixote* by the hands; who, imagining he had finiſhed the adventure[1], and that he was in the preſence of the princeſs *Micomicona*, fell on his knees before the prieſt, and ſaid: High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more ſecure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt; and I alſo, from this day forward, am freed from the promiſe I gave you, ſince, by the aſſiſtance of the moſt high god, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have ſo happily accompliſhed it. Did not I tell you ſo? quoth *Sancho*, hearing this; ſo that I was not drunk: ſee, if my maſter has not already put the giant in pickle: here are the bulls[2]; my earldom is cock-ſure. Who could forbear laughing at the abſurdities of both maſter and man? They all laughed, except the inn-keeper, who curſed himſelf to the devil. But, at length, the barber, *Cardenio*, and the prieſt, with much ado, threw *Don Quixote* on the bed; who fell faſt aſleep, with ſigns of very great fatigue. They left him to ſleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort *Sancho* for not finding the giant's head: though they had moſt to do to pacify the inn-keeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hoſteſs muttered, and ſaid: In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came

1 So the knight of the *burning ſword* dreams of finiſhing the adventure of diſenchanting the princeſs of *Niquee*, and wakes as much fatigued and out of breath, as if it had been real. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 3. ch. 31.

2 In alluſion to the joy of the mob in *Spain*, when they ſee the bulls coming.

this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself, and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer (evil adventures befal him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it me with two penny-worth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. And, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter. The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath; and honest *Maritornes*, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The priest quieted all, promising to make them the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. *Dorothea* comforted *Sancho Pança*, telling him, that, whenever it should really appear, that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith *Sancho* was comforted, and assured the princess, she might depend upon it, that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. *Dorothea* said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire. All being now pacified, the priest had a mind to read the remainder of the novel; for he saw it wanted but little. *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, and the rest intreated him so to do; and he, willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows.

Now so it was, that *Anselmo*, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of *Camilla*, lived with all the content and security in the world; and *Camilla* purposely looked shy on *Lothario*, that *Anselmo* might think she rather hated than loved him: and *Lothario*, for farther security in his affair, begged *Anselmo* to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain, the sight of him gave *Camilla* great uneasiness. But the deceived *Anselmo* would by no means comply

with

with his requeſt: and thus, by a thouſand different ways, he became the contriver of his own diſhonour, while he thought he was ſo of his pleaſure. As for *Leonela*, ſhe was ſo pleaſed to find herſelf thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing elſe, ſhe let looſe the reins, and took her ſwing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the moſt commodious way of carrying it on.

In ſhort, one night, *Anſelmo* perceived ſomebody walking in *Leonela*'s chamber, and, being deſirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held againſt him; which increaſed his deſire of getting in; and he made ſuch an effort, that he burſt open the door, and, juſt as he entered, he ſaw a man leap down from the window into the ſtreet: and running haſtily to ſtop him, or to ſee who he was, he could do neither; for *Leonela* clung about him, crying: Dear ſir, be calm, and be not ſo greatly diſturbed, nor purſue the man who leaped out; he belongs to me; in ſhort, he is my husband. *Anſelmo* would not believe *Leonela*, but, blind with rage, drew his poniard, and offered to ſtab her, aſſuring her, that, if ſhe did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She, with the fright, not knowing what ſhe was ſaying, ſaid: Do not kill me, ſir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine. Tell me then quickly, ſaid *Anſelmo*, or you are a dead woman. At preſent, it is impoſſible, ſaid *Leonela*, I am in ſuch confuſion: let me alone 'till to-morrow morning, and then you ſhall know from me what will amaze you: in the mean time be aſſured, that the perſon, who jumped out at the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promiſe of marriage. With this *Anſelmo* was ſomewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time ſhe deſired, not dreaming he ſhould hear any thing againſt *Camilla*, of whoſe virtue he was ſo ſatisfied and ſecure; and ſo leaving the room, he locked *Leonela* in, telling her ſhe ſhould not ſtir from thence, 'till ſhe had told him what ſhe had to ſay to him. He went immediately to *Camilla*, and related to her all that had paſſed with her waiting-woman, and the promiſe ſhe had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmoſt importance. It is needleſs to ſay, whether *Camilla* was diſturbed or not: ſo great was the conſternation ſhe was in, that, verily believing (as indeed it was very likely) that *Leonela* would tell *Anſelmo* all ſhe knew of her diſloyalty, ſhe had not the courage to wait 'till ſhe ſaw whether her ſuſpicion was well or ill grounded: and that very night, when ſhe found *Anſelmo* was aſleep, taking with her all her beſt jewels, and ſome money, without being perceived by any body, ſhe left her houſe, and went to *Lothario*'s, to whom ſhe recounted what had paſſed, deſiring him to conduct her to ſome place of ſafety, or to go off with her,

where they might live ſecure from *Anſelmo*. *Camilla* put *Lothario* into ſuch confuſion, that he knew not how to anſwer her a word, much leſs to reſolve what was to be done. At length, he bethought himſelf of carrying *Camilla* to a convent, the prioreſs of which was a ſiſter of his. *Camilla* conſented, and *Lothario* conveyed her thither with all the haſte the caſe required, and left her in the monaſtery; and he too preſently left the city, without acquainting any body with his abſence.

When it was day-break, *Anſelmo*, without miſſing *Camilla* from his ſide, (ſo impatient was he to know what *Leonela* had to tell him) got up, and went to the chamber, where he had left her locked in. He opened the door, and went in, but found no *Leonela* there: he only found the ſheets tied to the window, an evident ſign that by them ſhe had ſlid down, and was gone off. He preſently returned, full of concern, to acquaint *Camilla* with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the houſe, he ſtood aſtoniſhed. He enquired of the ſervants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was ſearching for *Camilla*, that he found her cabinet open, and moſt of her jewels gone; and this gave him the firſt ſuſpicion of his diſgrace, and that *Leonela* was not the cauſe of his misfortune. And ſo, juſt as he then was, but half dreſſed, he went ſad and penſive, to give an account of his diſaſter to his friend *Lothario:* but not finding him, and his ſervants telling him, that their maſter went away that night, and took all the money he had with him, he was ready to run mad. And, to complete all, when he came back to his houſe, he found not one of all his ſervants, man nor maid, but the houſe left alone and deſerted. He knew not what to think, ſay, or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He conſidered, and ſaw himſelf, in an inſtant, deprived of wife, friend, and ſervants; abandoned, as he thought, by the heaven that covered him, but, above all, robbed of his honour, ſince, in miſſing *Camilla*, he ſaw his own ruin. After ſome thought, he reſolved to go to his friend's country houſe, where he had been, when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy buſineſs. He locked the doors of his houſe, got on horſeback, and ſet forward with great oppreſſion of ſpirits: and ſcarcely had he gone half way, when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight, and tie his horſe to a tree, at the foot whereof he dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful ſighs, and ſtayed there 'till almoſt night; about which time, he ſaw a man coming on horſeback from the city; and, having ſaluted him, he enquired what news there was in *Florence?* The ſtrangeſt, replied the citizen, that has been heard theſe many days: for it is publickly talked,

talked, that laſt night *Lothario*, that great friend of *Anſelmo* the rich, who lived at ſaint *John*'s, carried off *Camilla*, wife to *Anſelmo*, and that he alſo is miſſing. All this was told by a maid-ſervant of *Camilla*'s, whom the governor caught in the night letting herſelf down by a ſheet from a window of *Anſelmo*'s houſe. In ſhort, I do not know the particulars; all I know is, that the whole town is in admiration at this accident; for no one could have expected any ſuch thing, conſidering the great and intire friendſhip between them, which, it is ſaid, was ſo remarkable, that they were ſtiled *The two friends*. Pray, is it known, ſaid *Anſelmo*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* have taken? It is not, replied the citizen, though the governor has ordered diligent ſearch to be made after them. God be with you, ſaid *Anſelmo:* And with you alſo, ſaid the citizen, and went his way.

This diſmal news reduced *Anſelmo* almoſt to the loſing, not only his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's houſe, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but ſeeing him come in pale, ſpiritleſs, and faint, he concluded he was oppreſſed by ſome heavy affliction. *Anſelmo* begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink, and paper. They did ſo, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door, as he deſired. And now, finding himſelf alone, he ſo overcharged his imagination with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived he was drawing near his end; and therefore reſolved to leave behind him ſome account of the cauſe of his ſtrange death: and, beginning to write, before he had ſet down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he yielded up his life into the hands of that ſorrow, which was occaſioned by his impertinent curioſity. The maſter of the houſe, finding it grow late, and that *Anſelmo* did not call, determined to go in to him, to know whether his indiſpoſition increaſed, and found him with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written open, and his hand ſtill holding the pen. His friend, having firſt called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not anſwer him, and that he was cold, he perceived that he was dead. He was very much ſurprized and troubled, and called the family to be witneſſes of the ſad miſhap that had befallen *Anſelmo:* afterwards he read the paper, which he knew to be written with *Anſelmo*'s own hand, wherein were theſe words.

ANSELMO's Paper.

A fooliſh and impertinent deſire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's *ears, let her know I forgive her;*

her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should: and, since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why ——

Thus far *Anselmo* wrote; by which it appeared, that, at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; who had already heard of his misfortune, and of *Camilla*'s retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey; not through the news of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said, that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the veil, 'till, not many days after, news being come of *Lothario*'s being kill'd in a battle, fought about that time between Monsieur *de Lautrec*, and the great captain *Gonzalo Fernandez* of *Cordoua*, in the kingdom of *Naples*, whither the too-late repenting friend had made his retreat, she then took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. This was the end of them all, an end sprung from an extravagant rashness at the beginning.

I like this novel very well, said the priest; but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story; and if it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined, there can be any husband so senseless, as to desire to make so dangerous an experiment, as *Anselmo* did: had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it: however, I am not displeased with the manner of telling it.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of other uncommon accidents, that happened in the inn.

WHILE these things passed, the host, who stood at the inn-door, said: Here comes a goodly company of guests: if they stop here, we shall sing *Gaudeamus* [3]. What folks are they? said *Cardenio*. Four men, answered the host, on horseback *a la Gineta* [4], with launces and targets, and black masks

3 i. e. *O be joyful.*

4 A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the *Spaniards* took from the *Arabians*, and is still used by all the *African* and eastern nations, with part of the northern, such as the *Hungarians*, and is advantageous in fight: for, being ready to strike with their sabres, they rise on their stirrups, and, following as it were the blow, give more force to it.

on their faces [5]; and with them a woman on a side-saddle, dreſſed in white, and her face likewiſe covered; and two lads beſides on foot. Are they near at hand? demanded the prieſt. So near, replied the inn-keeper, that they are already at the door. *Dorothea*, hearing this, veiled her face; and *Cardenio* went into *Don Quixote*'s chamber; and ſcarcely had they done ſo, when the perſons the hoſt mentioned entered the yard; and the four horſemen, who, by their appearances, ſeemed to be perſons of diſtinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the ſide-ſaddle: and one of them, taking her in his arms, ſet her down in a chair, which ſtood at the door of the room, into which *Cardenio* had withdrawn. In all this time, neither ſhe, nor they, had taken off their masks, or ſpoken one word: only the lady, at ſitting down in the chair, fetched a deep ſigh, and let fall her arms, like one ſick, and ready to faint away. The ſervants on foot took the horſes to the ſtable. The prieſt, ſeeing all this, and deſirous to know who they were in that odd guiſe, and that kept ſuch ſilence, went where the lads were, and enquired of one of them; who anſwered him: In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you who theſe gentlefolks are; I can only tell you, they muſt be people of conſiderable quality, eſpecially he who took the lady down in his arms: I ſay this, becauſe all the reſt pay him ſuch reſpect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs. And the lady, pray, who is ſhe? demanded the prieſt. Neither can I tell that, replied the lacquey; for I have not once ſeen her face during the whole journey: I have indeed often heard her ſigh, and utter ſuch grones, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart: and it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you; for it is not above two days ſince my comrade and I came to ſerve them: for, having met us upon the road, they asked and perſuaded us to go with them as far as *Andaluſia*, promiſing to pay us very well. And have you heard any of them called by their name? ſaid the prieſt. No, indeed, anſwered the lad; for they all travel with ſo much ſilence, that you would wonder; and you hear nothing among them but the ſighs and ſobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her: and, whitherſoever it is that ſhe is going, we believe it muſt be againſt her will; and, by what we can gather from her habit, ſhe muſt be a nun, or going to be one, which ſeems moſt probable: and, perhaps, becauſe the being one does not proceed from her choice, ſhe goes thus heavily. Very likely,

5 The original is *Antifaces*. *Antifax* is a piece of thin black ſilk, which the *Spaniards* wear before their faces in travelling, not for diſguiſe, but to keep off the duſt and the ſun. We have nothing equivalent to it in our language, and therefore are obliged to ſubſtitute the term *masks*, though it does not convey the ſtrict and proper idea,

quoth the prieſt; and, leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left *Dorothea:* who, hearing the lady in the mask ſigh, moved by a natural compaſſion, went to her, and ſaid: What is the matter? dear madam; if it be any thing that we women can aſſiſt you in, ſpeak; for, on my part, I am ready to ſerve you with great good-will. To all this the afflicted lady returned no anſwer; and, though *Dorothea* urged her ſtill more, ſhe perſiſted in her ſilence, 'till the cavalier in the mask, who, the ſervant ſaid, was ſuperior to the reſt, came up, and ſaid to *Dorothea:* Trouble not yourſelf, madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for any ſervice done her; nor endeavour to get an anſwer from her, unleſs you would hear ſome lye from her mouth. No, ſaid ſhe, who hitherto had held her peace; on the contrary, it is for being ſo ſincere, and ſo averſe to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to ſuch hard fortune: and of this you may be a witneſs yourſelf, ſince it is my truth alone which makes you act ſo falſe and treacherous a part.

Cardenio heard theſe words plainly and diſtinctly, being very near to her who ſpoke them; for *Don Quixote*'s chamber-door only was between; and as ſoon as he heard them, he cried out aloud: Good god! what is this I hear? what voice is this, which has reached my ears? The lady, all in ſurprize, turned her head at theſe exclamations; and, not ſeeing who uttered them, ſhe got up, and was going into the room: which the cavalier perceiving, he ſtopped her, and would not ſuffer her to ſtir a ſtep. With this perturbation, and her ſudden riſing, her mask fell off, and ſhe diſcovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance miraculous, though pale and full of horror: for ſhe rolled her eyes round as far as ſhe could ſee, examining every place with ſo much eagerneſs, that ſhe ſeemed diſtracted; at which *Dorothea*, and the reſt, without knowing why ſhe did ſo, were moved to great compaſſion. The cavalier held her faſt by the ſhoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, as indeed at laſt it did; and *Dorothea*, who had claſped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, diſcovered, that the perſon, who alſo held her, was her husband, *Don Fernando:* and ſcarcely had ſhe perceived it was he, when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and diſmal *Oh!* ſhe fell backward in a ſwoon; and, had not the barber, who ſtood cloſe by, caught her in his arms, ſhe would have fallen to the ground. The prieſt ran immediately, and took off her veil, to throw water in her face; and no ſooner had he uncovered it, but *Don Fernando* (for it was he who held the other in his arms) knew her, and ſtood like one dead at the ſight of her: nevertheleſs, he did not let go *Lucinda*, who was the lady that was ſtruggling ſo hard to get from him;

him; for ſhe knew *Cardenio*'s voice in his exclamations, and he knew hers. *Cardenio* heard alſo the *Oh*, which *Dorothea* gave when ſhe fainted away; and believing it came from his *Lucinda*, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the firſt he ſaw was *Don Fernando* holding *Lucinda* cloſe in his arms. *Don Fernando* preſently knew *Cardenio*; and all three, *Lucinda*, *Cardenio*, and *Dorothea*, were ſtruck dumb, hardly knowing what had happen'd to them. They all ſtood ſilent, and gazing on one another, *Dorothea* on *Don Fernando*, *Don Fernando* on *Cardenio*, *Cardenio* on *Lucinda*, and *Lucinda* on *Cardenio*. But the firſt, who broke ſilence, was *Lucinda*, who addreſſed herſelf to *Don Fernando* in this manner: Suffer me, Signor *Don Fernando*, as you are a gentleman, ſince you will not do it upon any other account, ſuffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy; to that prop, from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promiſes, nor your preſents, were able to ſeparate me. Obſerve, how heaven, by unuſual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the preſence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thouſand dear-bought experiences, that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then (ſince all farther attempts are vain) let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good-will into deſpite, and thereby put an end to my life; for if I loſe it in the preſence of my dear husband, I ſhall reckon it well diſpoſed of; and perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preſerved for him to my laſt moment.

By this time *Dorothea* was come to herſelf, and had liſtened to all that *Lucinda* ſaid, whereby ſhe diſcover'd who ſhe was: but, ſeeing that *Don Fernando* did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make any anſwer to what ſhe ſaid, ſhe got up as well as ſhe could, and went and kneeled down at his feet, and, pouring forth an abundance of lovely and piteous tears, ſhe began to ſay thus:

If, my dear lord, the rays of that ſun, you hold now eclipſed between your arms, had not dazzled and obſcured your eyes, you muſt have ſeen, that ſhe, who lies proſtrate at your feet, is the unhappy (ſo long as you are pleaſed to have it ſo) and unfortunate *Dorothea*. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodneſs or love, did deign to raiſe to the honour of calling herſelf yours. I am ſhe, who, confined within the bounds of modeſty, lived a contented life, 'till to the voice of your importunities, and ſeemingly ſincere and real paſſion, ſhe opened the gates of her reſerve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you ſo ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumſtances in which you find me, and forced to ſee you in the poſture you are now in. Notwithſtanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am

brought

brought hither by any diſhoneſt motives, but only by thoſe of grief and concern, to ſee myſelf neglected and forſaken by you. You would have me be yours, and would have it in ſuch a manner, that, though now you would not have it to be ſo, it is not poſſible you ſhould ceaſe to be mine. Conſider, my lord, that the matchleſs affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her, for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair *Lucinda*'s, becauſe you are mine; nor can ſhe be yours, becauſe ſhe is *Cardenio*'s. And it is eaſier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her, who adores you, than to bring her to love, who abhors you. You importuned my indifference; you ſolicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myſelf up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit: and if this be ſo, as it really is, and if you are as much a chriſtian as a gentleman, why do you, by ſo many evaſions, delay making me as happy at laſt, as you did at firſt? And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at leaſt admit me for your ſlave; for, ſo I be under your power, I ſhall account myſelf happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forſaking and abandoning me, give the world occaſion to cenſure and diſgrace me. Do not ſo ſorely afflict my aged parents, whoſe conſtant and faithful ſervices, as good vaſſal to yours, do not deſerve it. And if you fancy your blood is debaſed by mixing it with mine, conſider, there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the ſame channel, and that what is derived from women is not eſſential in illuſtrious deſcents: beſides, true nobility conſiſts in virtue [6]; and if you forfeit that by denying me what is ſo juſtly my due, I ſhall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In ſhort, ſir, I ſhall only add, that, whether you will or no, I am your wife: witneſs your words, which, if you value yourſelf on that account, on which you undervalue me, ought not to be falſe; witneſs your hand-writing; and witneſs heaven, which you invoked to bear teſtimony to what you promiſed me. And tho' all this ſhould fail, your conſcience will not fail to whiſper you in the midſt of your joys, juſtifying this truth I have told you, and diſturbing your greateſt pleaſures and ſatisfactions.

Theſe and other reaſons did the afflicted *Dorothea* urge ſo feelingly, and with ſo many tears, that all, who accompanied *Don Fernando*, and all who were preſent beſides, ſympathized with her. *Don Fernando* liſtened to her without anſwering a word, 'till ſhe had put an end to what ſhe had to ſay, and a beginning to ſo many ſighs and ſobs, that it muſt have been a

[6] Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica Virtus. *Juv.*

heart

heart of braſs, which the ſigns of ſo much ſorrow could not ſoften. *Lucinda* gazed at her, with no leſs pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty: and, though ſhe had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, ſhe was prevented by *Don Fernando*'s ſtill holding her faſt in his arms: who, full of confuſion and aſtoniſhment, after he had attentively beheld *Dorothea* for a good while, opened his arms, and, leaving *Lucinda* free, ſaid: You have conquered, fair *Dorothea*, you have conquered; for there is no withſtanding ſo many united truths.

Lucinda was ſo faint, when *Don Fernando* let her go, that ſhe was juſt falling to the ground. But *Cardenio*, who was near her, and had placed himſelf behind *Don Fernando*, that he might not know him, now laying aſide all fear, and at all adventures, ran to ſupport *Lucinda*; and, catching her between his arms, he ſaid: If it pleaſes pitying heaven, that now at laſt you ſhould have ſome reſt, my dear, faithful, and conſtant miſtreſs, I believe you can find it no where more ſecure than in theſe arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleaſed to allow me to call you mine. At theſe expreſſions *Lucinda* fixed her eyes on *Cardenio*; and having begun firſt to know him by his voice, and being now aſſured by ſight that it was he, almoſt beſide herſelf, and without any regard to the forms of decency, ſhe threw her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, ſhe ſaid to him: You, my dear *Cardenio*, you are the true owner of this your ſlave, though fortune were yet more adverſe, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatned yet more than it is.

A ſtrange ſight this was to *Don Fernando*, and all the byſtanders, who were aſtoniſhed at ſo unexpected an event. *Dorothea* fancied, that *Don Fernando* changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himſelf on *Cardenio*; for ſhe ſaw him put his hand toward his ſword: and no ſooner did ſhe perceive it, but ſhe ran immediately, and, embracing his knees, and kiſſing them, ſhe held him ſo faſt that he could not ſtir; and, her tears trickling down without intermiſſion, ſhe ſaid to him: What is it you intend to do, my only refuge, in this unexpected criſis? You have your wife at your feet, and ſhe, whom you would have to be yours, is in the arms of her own husband: conſider, whether it be fit or poſſible for you to undo what heaven has done, or whether it will become you to raiſe her to an equality with yourſelf, who, regardleſs of all obſtacles, and confirmed in her truth and conſtancy, is bathing the boſom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes. For god's ſake, and your own character's ſake, I beſeech you, that this publick declaration

may

may be ſo far from increaſing your wrath, that it may appeaſe it in ſuch ſort, that theſe two lovers may be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time heaven ſhall be pleaſed to allot them: and by this you will ſhew the generoſity of your noble and illuſtrious breaſt, and the world will ſee, that reaſon ſways more with you than appetite.

While *Dorothea* was ſaying this, *Cardenio*, though he held *Lucinda* between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on *Don Fernando*, with a reſolution, if he ſaw him make any motion towards aſſaulting him, to endeavour to defend himſelf, and alſo to act offenſively, as well as he could, againſt all who ſhould take part againſt him, though it ſhould coſt him his life. But now *Don Fernando*'s friends, together with the prieſt and the barber, who were preſent all the while, not omitting honeſt *Sancho Pança*, ran, and ſurrounded *Don Fernando*, intreating him to have regard to *Dorothea*'s tears; and, as they verily believed ſhe had ſaid nothing but what was true, they begged of him, that he would not ſuffer her to be diſappointed in her juſt expectations: they deſired he would conſider, that, not by chance, as it ſeemed, but by the particular providence of heaven, they had all met in a place, where one would leaſt have imagined they ſhould; and the prieſt put him in mind, that nothing but death could part *Lucinda* from *Cardenio*, and that, though they ſhould be ſevered by the edge of the ſword, they would account their deaths moſt happy: and that, in a caſe, which could not be remedied, the higheſt wiſdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himſelf, to ſhew a greatneſs of mind, in ſuffering that couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happineſs, which heaven had already granted them: he deſired him alſo to turn his eyes on the beauty of *Dorothea*, and ſee how few, if any, could equal, much leſs exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love ſhe had for him: but eſpecially that he would remember, that, if he valued himſelf on being a gentleman, and a chriſtian, he could do no leſs than perform the promiſe he had given her, and that, in ſo doing, he would pleaſe god, and do what was right in the eyes of all wiſe men, who know and underſtand, that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean ſubject, if it be accompanied with modeſty, to be able to raiſe and equal itſelf to any height, without any diſparagement to him, who raiſes and equals it to himſelf: and that, in complying with the ſtrong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blame-worthy, provided there be no ſin in the action. In ſhort, to theſe they all added ſuch and ſo many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of *Don Fernando*, being nouriſhed with noble blood, was ſoftened, and ſuffered itſelf to be overcome by that truth,

which,

which, if he had had a mind, he could not have reſiſted: and the proof he gave of ſurrendering himſelf, and ſubmitting to what was propoſed, was, to ſtoop down, and embrace *Dorothea*, ſaying to her: Riſe, dear madam; for it is not fit ſhe ſhould kneel at my feet, who is miſtreſs of my ſoul: and if hitherto I have given no proof of what I ſay, perhaps it has been ſo ordered by heaven, that, by finding in you the conſtancy of your affection to me, I may know how to eſteem you as you deſerve. What I beg of you, is, not to reproach me with my paſt unkind behaviour and great neglect of you: for the very ſame cauſe and motive, that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be yours: and, to ſhew you the truth of what I ſay, turn, and behold the eyes of the now ſatisfied *Lucinda*, and in them you will ſee an excuſe for all my errors: and ſince ſhe has found and attained to what ſhe deſired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live ſecure and contented many happy years with her *Cardenio*; and I will beſeech heaven, that I may do the like with my dear *Dorothea*. And ſaying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to hers, with ſuch tenderneſs of paſſion, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted ſigns of his love and repentance. It was not ſo with *Lucinda* and *Cardenio*, and almoſt all the reſt of the company preſent; for they began to ſhed ſo many tears, ſome for joy on their own account, and ſome on the account of others, that one would have thought ſome heavy and diſmal diſaſter had befallen them all. Even *Sancho Pança* wept, though he owned afterwards, that, for his part, he wept only to ſee that *Dorothea* was not, as he imagined, the queen *Micomicona*, from whom he expected ſo many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping laſted for ſome time; and then *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* went, and kneeled before *Don Fernando*, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in ſuch terms of reſpect, that *Don Fernando* knew not what to anſwer; and ſo he raiſed them up, and embraced them with much courteſy and many demonſtrations of affection. Then he deſired *Dorothea* to tell him how ſhe came to that place ſo far from home? She related, in few and diſcreet words, all ſhe had before related to *Cardenio*; with which *Don Fernando* and his company were ſo pleaſed, that they wiſhed the ſtory had laſted much longer, ſuch was the grace with which *Dorothea* recounted her misfortunes. And when ſhe had made an end, *Don Fernando* related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in *Lucinda*'s boſom, wherein ſhe declared that ſhe was wife to *Cardenio*, and could not be his. He ſaid, that he had a mind to have killed her, and ſhould have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; upon which he left the houſe,

houſe, enraged and aſhamed, with a reſolution of revenging himſelf at a more convenient time; that, the following day, he heard that *Lucinda* was miſſing from her father's houſe, without any body's knowing whither ſhe was gone; in fine, that, at the end of ſome months, he came to know, that ſhe was in a convent, purpoſing to remain there all her days, unleſs ſhe could ſpend them with *Cardenio*; and that, as ſoon as he knew it, chooſing thoſe three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where ſhe was, but did not ſpeak to her, fearing, if ſhe knew he was there, the monaſtery would be better guarded; and ſo waiting for a day, when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to ſecure the door, and he with the other entered into the convent, in ſearch of *Lucinda*, whom they found in the cloyſters talking to a nun; and ſnatching her away, without giving her time for any thing, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themſelves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very ſafely do, the monaſtery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He ſaid, that, when *Lucinda* ſaw herſelf in his power, ſhe ſwooned away, and that, when ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe did nothing but weep, and ſigh, without ſpeaking one word: and that in this manner, accompanied with ſilence and tears, they arrived at that inn, which to him was arriving at heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

CHAP. X.

Wherein is continued the hiſtory of the famous Infanta Micomicona, *with other pleaſant adventures.*

SANCHO heard all this with no ſmall grief of mind, ſeeing that the hope of his preferment was diſappearing and vaniſhing into ſmoke; and that the fair princeſs *Micomicona* was turned into *Dorothea*, and the giant into *Don Fernando*, while his maſter lay in a ſound ſleep, without troubling his head about what paſſed. *Dorothea* could not be ſure, whether the happineſs ſhe enjoyed was not a dream. *Cardenio* was in the ſame doubt; and *Lucinda* knew not what to think. *Don Fernando* gave thanks to heaven for the bleſſing beſtowed on him, in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of loſing his honour and his ſoul. In ſhort, all that were in the inn were pleaſed at the happy concluſion of ſuch intricate and hopeleſs affairs. The prieſt, like a man of ſenſe, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon their ſhare of the good that had befallen them. But ſhe who rejoiced moſt, and was moſt delighted, was the hoſteſs, *Cardenio* and the prieſt having promiſed to pay her with

with intereſt for all the damages ſuſtained upon *Don Quixote*'s account. *Sancho*, as has been ſaid, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and ſorrowful perſon: and ſo, with diſmal looks, he went in to his maſter, who was then awake, to whom he ſaid: Your worſhip may very well ſleep your fill, Signor *Sorrowful Figure*, without troubling yourſelf about killing any giant, or reſtoring the princeſs to her kingdom; for all is done and over already. I verily believe it, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I have had the moſt monſtrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that ever I believe I ſhall have in all the days of my life; and with one back-ſtroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and ſo great was the quantity of blood that guſhed from it, that the ſtreams ran along the ground, as if it had been water. As if it had been red wine, your worſhip might better ſay, anſwered *Sancho*: for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin; and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly: and the head cut off is --- the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me. What is it you ſay, fool? replied *Don Quixote*; are you in your ſenſes? Pray, get up, ſir, quoth *Sancho*, and you will ſee what a fine ſpot of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay; and you will ſee the queen converted into a private lady called *Dorothea*, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will aſtoniſh you. I ſhall wonder at nothing of all this, replied *Don Quixote*; for, if you remember well, the laſt time we were here, I told you, that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it ſhould be ſo now. I ſhould believe ſo too, anſwered *Sancho*, if my being toſſed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature: but it was downright real and true; and I ſaw, that the inn-keeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force; and where it happens that we know perſons, in my opinion, though ſimple and a ſinner, there is no enchantment at all, but much miſuſage and much miſhap. Well, god will remedy it, quoth *Don Quixote*; give me my clothes, that I may go and ſee the accidents and transformations you talk of.

Sancho reached him his apparel; and, while he was dreſſing, the prieſt gave *Don Fernando* and the reſt an account of *Don Quixote*'s madneſs, and of the artifice they had made uſe of to get him from the poor rock, to which he imagined himſelf baniſhed, through his lady's diſdain. He related alſo to them almoſt all the adventures, which *Sancho* had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as every body did, that it was the ſtrangeſt kind of madneſs that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The prieſt ſaid farther,

farther, that, ſince madam *Dorothea*'s good-fortune would not permit her to go on with their deſign, it was neceſſary to invent and find out ſome other way of getting him home to his village. *Cardenio* offered to aſſiſt in carrying on the project, and propoſed that *Lucinda* ſhould perſonate *Dorothea*. No, ſaid *Don Fernando*, it muſt not be ſo; for I will have *Dorothea* herſelf go on with her contrivance: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I ſhall be glad to contribute to his cure. It is not above two days journey, ſaid the prieſt. Tho' it were farther, ſaid *Don Fernando*, I would undertake it with pleaſure, to accompliſh ſo good a work.

By this time *Don Quixote* ſallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; *Mambrino*'s helmet, though bruiſed and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and reſting on his ſaplin or launce. The ſtrange appearance he made greatly ſurprized *Don Fernando* and his company, eſpecially when they perceived his tawny and withered lanthorn-jaws [7], his ill-matched armour, and the ſtiffneſs of his meaſured pace; and they ſtood ſilent to hear what he would ſay, when, with much gravity and ſolemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair *Dorothea*, he ſaid: I am informed, fair lady, by this my ſquire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demoliſhed, and that, from a queen and great lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphoſed into a private maiden. If this has been done by order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear leſt I ſhould not afford you the neceſſary and due aid, I ſay, he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade [8], and that he is but little verſed in hiſtories of knight-errantry: for had he read and conſidered them as attentively, and as much at his leiſure, as I have read and conſidered them, he would have found at every turn, how other knights, of a great deal leſs fame than myſelf, have atchieved matters much more difficult, it being no ſuch mighty buſineſs to kill a pitiful giant, be he never ſo arrogant: for not many hours are paſt ſince I had a bout with one myſelf, and --- I ſay no more, leſt I ſhould be thought to lye; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it, when we leaſt think of it. It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant, quoth the inn-keeper: but *Don Fernando* commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wiſe to interrupt *Don Quixote*'s diſcourſe, who went on, ſaying: I ſay, in fine, high and diſinherited lady, that, if, for the cauſe afore-

7 The expreſſion is quite extravagant in the original: *Su roſtro de media legua de andadura.* i. e. *his face of half a league's travelling*, or *half a league in length*. *Shelton* is egregiouſly miſtaken in tranſlating it *ſeeing his countenance half a league off*.

8 Literally, *one half of the maſs*, the ſaying of which is one great part of the prieſtly office.

ſaid,

ſaid, your father has made this metamorphoſis in your perſon, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my ſword ſhall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.

Don Quixote ſaid no more, but awaited the princeſs's anſwer; who, knowing *Don Fernando*'s inclination, that ſhe ſhould carry on the deceit, 'till *Don Quixote* was brought home to his houſe, with much grace and gravity, anſwered him: Whoever told you, valorous *knight of the ſorrowful figure*, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth: for I am the ſame to-day that I was yeſterday: it is true indeed, ſome fortunate accidents, that have befallen me, to my heart's deſire, have made ſome alteration in me for the better: yet, for all that, I do not ceaſe to be what I was before, and to have the ſame thoughts I always had of employing the proweſs of your redoubted and invincible arm. So that, dear ſir, of your accuſtomed bounty, reſtore to the father who begot me his honour, and eſteem him to be a wiſe and prudent man, ſince by his skill he found out ſo eaſy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, ſir, I ſhould never have lighted on the happineſs I now enjoy; and in this I ſpeak the very truth, as moſt of theſe gentlemen here preſent can teſtify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we ſet forward on our journey; for to-day we could not go far: and for the reſt of the good ſucceſs I expect, I refer it to god, and to the valour of your breaſt.

Thus ſpoke the diſcreet *Dorothea*, and *Don Quixote*, having heard her, turned to *Sancho*, and, with an air of much indignation, ſaid to him: I tell thee now, little *Sancho*, that thou art the greateſt little raſcal in all *Spain:* tell me, thief, vagabond; didſt thou not tell me juſt now, that this princeſs was transformed into a damſel called *Dorothea*; and that the head, which, as I take it, I lopped off from a giant, was the whore that bore thee; with other abſurdities, which put me into the greateſt confuſion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow (and here he looked up to heaven, and gnaſhed his teeth) I have a great mind to make ſuch havock of thee, as ſhall put wit into the noddles of all the lying ſquires of knights-errant that ſhall be from henceforward in the world. Pray, dear ſir, be pacified, anſwered *Sancho*; for I may eaſily be miſtaken as to the transformation of madam the princeſs *Micomicona*; but as to the giant's head, or at leaſt the piercing of the skins, and the blood's being but red wine, I am not deceived as god liveth: for the skins yonder at your worſhip's bed's-head are cut and ſlaſhed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond;

and if not, it will be ſeen in the frying of the eggs [9], I mean, you will find it when his worſhip Signor inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the reſt, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as ſhe was; for I have my ſhare in it, as every neighbour's child has. I tell thee, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, thou art an aſs; forgive me, that's enough. It is enough, ſaid *Don Fernando*, and let no more be ſaid of this; and ſince madam the princeſs ſays we muſt ſet forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do ſo, and let us paſs this night in agreeable converſation, 'till to-morrow, when we will all bear Signor *Don Quixote* company: for we deſire to be eye-witneſſes of the valorous and unheard-of deeds, which he is to perform in the progreſs of this grand enterprize, which he has undertaken. It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me; which it ſhall be my endeavour not to diſappoint, or it ſhall coſt me my life, and even more, if more it could coſt me.

Many compliments, and many offers of ſervice, paſſed between *Don Quixote* and *Don Fernando:* but all was put a ſtop to by a traveller, who juſt then entered the inn; who by his garb ſeemed to be a chriſtian newly come from among the *Moors*; for he had on a blue cloth looſe coat, with ſhort skirts, half ſleeves, and no collar: his breeches alſo were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the ſame colour: he had on a pair of date-coloured ſtockings, and a *Mooriſh* ſcimitar hung in a ſhoulder-belt that came croſs his breaſt. There came in immediately after him a woman mounted on an aſs in a *Mooriſh* dreſs, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her ſhoulders to her feet. The man was of a robuſt and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a browniſh complexion, large whiskers, and a well-ſet beard: in ſhort, his mien, if he had been well dreſſed, would have denoted him a perſon of quality, and well born. At coming in, he asked for a room, and, being told there was none to ſpare in the inn, he ſeemed to be troubled, and going to the woman, who by her habit ſeemed to be a *Moor*, he took her down in his arms. *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, the landlady, her daughter, and *Maritornes*, gathered about the *Mooriſh* lady, on account of the novelty of her dreſs, the like of which they had never ſeen before: and *Dorothea*, who was always obliging, complaiſant,

[9] When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodneſs 'till they are broken. *Royal Dict.* *Or*, A thief ſtole a frying-pan, and the woman, who owned it, meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away: he anſwered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried, *Pineda*.

and

and diſcreet, imagining that both ſhe and her conductor were uneaſy for want of a room, ſaid to her: Be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations; it is what one muſt not expect to meet with in inns. And ſince it is ſo, if you pleaſe to take ſhare with us (pointing to *Lucinda*) perhaps, in the courſe of your journey, you may have met with worſe entertainment. The veiled lady returned her no anſwer, but only, riſing from her ſeat, and laying her hands acroſs on her breaſt, bowed her head and body, in token that ſhe thanked her. By her ſilence they concluded ſhe muſt be a *Moor*, and could not ſpeak the chriſtian language.

By this time her companion, who had hitherto been employed about ſomething elſe, came in, and, ſeeing that they were all ſtanding about the woman that came with him, and that, whatever they ſaid to her, ſhe continued ſilent, he ſaid: Ladies, this young woman underſtands ſcarce any thing of our language, nor can ſhe ſpeak any other than that of her own country; and therefore it is, that ſhe has not anſwered to any thing you may have asked her. Nothing has been asked her, anſwered *Lucinda*, but only whether ſhe would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where ſhe ſhall be accommodated, and entertained, as well as the place will afford, and with that good-will, which is due to all ſtrangers that are in need of it, and eſpecially from us to her, as ſhe is of our own ſex. Dear madam, anſwered the ſtranger, I kiſs your hands for her and for myſelf, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at ſuch a time, and from ſuch perſons as you appear to be, muſt be owned to be very great. Pray tell me, Signor, ſaid *Dorothea*, is this lady a chriſtian or a *Moor?* for her habit and her ſilence make us think ſhe is what we wiſh ſhe were not. She is a *Moor*, anſwered the ſtranger, in her attire and in her body; but, in her ſoul, ſhe is already very much a chriſtian, having a very ſtrong deſire to become one. She is not yet baptized then? anſwered *Lucinda*. There has been no time for that yet, anſwered the ſtranger, ſince ſhe left *Algiers*, her native country and place of abode, and ſhe has not hitherto been in any danger of death ſo imminent, as to make it neceſſary to have her baptized, before ſhe be inſtructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother the church enjoins; but I hope, if it pleaſe god, ſhe ſhall ſoon be baptized, with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what either her habit or mine ſeem to denote.

This diſcourſe gave all, who heard him, a deſire to know, who the *Moor* and the ſtranger were: but no body would ask them juſt then, ſeeing it was more proper, at that time, to let them take ſome reſt, than to be enquiring into their lives. *Dorothea* took her by the hand, and led her to ſit down by her,

desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the stranger, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in *Arabic*, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so: accordingly she did, and discovered a face so beautiful, that *Dorothea* thought her handsomer than *Lucinda*, and *Lucinda* than *Dorothea*; and all the by-standers saw, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the *Moor*; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in some things. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful *Moor*. *Don Fernando* asked of the stranger the *Moor*'s name, who answered, *Lela Zoraida*; and as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had enquired of the christian, she said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air, No, not *Zoraida*; *Maria*, *Maria*; letting them know her name was *Maria*, and not *Zoraida*. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. *Lucinda* embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: Yes, yes, *Maria*, *Maria*; to whom the *Moor* answered: Yes, yes, *Maria*, *Zoraida macange*; as much as to say, not *Zoraida*.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of *Don Fernando* and his company, the inn-keeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper-end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to *Don Quixote*, who would needs have the lady *Micomicona* sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down *Lucinda* and *Zoraida*, and opposite to them *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; and next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear *Don Quixote*, who, moved by such another spirit, as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, spoke as follows.

In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? Who could say, that this lady, sitting here by my side, is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of *the sorrowful figure*, so blazoned abroad

abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt, but that this art and profeſſion exceeds all that have been ever invented by men; and ſo much the more honourable is it, by how much it is expoſed to more dangers. Away with thoſe, who ſay, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they ſay. For the reaſon they uſually give, and which they lay the greateſt ſtreſs upon, is, that the labours of the brain exceed thoſe of the body, and that arms are exerciſed by the body alone; as if the uſe of them were the buſineſs of porters, for which nothing is neceſſary but downright ſtrength; or as if in this, which we, who profeſs it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good underſtanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a beſieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his underſtanding as well as his body. If not, let us ſee how, by mere bodily ſtrength, he will be able to penetrate into the deſigns of the enemy, to form ſtratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all theſe things are acts of the underſtanding, in which the body has no ſhare at all. It being ſo then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next ſee whoſe mind labours moſt, the ſcholar's, or the warrior's. And this may be determined by the ſcope and ultimate end of each: for that intention is to be the moſt eſteemed, which has the nobleſt end for its object. Now the end and deſign of letters (I do not now ſpeak of divinity, which has for its aim the raiſing and conducting ſouls to heaven; for to an end ſo endleſs as this no other can be compared) I ſpeak of human learning, whoſe end, I ſay, is to regulate diſtributive juſtice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cauſe them to be ſtrictly obſerved; an end moſt certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that, which is annexed to the profeſſion of arms, whoſe object and end is peace, the greateſt bleſſing men can wiſh for in this life. Accordingly, the firſt good news, the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they ſung in the clouds; *Glory be to god on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men:* and the ſalutation, which the beſt maſter of earth or heaven taught his followers and diſciples, was, that, when they entered into any houſe, they ſhould ſay, *Peace be to this houſe:* and many other times he ſaid; *My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be among ſt you.* A jewel and legacy, worthy of coming from ſuch a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happineſs either in earth or in heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to ſay arms or war is the ame thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war

is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end propoſed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the ſcholar, and to thoſe of the profeſſor of arms; and let us ſee which are the greateſt.

Don Quixote went on with his diſcourſe, in ſuch a manner, and in ſuch proper expreſſions, that none of thoſe, who heard him at that time, could take him for a madman. On the contrary, moſt of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the uſe of arms properly belongs, they liſtened to him with pleaſure, and he continued ſaying.

I ſay then, that the hardſhips of the ſcholar are theſe: in the firſt place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the caſe in the ſtrongeſt manner poſſible: and when I have ſaid, that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be ſaid to ſhew his miſery [1]; for he, who is poor, is deſtitute of every good thing: he endures poverty in all its parts, ſometimes in hunger and cold, and ſometimes in nakedneſs, and ſometimes in all theſe together. But notwithſtanding all this, it is not ſo great, but that ſtill he eats, though ſomewhat later than uſual, or of the rich man's ſcraps and leavings, or, which is the ſcholar's greateſt miſery, by what is called among them going a *ſopping* [2]. Neither do they always want a fire-ſide or chimney-corner of ſome other perſon, which, if it does not quite warm them, at leaſt abates their extreme cold: and laſtly, at night, they ſleep ſomewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, ſuch as want of ſhirts, and no plenty of ſhoes, the thinneſs and thread-bareneſs of their cloaths, nor that laying about them with ſo much eagerneſs and pleaſure, when good-fortune ſets a plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have deſcribed, rough and difficult, here ſtumbling, there falling, now riſing, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they deſire; which being attained, we have ſeen many, who, having paſſed theſe *Syrtes*, theſe *Scyllas*, theſe *Charybdis's*, buoyed-up as it were by favourable fortune, I ſay, we have ſeen them from a chair command and govern the world; their hunger converted into ſatiety, their pinching cold into refreſhing coolneſs, their nakedneſs into embroidery, and their ſleeping on a mat to repoſing in holland and damask: a reward juſtly merited by their virtue. But their hardſhips, oppoſed to and compared with thoſe of the warrior, fall far ſhort of them, as I ſhall preſently ſhew.

1 It is very obſervable, how feelingly *Cervantes* here ſpeaks of poverty.

2 The author means the ſops in porridge, given at the doors of the monaſteries.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The continuation of Don Quixote's *curious diſcourſe upon arms and letters.*

DON QUIXOTE, continuing his diſcourſe, ſaid: Since, in ſpeaking of the ſcholar, we began with his poverty, and its ſeveral branches, let us ſee whether the ſoldier be richer. And we ſhall find that poverty itſelf is not poorer: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never; or elſe on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conſcience. And ſometimes his nakedneſs is ſuch, that his ſlaſhed buff-doublet ſerves him both for finery and ſhirt; and in the midſt of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, iſſuing from an empty place, muſt needs come out cold, againſt all the rules of nature. But let let us wait 'till night, and ſee whether his bed will make amends for theſe inconveniences: and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowneſs; for he may meaſure out as many foot of earth as he pleaſes, and roll himſelf thereon at pleaſure, without fear of rumpling the ſheets. Suppoſe now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profeſſion; I ſay, ſuppoſe the day of battle come; and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure ſome wound made by a musket-ſhot, which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or lamed him a leg or an arm. And though this ſhould not happen, but merciful heaven ſhould keep and preſerve him alive and unhurt, he ſhall remain, perhaps, in the ſame poverty as before; and there muſt happen a ſecond and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he muſt come off victor from them all, to get any thing conſiderable by it. But theſe miracles are ſeldom ſeen. And tell me, gentlemen, if you have obſerved it, how much fewer are they, who are rewarded for their ſervices in war, than thoſe, who have periſhed in it? Doubtleſs, you muſt anſwer, that there is no compariſon between the numbers; that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas thoſe, who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures [3]. All this is quite otherwiſe with ſcholars, who from the gown (I am loth to ſay the ſleeves) [4] are all handſomly provided for. Thus, though the hardſhips of the ſoldier are greater, his reward

3 *i. e.* Do not exceed *hundreds.*

4 The original is, *porque de faldas* (*que no quiero dezir de mangas*) *&c.* which I have rendered literally, becauſe the author's meaning is not very obvious. Perhaps it might be tranſlated, to the taſte of an *Engliſh* reader, thus: *who from the lawyer's* (*or judge's*) *gown* (*to ſay nothing of lawn-ſleeves*) &c.

is leſs. But to this it may be anſwered, that it is eaſier to reward two thouſand ſcholars, than thirty thouſand ſoldiers: for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which muſt of courſe be given to men of their profeſſion; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the maſter whom they ſerve: and this impoſſibility ſerves to ſtrengthen my aſſertion.

But, ſetting aſide this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the preeminence of arms over letters; a controverſy hitherto undecided, ſo ſtrong are the reaſons, which each party alledges on its own ſide: for, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, letters ſay, that, without them, arms could not ſubſiſt: for war alſo has its laws, to which it is ſubject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms anſwer, that laws cannot be ſupported without them: for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preſerved, cities are guarded, highways are ſecured, and the ſeas are cleared from corſairs and pirates; in ſhort, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land and voyages by ſea, would be ſubject to the cruelties and confuſion, which war carries along with it, while it laſts, and is at liberty to make uſe of its privileges and its power. Beſides, it is paſt diſpute, that what coſts moſt the attaining, is, and ought to be, moſt eſteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it coſts time, watching, hunger, nakedneſs, dizzineſs in the head, weakneſs of the ſtomach, and other ſuch like inconveniences, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to riſe gradually to be a good ſoldier, coſts him all it can coſt the ſcholar, and that in ſo much a greater degree, that there is no compariſon, ſince at every ſtep he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of neceſſity and poverty can affect or diſtreſs a ſcholar, equal to that which a ſoldier feels, who, being beſieged in ſome fortreſs, and placed as a centinel in ſome ravelin or cavalier [5], perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he ſtands, and yet muſt on no account ſtir from his poſt, or ſhun the danger that ſo nearly threatens him? all that he can do, in ſuch a caſe, is, to give notice to his officer of what paſſes, that he may remedy it by ſome countermine, and, in the mean time, he muſt ſtand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a ſudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then deſcend headlong to the deep againſt his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us ſee whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter

5 A mount raiſed on ſome work of a fortification, to command or overlook ſome riſing ground, which the enemy might uſe to overlook that part of the fortification, where the cavalier is raiſed to prevent their uſing it.

of

of two gallies, prow to prow, in the midſt of the wide ſea; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the ſoldier than the two-foot plank at the beakhead: and though he ſees as many threatning miniſters of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and ſmall arms pointed at him from the oppoſite ſide, not the length of a launce from his body; and though he knows, that the firſt ſlip of his foot will ſend him to viſit the profound depths of *Neptune*'s boſom; notwithſtanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inſpires him, he expoſes himſelf as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow paſs, to force his way into the enemy's veſſel: and what is moſt to be admired, is, that ſcarce is one fallen, whence he cannot ariſe 'till the end of the world, when another takes his place; and if he alſo fall into the ſea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another ſucceeds without any intermiſſion between their deaths; an inſtance of bravery and intrepidity the greateſt that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A bleſſing on thoſe happy ages, ſtrangers to the dreadful fury of thoſe deviliſh inſtruments of artillery, whoſe inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and baſe hand to take away the life of the braveſt cavalier, and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midſt of that reſolution and bravery, which inflames and animates gallant ſpirits, comes a chance ball, ſhot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frighted at the very flaſh in the pan, and in an inſtant cuts ſhort, and puts an end to the thoughts and life of him, who deſerved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I conſider this, I could almoſt ſay, I repent of having undertaken this profeſſion of knight-errantry, in ſo deteſtable an age, as this in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, ſtill it gives me ſome concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and edge of my ſword, over the face of the whole earth. But heaven's will be done: I have this ſatisfaction, that I ſhall acquire ſo much the greater fame, if I ſucceed, by how much the perils, to which I expoſe myſelf, are greater than thoſe, to which the knights-errant of paſt ages were expoſed.

Don Quixote made this long harangue, while the reſt were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though *Sancho Pança* ever and anon deſired him to mind his victuals, telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleaſed. Thoſe, who heard him, were moved with freſh compaſſion, to ſee a man, who, to every body's thinking, had

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ſo good an underſtanding, and could talk ſo well upon every other ſubject, ſo egregiouſly want it, whenever the diſcourſe happened to turn upon his unlucky and curſed chivalry. The prieſt told him, there was great reaſon in all he had ſaid in favour of arms, and that he, though a ſcholar and a graduate, was of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hoſteſs, her daughter, and *Maritornes* were preparing the chamber where *Don Quixote de la Mancha* lay, in which it was ordered that the ladies ſhould be lodged by themſelves that night, *Don Fernando* deſired the ſtranger to relate to them the hiſtory of his life, ſince it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with *Zoraida*. To which the ſtranger anſwered, that he would very willingly do what they deſired, and that he only feared the ſtory would not prove ſuch as might afford them the pleaſure he wiſhed; however, rather than not comply with their requeſt, he would relate it. The prieſt and all the reſt thanked him, and intreated him to begin. And he, finding himſelf courted by ſo many, ſaid: there is no need of intreaties, gentlemen, where you may command; and therefore, pray, be attentive, and you will hear a true ſtory, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones, though uſually compoſed with the moſt curious and ſtudied art. What he ſaid made all the company ſeat themſelves in order, and obſerve a ſtrict ſilence; and he, finding they held their peace, expecting what he would ſay, with an agreeable and compoſed voice, began as follows.

CHAP. XII.

Wherein the captive relates his life and adventures.

IN a certain town, in the mountains of *Leon*, my lineage had its beginning; to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune: though, amidſt the penury of thoſe parts, my father paſſed for a rich man, and really would have been ſuch, had he had the knack of ſaving, as he had of ſquandering his eſtate. This diſpoſition of his to prodigality and profuſion proceeded from his having been a ſoldier in his younger days; for the army is a ſchool, in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are ſome ſoldiers miſers, they are a kind of monſters, but very rarely ſeen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal: a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality. My father had three ſons, all men, and of age to chooſe their way of life: and ſeeing, as he himſelf ſaid, that he could not bridle his natural propenſity,

propenſity, he reſolved to deprive himſelf of the means that made him a prodigal and a ſpendthrift, which was, to rid himſelf of his riches, without which *Alexander* himſelf could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, calling us all three into a room by ourſelves, he ſpoke to us in this or the like manner.

My ſons, to tell you that I love you, it is ſufficient that I ſay, you are my children; and to make you think that I do not love you, it is ſufficient that I am not maſter enough of myſelf to forbear diſſipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may ſee, that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a ſtep-father, I deſign to do a thing by you, which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and weighed with mature deliberation. You are all now of an age to chooſe for yourſelves a ſettlement in the world, or at leaſt to pitch upon ſome way of life, which may be for your honour and profit, when you are grown up. Now, what I have reſolved upon, is, to divide what I poſſeſs into four parts: three I will give to you, ſhare and ſhare alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reſerve, to ſubſiſt upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has the ſhare that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of theſe ways I ſhall propoſe. We have a proverb here in *Spain*, in my opinion a very true one, as moſt proverbs are, being ſhort ſentences, drawn from long and wiſe experience; and it is this: *The church, the ſea, or the court*; as if one ſhould ſay more plainly: whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to ſea and exerciſe the art of merchandiſing, or ſerve the king in his court: for it is a ſaying, that *the king's bit is better than the lord's bounty*. I ſay this, becauſe it is my will, that one of you follow letters, another merchandiſe, and the third ſerve the king in his wars; for it is difficult to get admiſſion into his houſhold: and, though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they uſually procure him much eſteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your ſhare in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will ſee in effect. Tell me now whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have propoſed; and then he bade me, being the eldeſt, to anſwer. After I had deſired him not to part with what he had, but to ſpend whatever he pleaſed, we being young enough to ſhift for ourſelves, I concluded with aſſuring him I would do as he deſired, and take to the army, there to ſerve god and the king. My ſecond brother complied likewiſe, and choſe to go to the *Indies*, turning his portion into merchandiſe. The youngeſt, and I believe the wiſeſt, ſaid, he would take to the church, and finiſh his ſtudies at *Salamanca*.

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As ſoon as we had agreed, and choſe our ſeveral profeſſions, my father embraced us all, and with the diſpatch he had promiſed, put his deſign in execution, giving to each his ſhare, which, as I remember, was three thouſand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole eſtate, and paid for it in ready-money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. In one and the ſelf-ſame day, we all took leave of our good father, and it then ſeeming to me inhuman to leave my father ſo old, and with ſo little to ſubſiſt on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thouſand ducats out of my three, the remainder being ſufficient to equip me with what was neceſſary for a ſoldier. My two brothers, incited by my example, returned him each a thouſand ducats; ſo that my father now had four thouſand in ready-money, and three thouſand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his ſhare, and which he would not ſell. To be ſhort, we took our leaves of him, and of our aforeſaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all ſides, they charging us to acquaint them with our ſucceſs, whether proſperous or adverſe, as often as we had opportunity. We promiſed ſo to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their bleſſing, one of us took the road to *Salamanca*, the other to *Seville*, and I to *Alicant*, where I heard of a *Genoeſe* ſhip that loaded wool there for *Genoa*. It is now two-and-twenty years ſince I firſt left my father's houſe, and in all that time, though I have written ſeveral letters, I have had no news, either of him, or of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the courſe of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at *Alicant*, and had a good paſſage to *Genoa*: from thence I went to *Milan*, where I furniſhed myſelf with arms, and ſome military finery; and from thence determined to go into the ſervice in *Piedmont*: and being upon the road to *Alexandria de la Paglia*, I was informed that the great duke *D'Alva* was paſſing into *Flanders* with an Army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and ſerved under him in all his engagements. I was preſent at the death of the counts *D'Egmont* and *Horn*. I got an enſign's commiſſion in the company of a famous captain of *Guadalajara*, called *Diego de Urbina*. And, ſoon after my arrival in *Flanders*, news came of the league concluded between pope *Pius* V. of happy memory, and *Spain*, againſt the common enemy, the *Turk*; who, about the ſame time, had taken with his fleet the famous iſland of *Cyprus*, which was before ſubject to the *Venetians*; a ſad and unfortunate loſs! It was known for certain, that the moſt ſerene *Don John* of *Auſtria*, natural brother of our good king *Philip*, was appointed generaliſſimo of this league, and great preparations for war were every where talked of. All which incited a vehement deſire in me to be preſent in the battle that

was

was expected; and though I had reaſon to believe, and had ſome promiſes, and almoſt aſſurances, that, on the firſt occaſion that offered, I ſhould be promoted to the rank of a captain, I reſolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into *Italy*. And my good fortune would have it, that *Don John* of *Auſtria* was juſt then come to *Genoa*, and was going to *Naples* to join the *Venetian* fleet, as he afterwards did at *Meſſina*. In ſhort, I was preſent at that glorious action, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable poſt I was advanced, rather by my good-fortune, than by my deſerts. But that day, which was ſo fortunate to *Chriſtendom*; (for all nations were then undeceived of their error in believing that the *Turks* were invincible by ſea:) on that day, I ſay, in which the *Ottoman* pride and haughtineſs were broken; among ſo many happy perſons as were there (for ſure the chriſtians, who died there, had better fortune than the ſurvivors and conquerors) I alone remained unfortunate, ſince, inſtead of, what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the *Romans*, ſome naval crown, I found myſelf, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands. Which happened thus.

Uchali, king of *Algiers*, a bold and ſucceſsful corſair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley [6] of *Malta*, three knights only being left alive in her, and thoſe deſperately wounded; the captain-galley of *John Andrea D'Oria* came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company; and, doing my duty upon this occaſion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which getting off ſuddenly from ours, my ſoldiers could not follow me; and ſo I was left alone among my enemies, whom I could not reſiſt, being ſo many: in ſhort, I was carried off priſoner, and ſorely wounded. And, as you muſt have heard, gentlemen, that *Uchali* eſcaped with his whole ſquadron, by that means I remained a captive in his power, being the only ſad perſon, when ſo many were joyful; and a ſlave, when ſo many were freed: for fifteen thouſand chriſtians, who were at the oar in the *Turkiſh* galleys, did that day recover their long-wiſhed-for liberty. They carried me to *Conſtantinople*, where the Grand Signor *Selim* made my maſter general of the ſea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off, as a proof of his valour, the flag of the order of *Malta*. The year following, which was *ſeventy-two*, I was at *Navarino*, rowing in the captain-galley of the *Three lanthorns*; and there I ſaw and obſerved the opportunity that was then loſt of taking the whole *Turkiſh* navy in port. For all the *Levantines* and *Janizaries* on board took it for granted they ſhould be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and their paſſamaques (or ſhoes) in readineſs

6 The Galleys are always commanded by a general, and not an admiral.

for

for running away immediately by land, without ſtaying for an engagement: ſuch terror had our navy ſtruck into them. But heaven ordered it otherwiſe, not through any fault or neglect of the general, who commanded our men, but for the ſins of *Chriſtendom*, and becauſe god permits and ordains, that there ſhould always be ſome ſcourges to chaſtiſe us. In ſhort, *Uchali* got into *Modon*, an Iſland near *Navarino*, and, putting his men on ſhore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay ſtill till the ſeaſon of the year forced *Don John* to return home. In this campaign, the galley, called the *Prize*, whoſe captain was a ſon of the famous corſair *Barbaroſſa*, was taken by the captain-galley of *Naples*, called the *She-wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the ſoldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, *Don Alvaro de Baſan*, marquis of *Santa Cruz*. And I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of the *Prize*.

The ſon of *Barbaroſſa* was ſo cruel, and treated his ſlaves ſo ill, that, as ſoon as they, who were at the oar, ſaw, that the *She-wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars, and, laying hold on their captain, who ſtood near the poop [7], calling out to them to row hard, and paſſing him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him ſuch blows, that he had paſſed but little beyond the maſt, before his ſoul was paſſed to hell: ſuch was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him.

We returned to *Conſtantinople*, and, the year following, which was *ſeventy-three*, it was known there, that *Don John* had taken *Tunis*, and that kingdom from the *Turks*, and put *Muley Hamet* in poſſeſſion thereof, cutting off the hopes that *Muley Hamida* had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruelleſt, and yet braveſt *Moors*, that ever was in the world. The grand *Turk* felt this loſs very ſenſibly, and putting in practice that ſagacity, which is inherent in the *Ottoman* family, he clapped up a peace with the *Venetians*, who deſired it more than he: and, the year following, being that of *ſeventy-four*, he attacked the fortreſs of *Goleta*, and the fort, which *Don John* had left half finiſhed near *Tunis*. During all theſe tranſactions, I was ſtill at the oar, without any hope of redemption: at leaſt I did not expect to be ranſomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In ſhort, the *Goleta* was loſt, and the fort alſo; before which places the *Turks* had ſeventy-five thouſand men in pay, beſides above four hun-

7 Literally, *on the* Eſtanterol. The *Eſtanterol* is the pillar near the poop, on which is propt the awning of the poop, and it is at the end of the path of communication betwixt it and the prow, which runs exactly along the middle of the galley, and is called in *Spaniſh* the *Cruxia*.

dred

dred thouſand *Moors* and *Arabs* from all parts of *Africa*: and this vaſt multitude was furniſhed with ſuch quantities of ammunition, and ſuch large warlike ſtores, together with ſo many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the *Goleta* and the fort. The *Goleta*, till then thought impregnable, was firſt taken, not through default of the beſieged, who did all that men could do, but becauſe experience had now ſhewn, how eaſily trenches might be raiſed in that deſert ſand; for though the water uſed to be within two ſpans of the ſurface, the *Turks* now met with none within two yards; and ſo by the help of a great number of ſacks of ſand, they raiſed their works ſo high, as to overlook and command the fortifications: and ſo levelling from a cavalier [8], they put it out of the power of the beſieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that our troops ought not to have ſhut themſelves up in the *Goleta*, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkment: but they, who talk thus, ſpeak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind. For if there were ſcarce ſeven thouſand ſoldiers in the *Goleta* and in the fort, how could ſo ſmall a number, though ever ſo reſolute, both take the field, and garriſon the forts, againſt ſuch a multitude as that of the enemy? And how can a place be maintained, which is not relieved, and eſpecially when beſieged by an army, that is both numerous and obſtinate, and beſides in their own country? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that heaven did a particular grace and favour to *Spain*, in ſuffering the deſtruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that ſpunge, and that moth of infinite ſums of money, idly ſpent there, to no other purpoſe, than to preſerve the memory of its having been a conqueſt of the invincible emperor *Charles the fifth*; as if it were neceſſary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that thoſe ſtones ſhould keep it up. The fort alſo was taken at laſt: but the *Turks* were forced to purchaſe it inch by inch; for the ſoldiers, who defended it, fought with ſuch bravery and reſolution, that they killed above twenty-five thouſand of the enemy in two-and-twenty general aſſaults. And of three hundered that were leſt alive, not one was taken priſoner unwounded; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort alſo or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by *Don John Zanoguera*, a cavalier of *Valencia*, and a famous ſoldier, ſurrendered upon terms. They took priſoner *Don Pedro Portocarrero*, general of *Goleta*, who did all that was poſſible for the defence of his fortreſs, and took the loſs of it ſo much to heart, that he died for grief on the

8 See the note in page 295.

way

way to *Conſtantinople*, whither they were carrying him priſoner. They took alſo the commander of the fort, called *Gabrio Cerbellon*, a *Milaneſe* gentleman, a great engineer and a moſt valiant ſoldier. Several perſons of diſtinction loſt their lives in theſe two garriſons; among whom was *Pagan D'Oria*, knight of *Malta*, a gentleman of great generoſity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother the famous *John Andrea D'Oria:* and what made his death the more lamented was, his dying by the hands of ſome *African Arabs*, who, upon ſeeing that the fort was loſt, offered to convey him, diſguiſed as a *Moor*, to *Tabarca*, a ſmall haven or ſettlement, which the *Genoeſe* have on that coaſt for the coral-fiſhing. Theſe *Arabs* cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the *Turkiſh* fleet, who made good upon them our *Caſtilian* proverb, that, *though we love the treaſon, we hate the traitor:* for it is ſaid, the general ordered, that thoſe, who brought him the preſent, ſhould be inſtantly hanged, becauſe they had not brought him alive. Among the chriſtians, who were taken in the fort, was one *Don Pedro d' Aguilar*, a native of ſome town in *Andaluſia*, who had been an enſign in the garriſon, a good ſoldier, and a man of excellent parts: in particular he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, becauſe his fortune brought him to be ſlave to the ſame patron with me, and we ſerved in the ſame galley, and at the ſame oar: and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two ſonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon *Goleta*, and the other upon the fort. And indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than diſagreeable to you.

At the inſtant the captive named *Don Pedro d' Aguilar*, *Don Fernando* looked at his companions, and all three ſmiled: and when he mentioned the ſonnets, one of them ſaid: pray, Sir, before you go any further, I beſeech you to tell me what became of that *Don Pedro d' Aguilar* you talk of? All I know, anſwered the captive, is, that, after he had been two years at *Conſtantinople*, he eſcaped in the habit of an *Arnaut* [9], with a *Greek* ſpy: and I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty; though I believe he did: for, about a year after, I ſaw the *Greek* in *Conſtantinople*, but had not an opportunity of asking him the ſucceſs of that journey. He return'd to *Spain*, ſaid the gentleman; for that *Don Pedro* is my brother, and is now in our town, in health, and rich, is married, and has three children. Thanks be to god, ſaid the captive, for the bleſſings beſtowed on him; for, in my opinion, there is not on earth a ſatisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty. Beſides, replied the gentleman, I have by heart the ſonnets my brother made. Then,

9 A trooper of *Epirus*, *Dalmatia*, or ſome of the adjacent countries.

pray,

pray, Sir, repeat them, ſaid the captive; for you will be able to do it better than I can. With all my heart, anſwered the gentleman: that upon *Goleta* was thus.

CHAP. XIII.

In which is continued the hiſtory of the captive.

SONNET.

O Happy ſouls, by death at length ſet free
From the dark priſon of mortality,
By glorious deeds, whoſe memory never dies,
From earth's dim ſpot exalted to the skies!
What fury ſtood in every eye confeſs'd!
What generous ardor fired each manly breaſt!
Whilſt ſlaughter'd heaps diſtain'd the ſandy ſhore,
And the ting'd ocean bluſh'd with hoſtile gore.
O'erpower'd by numbers glorioufly ye fell:
Death only could ſuch matchleſs courage quell.
Whilſt dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
Its fame the world, its glory heaven beſtows.

You have it right, ſaid the captive. That on the fort, ſaid the gentleman, if I do not forget, was as follows.

SONNET.

From 'midſt theſe walls, whoſe ruins ſpread around,
And ſcatter'd clods that heap th' enſanguin'd ground,
Three thouſand ſouls of warriors, dead in fight,
To better regions took their happy flight.
Long with unconquer'd force they bravely ſtood,
And fearleſs ſhed their unavailing blood;
Till, to ſuperior force compell'd to yield,
Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
This fatal ſoil has ever been the tomb
Of ſlaughter'd heroes, buried in its womb:
Yet braver bodies did it ne'er ſuſtain,
Nor ſend more glorious ſouls the ſkies to gain.

The ſonnets were not diſliked, and the captive, pleaſed with the news they told him of his comrade, went on with his ſtory, ſaying.

Goleta and the fort being delivered up, the *Turks* gave orders to diſmantle *Goleta:* as for the fort, it was in ſuch a condition, that there was nothing left to be demoliſhed, And to do the

work more ſpeedily, and with leſs labour, they undermined it in three places: it is true, they could not blow up what ſeemed to be leaſt ſtrong, the old walls; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the engineer *Fratin* [1], came very eaſily down. In ſhort, the fleet returned to *Conſtantinople* victorious and triumphant; and, within a few months, died my maſter the famous *Uchali*, whom people called *Uchali Fartax*, that is to ſay, in the *Turkiſh* language, *The ſcabby renegado*: for he was ſo; and it is cuſtomary among the *Turks* to nick-name people from ſome perſonal defect, or give them a name from ſome good quality belonging to them. And the reaſon is, becauſe there are but four ſirnames of families, which contend for nobility with the *Ottoman*; and the reſt, as I have ſaid, take names and ſirnames either from the blemiſhes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a ſlave of the grand Signor's; and, at about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a *Turk* while he was at the oar, to have it in his power to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. And ſo great was his valour, that, without riſing by thoſe baſe methods, by which the minions of the grand Signor uſually riſe, he came to be king of *Algiers*, and afterwards general of the ſea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in *Calabria*, and was a good moral man, and treated his ſlaves with great humanity. He had three thouſand of them, and they were divided after his death, as he had ordered by his laſt will, one half to the grand Signor, who is every man's heir in part, ſharing equally with the children of the deceaſed [2], and the other among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a *Venetian* renegado, who, having been cabin-boy in a ſhip, was taken by *Uchali*, and was ſo beloved by him, that he became one of his moſt favourite boys. He was one of the cruelleſt renegadoes that ever was ſeen: his name was *Azan-aga*. He grew very rich, and became king of *Algiers*; and with him I came from *Conſtantinople*, a little comforted by being ſo near *Spain:* not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumſtances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in *Algiers*, than it had been in *Conſtantinople*, where I had tried a thouſand ways of making my eſcape, but none rightly timed

1 *Fratin* ſignifies a little lay-brother. Probably the engineer was one, and therefore ſo called.

2 This is a miſtake: for at that time the Grand Signor was univerſal heir, and ſeized all, the children ſhifting for themſelves the beſt they could, and the ſons often becoming common ſoldiers; but they have ſince begun to preſerve families. That of *Kuprogli*, which began ſome years after our author's death, and whoſe founder was a common *Arnaut*, has produced many great men for ſeveral ſucceeding generations.

nor

nor ſucceſsful: and in *Algiers* I purpoſed to try other means of compaſſing what I deſired: for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I deviſed, contrived, and put in execution, did not anſwer my deſign, I preſently, without deſponding, ſearched out and formed to myſelf freſh hopes to ſuſtain me, though they were ſlight and inconſiderable.

Thus I made a ſhift to ſupport life, ſhut up in a priſon, or houſe, which the *Turks* call a *bath*, where they keep their chriſtian captives locked up, as well thoſe who belong to the king, as ſome of thoſe belonging to private perſons, and thoſe alſo whom they call of the *Almazen*, that is to ſay, *captives of the council*, who ſerve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for as they belong to the public, and have no particular maſter, there is no body for them to treat with about their ranſom, though they ſhould have it ready. To theſe baths, as I have ſaid, private perſons ſometimes carry their ſlaves, eſpecially when their ranſom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in ſafety, till their ranſom comes. The king's ſlaves alſo, who are to be ranſomed, do not go out to work with the reſt of the crew, unleſs it be when their ranſom is long in coming: for then, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the reſt; which is no ſmall toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ranſom; and, though I aſſured them I wanted both intereſt and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen, and thoſe who were to be ranſomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a ſign of ranſom, than to ſecure me; and ſo I paſſed my life in that bath, with many other gentlemen and perſons of condition, diſtinguiſhed and accounted as ranſomable. And though hunger and nakedneſs often, and indeed generally, afflicted us, nothing troubled us ſo much as to ſee, at every turn, the unparalleled and exceſſive cruelties, with which our maſter uſed the chriſtians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the leaſt provocation, and ſometimes none at all, inſomuch that the very *Turks* were ſenſible he did it for the mere pleaſure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman diſpoſition. One *Spaniſh* ſoldier only, called ſuch an one *de Saavedra* [3], happened to be in his good graces; and though he did things, which will remain in the memory of thoſe people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty, yet he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given

3 It is generally thought, that *Cervantes* here means himſelf. See his *Life*.

him, nor ever gave him ſo much as a hard word: and for the leaſt of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himſelf more than once: and, were it not that the time will not allow me, I would now tell you of ſome things done by this ſoldier, which would be more entertaining, and more ſurpriſing, than the relation of my ſtory.

But to return. The court-yard of our priſon was overlooked by the windows of a houſe, belonging to a rich *Moor* of diſtinction, which, as is uſual there, were rather peep-holes than windows; and even theſe had their thick and cloſe lattices. It fell out then, that, one day, as I was upon a terras of our priſon, with three of my companions, trying, by way of paſtime, who could leap fartheſt with his chains on, being by ourſelves (for all the reſt of the chriſtians were gone out to work) by chance I looked up, and ſaw, from out of one of thoſe little windows, I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it: the cane moved up and down, as if it made ſigns for us to come and take it. We looked earneſtly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himſelf under the cane, to ſee whether they who held it would let it drop, or what they would do: but, as he came near, they advanced the cane, and moved it from ſide to ſide, as if they had ſaid, *No*, with the head. The chriſtian came back, and the cane was let down with the ſame motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the ſame happened to him as to the former: then the third went, and he had the ſame ſucceſs with the firſt and ſecond. Seeing this, I reſolved to try my fortune likewiſe; and, as ſoon as I had placed myſelf under the cane, it was let drop, and fell juſt at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner of it I found ten *Zianiys*, a ſort of baſe gold coin uſed by the *Moors*, each piece worth about ten reals [4] of our money. I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize; and indeed I was no leſs pleaſed, than ſurpriſed to think from whence this good fortune could come to us, eſpecially to me; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly ſhewed that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my welcome money; I broke the cane to pieces; I returned to the terras; I looked back to the window, and perceived a very white hand go out and in, to open and ſhut it haſtily. Hereby we underſtood, or fancied, that it muſt be ſome woman, who lived in that houſe, who had been thus charitable to us; and, to expreſs our thanks, we made our reverences after the *Mooriſh* faſhion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breaſt.

4 About an *Engliſh* crown.

Soon

Soon after, there was put out of the ſame window a little croſs made of cane, which was preſently drawn in again. On this ſignal we concluded, that ſome chriſtian woman was a captive in that houſe, and that it was ſhe who had done us the kindneſs: but the whiteneſs of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpſe of, ſoon deſtroyed that fancy. Then again we imagined it muſt be ſome chriſtian renegade, whom their maſters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them; for they value them more than the women of their own nation. All our reaſonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and obſerve the window, as our north, from whence that ſtar, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days paſſed, in which we ſaw neither hand, nor any other ſignal whatever. And though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourſelves who lived in that houſe, and whether there was any chriſtian renegade there, we never could learn any thing more, than that the houſe was that of a conſiderable and rich *Moor*, named *Agimorato*, who had been *Alcaide* of *Pata*, an office among them of great authority. But, when we leaſt dreamed of its raining any more *Zianiys* from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former; and this was at a time when the bath, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the ſame trial as before, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty *Spaniſh* crowns in gold, and a paper written in *Arabic*; and at the top of the writing was a large croſs. I kiſſed the croſs, took the crowns, and returned to the terras: we all made our reverences; the hand appeared again; I made ſigns that I would read the paper; the hand ſhut the window; and we all remained amazed, yet overjoyed at what had happened: and as none of us underſtood *Arabic*, great was our deſire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it.

At laſt I reſolved to confide in a renegado, a native of *Murcia*, who profeſſed himſelf very much my friend, and we had exchanged ſuch pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever ſecret I ſhould commit to him. For it is uſual with renegadoes, when they have a mind to return to *Chriſtendom*, to carry with them certificates from the moſt conſiderable captives, atteſting, in the moſt ample manner, and beſt form they can get, that ſuch a renegado is an honeſt man, and has always been kind and obliging to the chriſtians, and that he had a deſire to make his eſcape the firſt opportunity that offered. Some procure theſe certificates with a good inten-

tion: others make uſe of them occaſionally, and out of cunning only; for going to rob and plunder on the chriſtian coaſts, if they happen to be ſhipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and pretend that thoſe papers will ſhew the deſign they came upon, namely, to get into ſome chriſtian country, which was the reaſon of their going a pirating with the *Turks*. By this means they eſcape the firſt fury, and reconcile themſelves to the church, and live unmoleſted; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to *Barbary*, and to their former courſe of life. Others there are, who procure, and make uſe of, theſe papers with a good deſign, and remain in the chriſtian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegado of this ſort, and had gotten certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as poſſible; and if the *Moors* had found theſe papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he underſtood *Arabic* very well, and could not only ſpeak, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I deſired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and ſtood a good while looking at it, and tranſlating it to himſelf. I asked him, if he underſtood it. He ſaid, he did very well, and, if I deſired to know its contents word for word, I muſt give him pen and ink, that he might tranſlate it with more exactneſs. We gave him preſently what he required, and he went on tranſlating it in order, and having done he ſaid: What is here ſet down in *Spaniſh*, is preciſely what is contained in this *Mooriſh* paper; and you muſt take notice, that where it ſays, *Lela Marien*, it means our lady the virgin *Mary*. We read the paper, which was as follows.

When I was a child, my father had a woman-ſlave, who inſtructed me in the chriſtian worſhip, and told me many things of Lela Marien. *This chriſtian died, and I know ſhe did not go to the fire, but to* Ala; *for I ſaw her twice afterwards, and ſhe bid me go to the country of the chriſtians, to ſee* Lela Marien, *who loved me very much. I know not how it is: I have ſeen many chriſtians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourſelf. I am very beautiful, and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try, if you can find out how we may get away, and you ſhall be my husband there, if you pleaſe; and if not, I ſhall not care; for* Lela Marien *will provide me a husband. I write this myſelf: be careful to whom you give it to read: truſt not to any* Moor; *for they are all treacherous: therefore I am very much perplexed; for I would not have you diſcover it to any body: for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with ſtones. I will faſten a thread to the cane; tie your anſwer to it: and if*

you

you have no body that can write Arabic, *tell me by ſigns; for* Lela Marien *will make me underſtand you. She and* Ala *keep you, and this croſs, which I very often kiſs; for ſo the captive directed me to do.*

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reaſon to be overjoyed and ſurpriſed at the contents of this paper: and both our joy and ſurpriſe were ſo great, that the renegado perceived, that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us; and therefore he intreated us, if what he ſuſpected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all; for he would venture his life for our liberty: and, ſaying this, he pulled a braſs crucifix out of his boſom, and, with many tears, ſwore by the god that image repreſented, in whom he, though a great ſinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep ſecret whatever we ſhould diſcover to him: for he imagined, and almoſt divined, that, by means of her, who had written that letter, himſelf and all of us ſhould regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he ſo earneſtly deſired, which was, to be reſtored to the boſom of holy church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been ſeparated and cut off through his ſin and ignorance. The renegado ſaid this with ſo many tears, and ſigns of ſo much repentance, that we unanimouſly agreed to tell him the truth of the caſe; and ſo we gave him an account of the whole, without concealing any thing from him. We ſhewed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and by that he marked the houſe, and reſolved to take eſpecial care to inform himſelf who lived in it. We alſo agreed, it would be right to anſwer the *Moor*'s billet; and, as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegado that inſtant wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I ſhall repeat to you; for of all the material circumſtances, which befel me in this adventure, not one has yet eſcaped my memory, nor ſhall I ever forget them whilſt I have breath. In ſhort, the anſwer to the *Moor* was this.

The true Ala *preſerve you, dear lady, and that bleſſed* Marien, *who is the true mother of god, and is ſhe who has put into your heart the deſire of going into the country of the chriſtians, becauſe ſhe loves you. Pray to her, that ſhe will be pleaſed to inſtruct you how to bring about what ſhe commands you to do; for ſhe is ſo good, ſhe will aſſuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the chriſtians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever reſolutions you take, and I will conſtantly anſwer you; for the great* Ala *has given us a chriſtian*

captive, who ſpeaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may without fear give us notice of your intentions. As to what you ſay of becoming my wife, when you get into a chriſtian country, I promiſe you, on the word of a good chriſtian, it ſhall be ſo; and know, that the chriſtians keep their words better than the Moors. Ala *and* Marien *his mother have you in their keeping, dear lady.*

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days 'till the bath was empty, as before, and then preſently I took my accuſtomed poſt upon the terras, to ſee if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it appeared. As ſoon as I ſaw it, though I could not diſcern who held it out, I ſhewed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it; but it was already faſtened to the cane, to which I tied the letter, and, in a ſhort time after, our ſtar appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop, and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both ſilver and gold, above fifty crowns; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That ſame evening, our renegado returned, and told us, he had learned, that the ſame *Moor*, we were before informed of, dwelt in that houſe, and that his name was *Agimorato*; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heireſs to all he had; that it was the general opinion of the whole city, that ſhe was the beautifulleſt woman in all *Barbary*; and that ſeveral of the viceroys, who had been ſent thither, had ſought her to wife, but that ſhe never would conſent to marry: and he alſo learned, that ſhe had a chriſtian woman ſlave, who died ſome time before: all which agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We preſently conſulted with the renegado, what method we ſhould take to carry off the *Mooriſh* lady, and make our eſcape into *Chriſtendom:* and in fine it was agreed for that time, that we ſhould wait for a ſecond letter from *Zoraida*; for that was the name of her, who now deſires to be called *Maria:* for it was eaſy to ſee, that ſhe, and no other, could find the means of ſurmounting the difficulties, that lay in our way. After we were come to this reſolution, the renegado bid us not be uneaſy; for he would ſet us at liberty, or loſe his life. The bath, after this, was four days full of people, which occaſioned the cane's not appearing in all that time; at the end of which, the bath being empty as uſual, it appeared with the handkerchief ſo pregnant, that it, promiſed a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and an hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being preſent, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us it ſaid thus.

I do

I do not know, dear ſir, how to contrive a method for our going to Spain, *nor has* Lela Marien *informed me, tho' I have asked it of her. What may be done, is; I will convey to you through this window a large ſum of money in gold: redeem yourſelf and your friends therewith, and let one of you go to the country of the chriſtians, and buy a bark, and return for the reſt; and he will find me in my father's garden, at the* Babazon-*gate cloſe to the ſea-ſide, where I am to be all this ſummer with my father and my ſervants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark. And remember you are to be my husband; for, if not, I will pray to* Marien *to puniſh you. If you can truſt no body to go for the bark, ranſom yourſelf and go; for I ſhall be more ſecure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a chriſtian. Take care not to miſtake the garden; and when I ſee you walking where you now are, I ſhall conclude the bath is empty, and will furniſh you with money enough.* Ala *preſerve thee, dear ſir!*

Theſe were the contents of the ſecond letter: which being heard by us all, every one offered himſelf, and would fain be the ranſomed perſon, promiſing to go and return very punctually. I alſo offered myſelf: but the renegado oppoſed theſe offers, ſaying, he would in no wiſe conſent, that any one of us ſhould get his liberty before the reſt, experience having taught him, how ill men, when free, keep the promiſes they have made while in ſlavery; for ſeveral conſiderable captives, he ſaid, had tried this expedient, ranſoming ſome one, who ſhou'd go to *Valencia* or *Majorca*, with money, to buy and arm a veſſel, and return for thoſe who ranſomed him, but the perſon ſent has never come back: for liberty once regained, and the fear of loſing it again, effaces out of the memory all obligations in the world. And, in confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a caſe, which had happened very lately to certain chriſtian gentlemen, the ſtrangeſt that had ever fallen out even in thoſe parts, where every day the moſt ſurpriſing and wonderful things come to paſs. He concluded with ſaying, that the beſt way would be, to give him the money deſigned for the ranſom of a chriſtian, to buy a veſſel there in *Algiers*, upon pretence of turning merchant, and trading to *Tetuan*, and on that coaſt, and that, being maſter of the veſſel, he could eaſily contrive how to get them all out of the bath, and put them on board. But if the *Moor*, as ſhe promiſed, ſhould furniſh money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very eaſy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day: the greateſt difficulty, he ſaid, was, that the *Moors* do not allow any renegado to buy or keep a veſſel, unleſs it be a large one to go a pirating; for

for they ſuſpect, that he, who buys a ſmall veſſel, eſpecially if he be a *Spaniard*, deſigns only to get into *Chriſtendom* therewith: but this inconvenience, he ſaid, he would obviate, by taking in a *Tagarin* [5] *Moor* for partner of the veſſel, and in the profits of the merchandize: and under this colour he ſhould become maſter of the veſſel, and then he reckoned the reſt as good as done. Now, though to me and my companions it ſeemed better to ſend for the veſſel to *Majorca*, as the *Moriſh* lady ſaid, yet we did not dare to contradict him; fearing, leſt, if we did not do as he would have us, he ſhould betray our deſign, and put us in danger of loſing our lives, in caſe he diſcovered *Zoraida*'s intrigue, for whoſe life we would all have laid down our own: and therefore we reſolved to commit ourſelves into the hands of god, and thoſe of the renegado. And in that inſtant we anſwered *Zoraida*, that we would do all that ſhe had adviſed; for ſhe had directed as well as if *Lela Marien* herſelf had inſpired her; and that it depended entirely upon her, either that the buſineſs ſhould be delayed, or ſet about immediately. I again promiſed to be her husband: and ſo the next day, the bath happening to be clear, ſhe, at ſeveral times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, gave us two thouſand crowns in gold, and a paper, wherein ſhe ſaid, that the firſt *Juma*, that is *Friday*, ſhe was to go to her father's garden, and that, before ſhe went, ſhe would give us more money: and if that was not ſufficient, ſhe bid us let her know, and ſhe would give us as much as we deſired; for her father had ſo much, that he would never miſs it; and beſides ſhe kept the keys of all.

We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to buy the veſſel. With eight hundred I ranſomed myſelf, depoſiting the money with a merchant of *Valencia*, then at *Algiers*, who redeemed me from the king, paſſing his word for me, that, the firſt ſhip that came from *Valencia*, my ranſom ſhould be paid. For if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king ſuſpect, that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own uſe. In ſhort, my maſter was ſo jealous, that I did not dare upon any account to pay the money immediately. The *Thurſday* preceding the *Friday*, on which the fair *Zoraida* was to go to the garden, ſhe gave us a thouſand crowns more, and adverti ſed us of her going thither, and intreated me, if I ranſomed myſelf firſt, immediately to find out her father's garden, and by all means get an opportunity of going thither and ſeeing her. I anſwered her in few words, that I would not fail, and deſired that ſhe would take care to recommend us to *Lela Marien*,

5 See the beginning of the next chapter.

uſing

uſing all thoſe prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bath, leſt, ſeeing me ranſomed, and themſelves not, knowing there was money ſufficient, they ſhould be uneaſy, and the devil ſhould tempt them to do ſomething to the prejudice of *Zoraida:* for, though their being men of honour might have freed me from ſuch an apprehenſion, I had no mind to run the hazard, and ſo got them ranſomed by the ſame means I had been ranſomed myſelf, depoſiting the whole money with the merchant, that he might ſafely and ſecurely paſs his word for us: to whom nevertheleſs we did not diſcover our management and ſecret, becauſe of the danger it would have expoſed us to.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the captive continues the ſtory of his adventures.

IN leſs than fifteen days our renegado had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty perſons; and to make ſure work, and give the buſineſs a colour, he made a ſhort voyage to a place called *Sargel*, thirty leagues from *Algiers* towards *Oran*, to which there is a great trade for dried figs. Two or three times he made this trip, in company of the *Tagarin* aforeſaid. The *Moors* of *Aragon* are called in *Barbary Tagarins*, and thoſe of *Granada Mudajares*; and in the kingdom of *Fez* the *Mudajares* are called *Elches*, who are the people the king makes moſt uſe of in his wars. You muſt know, that, each time he paſſed with his bark, he caſt anchor in a little creek, not two bow-ſhot diſtant from the garden, where *Zoraida* expected us: and there the renegado deſignedly ſet himſelf, together with the *Moors* that rowed, either to perform the *çala* [6], or to practiſe by way of jeſt what he intended to execute in earneſt; and with this view he would go to *Zoraida*'s garden, and beg ſome fruit, which her father would give him, without knowing who he was. His deſign was, as he afterwards told me, to ſpeak to *Zoraida*, and to tell her that he was the perſon, who, by my direction, was to carry her to *Chriſtendom*, and that ſhe might be eaſy and ſecure: but it was impoſſible for him to do it, the *Mooriſh* women never ſuffering themſelves to be ſeen either by *Moor* or *Turk*, unleſs when commanded by their huſbands or fathers. Chriſtian ſlaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converſe with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I ſhould have been ſorry if he had talked to her, becauſe it might have frighted her, to ſee

[6] Some religious ceremony of the *Moors*.

that

that the buſineſs was intruſted with a renegado. But god, who ordered it otherwiſe, gave the renegado no opportunity of effecting his good deſign: who, finding how ſecurely he went to and from *Sargel*, and that he lay at anchor, when, how, and where he pleaſed, and that the *Tagarin* his partner had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; that I was ranſomed, and that there wanted nothing but to find ſome chriſtians to help to row; he bid me conſider who I would bring with me, beſides thoſe already ranſomed, and beſpeak them for the firſt *Friday*; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I ſpoke to twelve *Spaniards*, all able men at the oar, and ſuch as could moſt eaſily get out of the city unſuſpected: and it was no eaſy matter to find ſo many at that juncture; for there were twenty corſairs out a pirating, and they had taken almoſt all the rowers with them; and theſe had not been found, but that their maſter did not go out that ſummer, having a galleot to finiſh that was then upon the ſtocks. I ſaid nothing more to them, but that they ſhould ſteal out of the town one by one, the next *Friday* in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me ſomewhere about *Agimorato*'s garden. I gave this direction to each of them ſeparately, with this caution, that, if they ſhould ſee any other chriſtians there, they ſhould only ſay, I ordered them to ſtay for me in that place.

This point being taken care of, one thing was yet wanting, and that the moſt neceſſary of all; which was, to adverti*ſe* *Zoraida* how matters ſtood, that ſhe might be in readineſs, and on the watch, ſo as not to be affrighted, if we ruſhed upon her on a ſudden, before the time ſhe could think that the veſſel from *Chriſtendom* could be arrived. And therefore I reſolved to go to the garden, and try if I could ſpeak to her: and under pretence of gathering ſome herbs, one day before our departure, I went thither, and the firſt perſon I met was her father, who ſpoke to me in a language, which, all over *Barbary*, and even at *Conſtantinople*, is ſpoken among captives and *Moors*, and is neither *Moriſco* nor *Caſtilian*, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally underſtood. He, I ſay, in that jargon, asked me, what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged? I anſwered him, I was a ſlave of *Arnaute Mami*, (who, I knew, was a very great friend of his,) and that I came for a few herbs of ſeveral ſorts to make a ſallad. He then asked me, if I was upon ranſom or not, and how much my maſter demanded for me? While we were thus talking, the fair *Zoraida*, who had eſpied me ſome time before, came out of the houſe: and as the *Mooriſh* women make no ſcruple of appearing before the chriſtians, nor are at all ſhy towards them, as I have already obſerved, ſhe made no difficulty

culty of coming where I ſtood with her father, who, ſeeing her walking ſlowly towards us, called to her, and bid her come on. It would be too hard a task for me, at this time, to expreſs the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richneſs of attire, with which my beloved *Zoraida* appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may ſo ſay, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than ſhe had hairs on her head. About her ancles, which were bare, according to cuſtom, ſhe had two *Carcaxes* (ſo they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in *Moriſco*) of the pureſt gold, ſet with ſo many diamonds, that, as ſhe told me ſince, her father valued them at ten thouſand piſtoles; and thoſe ſhe wore on her wriſts were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good; for the greateſt finery and magnificence of the *Mooriſh* women conſiſts in adorning themſelves with the fineſt ſeed-pearls: and therefore there are more of that ſort among the *Moors*, than among all other nations; and *Zoraida*'s father had the reputation of having a great many, and thoſe the very beſt in *Algiers*, and to be worth beſides above two hundred thouſand *Spaniſh* crowns; of all which, ſhe, who is now mine, was once miſtreſs. Whether, with all theſe ornaments, ſhe then appeared beautiful or not, and what ſhe muſt have been in the days of her proſperity, may be conjectured by what remains after ſo many fatigues. For it is well known, that the beauty of ſome women has days and ſeaſons, and depends upon accidents, which diminiſh or increaſe it: nay the very paſſions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly deſtroy it. In ſhort, ſhe came, extremely adorned, and extremely beautiful; to me at leaſt ſhe ſeemed the moſt ſo of any thing I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from heaven, deſcended for my pleaſure and relief.

When ſhe was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend *Arnaute Mami*, and that I came to look for a ſallad. She took up the diſcourſe, and, in the aforeſaid medley of languages, asked me, whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ranſom myſelf. I told her, I was already ranſomed, and by the price ſhe might gueſs what my maſter thought of me, ſince he had got fifteen hundred pieces of eight for me. To which ſhe anſwered: Truly had you belonged to my father, he ſhould not have parted with you for twice that ſum: for you chriſtians always falſify in your accounts of yourſelves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the *Moors*. It may very well be ſo, madam, anſwered I; but, in truth, I dealt ſincerely with my maſter, and ever did, and ſhall do the ſame by every body in the world. And when go you away? ſaid *Zoraida*. To-morrow, I believe, ſaid

ſaid I: for there is a *French* veſſel, which ſails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her. Would it not be better, replied *Zoraida*, to ſtay till ſome ſhips come from *Spain*, and go with them, and not with thoſe of *France*, who are not your friends? No, madam, anſwered I; but ſhould the news we have of a *Spaniſh* ſhip's coming ſuddenly prove true, I would perhaps ſtay a little for it, though it is more likely I ſhall depart to-morrow: for the deſire I have to be in my own country, and with the perſons I love, is ſo great, that it will not ſuffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever ſo much better. You are married, doubtleſs, in your own country, ſaid *Zoraida*, and therefore you are ſo deſirous to be gone, and be at home with your wife? No, replied I, I am not married; but I have given my word to marry, as ſoon as I get thither. And is the lady, whom you have promiſed, beautiful? ſaid *Zoraida*. So beautiful, anſwered I, that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, ſhe is very like yourſelf. Her father laughed heartily at this, and ſaid: Really chriſtian, ſhe muſt be beautiful indeed, if ſhe reſembles my daughter, who is accounted the handſomeſt woman in all this kingdom: obſerve her well, and you will ſee I ſpeak the truth. *Zoraida*'s father ſerved us as an interpreter to moſt of this converſation, as underſtanding *Spaniſh*; for though ſhe ſpoke the baſtard language, in uſe there, as I told you, yet ſhe expreſſed her meaning more by ſigns than by words.

While we were thus engaged in diſcourſe, a *Moor* came running to us, crying aloud, that four *Turks* had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, tho' it was not yet ripe. The old man was put into a fright, and ſo was *Zoraida:* for the *Moors* are naturally afraid of the *Turks*, eſpecially of their ſoldiers, who are ſo inſolent and imperious over the *Moors*, who are ſubject to them, that they treat them worſe than if they were their ſlaves. Therefore *Zoraida*'s father ſaid to her: Daughter, retire into the houſe, and lock yourſelf in, while I go and talk to theſe dogs; and you, chriſtian, gather your herbs, and be gone in peace, and *Ala* ſend you ſafe to your own country. I bowed myſelf, and he went his way to find the *Turks*, leaving me alone with *Zoraida*, who alſo made as if ſhe was going whither her father bid her. But ſcarcely was he got out of ſight among the trees of the garden, when ſhe turned back to me, with her eyes full of tears, and ſaid: *Amexi, Chriſtiano, Amexi?* that is, *Are you going away, chriſtian? are you going away?* I anſwered; Yes, madam, but not without you: expect me the next *Juma*, and be not frighted, when you ſee us; for we ſhall certainly get to *Chriſtendom*. I ſaid this in ſuch a manner, that ſhe underſtood me very well; and, throwing her arm about my neck, ſhe began to walk ſoftly and trembling toward the houſe: and fortune would

would have it (which might have proved fatal, if heaven had not ordained otherwiſe) that, while we were going in that poſture and manner I told you, her arm being about my neck, her father, returning from driving away the *Turks*, ſaw us in that poſture, and we were ſenſible that he diſcovered us. But *Zoraida* had the diſcretion and preſence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but rather held me cloſer; and leaning her head againſt my breaſt, and bending her knees a little, gave plain ſigns of fainting away: and I alſo made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and, ſeeing his daughter in that poſture, asked what ailed her. But ſhe not anſwering, he ſaid: Without doubt theſe dogs have frighted her into a ſwoon: and, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his boſom. And ſhe, fetching a deep ſigh, and her eyes ſtill full of tears, ſaid again; *Amexi, Chriſtiano, Amexi*; *Be gone, chriſtian, be gone.* To which her father anſwered: There is no occaſion, child, why the chriſtian ſhould go away; he has done you no harm, and the *Turks* are gone off: let nothing fright you; there is no danger; for, as I have already told you, the *Turks*, at my requeſt, are returned by the way they came. Sir, ſaid I to her father, they have frighted her, as you ſay; but, ſince ſhe bids me be gone, I will not diſturb her: god be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occaſion, for herbs to this garden; for my maſter ſays, there are no better for a ſallad any where than here. You may come whenever you will, anſwered *Agimorato*; for my daughter does not ſay this, as having been offended by you or any other chriſtian; but, inſtead of bidding the *Turks* be gone, ſhe bid you be gone, or becauſe ſhe thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs. I now took my leave of them both, and ſhe, ſeeming as if her ſoul had been rent from her, went away with her father. And I, under pretence of gathering herbs, walked over, and took a view of, the whole garden, at my leiſure, obſerving carefully all the inlets and outlets, and the ſtrength of the houſe, and every conveniency, which might tend to facilitate our buſineſs.

When I had ſo done, I went and gave an account to the renegado and my companions of all that had paſſed, longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of ſurpriſe, I might enjoy the happineſs, which fortune preſented me in the beautiful *Zoraida*. In a word, time paſſed on, and the day appointed, and by us ſo much wiſhed for, came; and we all obſerving the order and method, which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, we had the deſired ſucceſs. For, the *Friday* following the day when I talked with *Zoraida* in the garden, *Morrenago* (for that was the renegado's name) at the cloſe of the evening, caſt anchor with the bark almoſt oppoſite

poſite to where *Zoraida* dwelt. The chriſtians, who were to be employed at the oar, were ready, and hid in ſeveral places thereabouts. They were all in ſuſpence, their hearts beating, and in expectation of my coming, being eager to ſurpriſe the bark, which lay before their eyes: for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegado, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the *Moors*, who were on board the veſſel. As ſoon therefore as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city-gates were ſhut, and no body appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in ſome doubt whether it would be better to go firſt for *Zoraida*, or ſecure the *Moors*, who rowed the veſſel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegado came to us, asking us, what we ſtaid for; for now was the time, all his *Moors* being thoughtleſs of danger, and moſt of them aſleep. We told him what we demurred about, and he ſaid, that the thing of the moſt importance was, firſt to ſeize the veſſel, which might be done with all imaginable eaſe, and without any manner of danger, and then we might preſently go and fetch *Zoraida*. We all approved of what he ſaid, and ſo, without farther delay, he being our guide, we came to the veſſel; and he, leaping in firſt, drew a cutlaſs, and ſaid in *Moriſco: Let not one man of you ſtir, unleſs he has a mind it ſhould coſt him his life.* By this time all the chriſtians were got on board; and the *Moors*, who were timorous fellows, hearing the maſter ſpeak thus, were in a great fright; and, without making any reſiſtance (for indeed they had few or no arms) ſilently ſuffered themſelves to be bound; which was done very expeditiouſly, the chriſtians threatening the *Moors*, that, if they raiſed any manner of cry, or made the leaſt noiſe, they would in that inſtant put them all to the ſword.

This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the reſt of us, the renegado being ſtill our leader, went to *Agimorato*'s garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as eaſily to us, as if it had not been locked; and we came up to the houſe with great ſtillneſs and ſilence, and without being perceived by any one. The lovely *Zoraida* was expecting us at a window, and, when ſhe heard people coming, ſhe asked in a low voice, whether we were *Nazareni*, that is, chriſtians? I anſwered, we were, and deſired her to come down. When ſhe knew it was I, ſhe ſtaid not a moment, but, without anſwering me a word, came down in an inſtant, and, opening the door, appeared to us all ſo beautiful, and richly attired, that I cannot eaſily expreſs it. As ſoon as I ſaw her, I took her hand and kiſſed it: the renegado did the ſame, and my two comrades alſo; and the reſt, who knew not

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the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to expreſs our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the inſtrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her in *Moriſco*, whether her father was in the houſe: ſhe anſwered, he was, and aſleep. Then we muſt awake him, replied the renegado, and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa. No, ſaid ſhe, my father muſt by no means be touched, and there is nothing conſiderable here, but what I have with me, which is ſufficient to make you all rich and content: ſtay a little, and you ſhall ſee. And, ſo ſaying, ſhe went in again, and bid us be quiet, and make no noiſe, for ſhe would come back immediately. I asked the renegado what ſhe ſaid: he told me, and I bid him be ſure to do juſt as *Zoraida* would have him, who was now returned with a little trunk ſo full of gold crowns, that ſhe could hardly carry it.

Ill fortune would have it, that her father in the mean time happened to awake, and, hearing a noiſe in the garden, looked out at the window, and preſently found there were chriſtians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in *Arabic*, Chriſtians, chriſtians, thieves, thieves; which outcry put us all into the utmoſt terror and confuſion. But the renegado, ſeeing the danger we were in, and conſidering how much it imported him to go through with the enterprize, before it was diſcovered, ran up with the greateſt ſpeed to the room where *Agimorato* was; and with him ran up ſeveral others of us: but I did not dare to quit *Zoraida*, who had ſunk into my arms almoſt in a ſwoon. In ſhort, they that went up acquitted themſelves ſo well, that in a moment they came down with *Agimorato*, having tied his hands, and ſtopped his mouth with a handkerchief, ſo that he could not ſpeak a word, and threatening him, if he made the leaſt noiſe, it ſhould coſt him his life. When his daughter ſaw him, ſhe covered her eyes, that ſhe might not ſee him, and her father was aſtoniſhed at ſeeing her, not knowing how willingly ſhe had put herſelf into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmoſt conſequence to us to fly, we got as ſpeedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with ſome croſs accident. Scarce two hours of the night were paſſed, when we were now all got on board, and then we untied the hands of *Zoraida*'s father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth: but the renegado warned him again not to ſpeak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he ſaw his daughter there, he began to weep moſt tenderly, and eſpecially when he perceived that I held her cloſely embraced, and that ſhe, without making any ſhew of oppoſition, or complaint, or coyneſs, ſat ſo ſtill and quiet: nevertheleſs he held his peace, leſt we ſhould put the renegado's threats in execution.

Zoraida now, finding herſelf in the bark, and that we began to handle our oars, and ſeeing her father there, and the reſt of the *Moors*, who were bound, ſpoke to the renegado, to deſire me to do her the favour to looſe thoſe *Moors*, and ſet her father at liberty; for ſhe would ſooner throw herſelf into the ſea, than ſee a father who loved her ſo tenderly, carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegado told me what ſhe deſired, and I anſwered that I was entirely ſatisfied it ſhould be ſo: but he replied, it was not convenient; for, ſhould they be ſet on ſhore there, they would preſently raiſe the country, and alarm the city, and cauſe ſome light frigates to be ſent out in queſt of us, and ſo we ſhould be beſet both by ſea and land, and it would be impoſſible for us to eſcape: but what might be done, was, to give them their liberty at the firſt chriſtian country we ſhould touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and *Zoraida* alſo was ſatisfied, when we told her what we had determined, and the reaſons why we could not at preſent comply with her requeſt. And then immediately, with joyful ſilence, and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and, recommending ourſelves to god with all our hearts, we began to make toward the iſland of *Majorca*, which is the neareſt chriſtian land. But, the north wind beginning to blow freſh, and the ſea being ſomewhat rough, it was not poſſible for us to ſteer the courſe of *Majorca*, and we were forced to keep along ſhore towards *Oran*, not without great apprehenſions of being diſcovered from the town of *Sargel*, which lies on that coaſt, about ſixty miles from *Algiers*. We were afraid likewiſe of meeting, in our paſſage, with ſome of thoſe galeots, which come uſually with merchandiſe from *Tetuan*; though, each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we preſumed, that, if we ſhould meet a galeot, provided it were not a cruiſer, we ſhould be ſo far from being ruined, that we ſhould probably take a veſſel, wherein we might more ſecurely purſue our voyage. While we proceeded in our voyage, *Zoraida* kept her head between my hands, that ſhe might not look on her father; and I could perceive ſhe was continually calling upon *Lela Marien* to aſſiſt us.

We had rowed about thirty miles, when day-break came upon us, and we found ourſelves not above three musket-ſhot diſtant from the ſhore, which ſeemed to be quite a deſart, and without any creature to diſcover us: however, by mere dint of rowing, we made a little out to ſea, which was by this time become more calm; and when we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered that they ſhould row by turns [7], whilſt we took a little refreſhment; the bark being well provided: but

7 The original is *bogaſſe à quartiles*, *i. e.* every fourth man ſhould row, whilſt the reſt took their eaſe, or were refreſhing themſelves.

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the rowers ſaid, that it was not a time to take any reſt, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but would eat and row, if thoſe, who were unemployed, would bring the victuals to them. They did ſo; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to ſet up our ſails, and lay down our oars, and ſteer directly to *Oran*, it being impoſſible to hold any other courſe. All this was done with great expedition; and ſo we ſailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting ſome corſair. We gave the *Mooriſh* priſoners ſomething to eat, and the renegado comforted them, telling them they were not ſlaves, and that they ſhould have their liberty given them the firſt opportunity: and he ſaid the ſame to *Zoraida*'s father, who anſwered: I might, perhaps, expect or hope for any other favour from your liberality and generous uſage, O chriſtians; but as to giving me my liberty, think me not ſo ſimple as to imagine it; for you would never have expoſed yourſelves to the hazard of taking it from me, to reſtore it me ſo freely, eſpecially ſince you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you by my ranſom; which do but name, and from this moment I promiſe you whatever you demand, for myſelf, and for this my unhappy daughter, or elſe for her alone, who is the greater and better part of my ſoul. In ſaying this, he began to weep ſo bitterly, that it moved us all to compaſſion, and forced *Zoraida* to look up at him; who, ſeeing him weep in that manner, was ſo melted, that ſhe got up from me, and ran to embrace her father; and laying her face to his, they two began ſo tender a lamentation, that many of us could not forbear keeping them company. But when her father obſerved, that ſhe was adorned with her beſt attire, and had ſo many jewels about her, he ſaid to her in his language: How comes it, daughter, that, yeſterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I ſaw you in your ordinary and houſhold dreſs, and now, without having had time to dreſs yourſelf, or having received any joyful news, fit to be ſolemnized by adorning and dreſſing yourſelf out, I ſee you ſet off with the beſt cloaths that I could poſſibly give you, when fortune was more favourable to us? Anſwer me to this; for it holds me in greater ſuſpence and admiration, than the misfortune itſelf, into which I am fallen? The renegado interpreted to us all that the *Moor* ſaid to his daughter, who anſwered him not a word: but when he ſaw in a corner of the veſſel the little trunk, in which ſhe uſed to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in *Algiers*, and had not brought with him to the garden, he was ſtill more confounded, and asked her, how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it? To which the renegado, without ſtaying till *Zoraida* ſpoke, anſwered: Trouble not yourſelf, Signor, about asking your daughter ſo many queſtions; for with one word I

can ſatisfy them all: and therefore be it known to you, that ſhe is a chriſtian, and has been the inſtrument to file off our chains, and give us the liberty we enjoy: ſhe is here, with her own conſent, and well pleaſed, I believe, to find herſelf in this condition, like one who goes out of darkneſs into light, from death to life, and from ſuffering to glory. Is this true, daughter? ſaid the *Moor*. It is, anſwered *Zoraida*. In effect then, replied the old man, you are become a chriſtian, and are ſhe, who has put her father into the power of his enemies? To which *Zoraida* anſwered: I am indeed a chriſtian; but not ſhe, who has reduced you to this condition: for my deſire never was to do you harm, but only myſelf good. And what good have you done yourſelf, my daughter? Ask that, anſwered ſhe, of *Lela Marien*, who can tell you better than I can.

The *Moor* had ſcarce heard this, when, with incredible precipitation, he threw himſelf headlong into the ſea, and without doubt had been drowned, had not the wide and cumberſom garments he wore kept him a little while above water. *Zoraida* cried out, to ſave him; and we all preſently ran, and, laying hold of his garment, dragged him out, half drowned and ſenſeleſs; at which ſight *Zoraida* was ſo affected, that ſhe ſet up a tender and ſorrowful lamentation over him, as if he had been really dead. We turned him with his mouth downward, and he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himſelf. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars, to avoid running upon the ſhore: but by good fortune we came to a creek by the ſide of a ſmall promontory, or head, which by the *Moors* is called the cape of *Cava Rumia*, that is to ſay, in our language, *The wicked chriſtian woman*; for the *Moors* have a tradition, that *Cava* [8], who occaſioned the loſs of *Spain*, lies buried there; *Cava* ſignifying in their language a *wicked woman*, and *Rumia*, a *chriſtian*; and farther, they reckon it an ill omen to be forced to anchor there; and otherwiſe they never do ſo: though to us it proved, not the ſhelter of a wicked woman, but a ſafe harbour and retreat, conſidering how high the ſea ran. We placed ſcouts on ſhore, and never dropped our oars: we eat of what the renegado had provided, and prayed to god and to our lady very devoutly for aſſiſtance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to ſo fortunate a beginning. Order was given, at *Zoraida's* intreaty, to ſet her father on ſhore with the reſt of the *Moors*, who till now had been faſt bound; for ſhe had not the heart, nor could her tender bowels brook, to ſee her father, and her countrymen, carried off priſoners before her face. We promiſed her it ſhould be done at our going off, ſince there was no

[8] Count *Julian's* daughter, the cauſe of bringing the *Moors* into *Spain*.

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danger in leaving them in ſo deſolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain: heaven heard them; for the wind preſently changed in our favour, and the ſea was calm, inviting us to return and proſecute our intended voyage.

Seeing this, we unbound the *Moors*, and ſet them one by one on ſhore; at which they were greatly ſurpriſed: but, when we came to diſembark *Zoraida*'s father, who was now perfectly in his ſenſes, he ſaid: Why, chriſtians, think you, is this wicked woman deſirous of my being ſet at liberty? think you it is out of any filial piety ſhe has towards me? No, certainly: but it is, becauſe of the diſturbance my preſence would give her, when ſhe has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. And think not that ſhe is moved to change her religion becauſe ſhe thinks yours is preferable to ours: no, but becauſe ſhe knows, that libertiniſm is more allowed in your country than in ours. And, turning to *Zoraida* (I and another chriſtian holding him faſt by both arms, leſt he ſhould commit ſome outrage) he ſaid: O infamous girl, and ill-adviſed maiden! whither goeſt thou blindfold and precipitate, in the power of theſe dogs our natural enemies? Curſed be the hour, wherein I begat thee, and curſed be the indulgence and luxury, in which I brought thee up! But perceiving he was not likely to give over in haſte, I hurried him aſhore, and from thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to *Mahomet* that he would beſeech god to deſtroy, confound, and make an end of us: and when, being under ſail, we could no longer hear his words, we ſaw his actions; which were, tearing his beard, plucking off his hair, and rolling himſelf on the ground: and once he raiſed his voice ſo high, that we could hear him ſay: Come back, beloved daughter, come back to ſhore; for I forgive thee all: let thoſe men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back, and comfort thy diſconſolate father, who muſt loſe his life in this deſart land, if thou forſakeſt him. All this *Zoraida* heard; all this ſhe felt, and bewailed; but could not ſpeak, nor anſwer him a word, only: May it pleaſe *Ala*, my dear father, that *Lela Marien*, who has been the cauſe of my turning chriſtian, may comfort you in your affliction. *Ala* well knows, that I could do no otherwiſe than I have done, and that theſe chriſtians are not indebted to me for any particular good-will to them, ſince, though I had had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have ſtayed at home, it was impoſſible; for my mind would not let me be at reſt, till I performed this work, which to me ſeems as good, as you, my deareſt father, think it bad. This ſhe ſaid, when we were got ſo far off, that her father could not hear her, nor we ſee him any more. So I comforted *Zoraida*, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made ſo eaſy to us by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coaſt of *Spain*.

But, as good ſeldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by ſome ill to alarm and diſturb it, our fortune would have it, or perhaps the curſes the *Moor* beſtowed on his daughter (for ſuch are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will) I ſay, it happened, that, being now got far out to ſea, and the third hour of the night well-nigh paſt, and under full ſail, the oars being laſhed, for the fair wind eaſed us of the labour of making uſe of them; by the light of the moon, which ſhone very bright, we diſcovered a round veſſel, with all her ſails out, a little a-head of us, but ſo very near to us, that we were forced to ſtrike ſail, to avoid running foul of her; and they alſo put the helm hard up, to give us room to go by. The men had poſted themſelves on the quarter-deck, to ask, who we were, whither we were going, and from whence we came: but asking us in *French*, our renegado ſaid; Let no one anſwer; for theſe without doubt are *French* corſairs, to whom all is fiſh that comes to net. Upon this caution no body ſpoke a word: and having ſailed a little on, their veſſel being under the wind, on a ſudden they let fly two pieces of artillery, and both, as it appeared, with chain-ſhot; for one cut our maſt through the middle, both that and the ſail falling into the ſea, and the other at the ſame inſtant came through the middle of our bark, ſo as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourſelves ſinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of thoſe in the ſhip to take us in, for we were drowning. They then ſtruck their ſails, and hoiſting out the boat or pinnace, with about twelve *Frenchmen* in her, well armed with muskets, and their matches lighted, they came up cloſe to us, and, ſeeing how few we were, and that the veſſel was ſinking, they took us in, telling us, that this had befallen us becauſe of our incivility in returning them no anſwer. Our renegado took the trunk, in which was *Zoraida*'s treaſure, and, without being perceived by any one, threw it overboard into the ſea. In ſhort, we all paſſed into the *French* ſhip, where, after they had informed themſelves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they ſtripped us of every thing, and *Zoraida* even of the bracelets ſhe wore on her ancles: but the uneaſineſs they gave her gave me leſs than the apprehenſion I was in, leſt they ſhould proceed, from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to the depriving her of the jewel of moſt worth, and that which ſhe valued moſt. But the deſires of this ſort of men ſeldom extend farther than to money, with which their avarice is never ſatisfied, as was evident at that time; for they would have taken away the very cloaths we wore as ſlaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them. Some of them were of opinion, it would be beſt to throw us all overboard,

board, wrapped up in a ſail: for their deſign was to trade in ſome of the *Spaniſh* ports, pretending to be of *Britany*; and, ſhould they carry us with them thither, they would be ſeized on and puniſhed, upon diſcovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear *Zoraida*, ſaid, he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of *Spain*, but paſs the *Straits of Gibraltar* by night, or as he could, and make the beſt of his way for *Rochel*, from whence he came; and therefore in concluſion they agreed to give us their ſhip-boat, and what was neceſſary for ſo ſhort a voyage as we had to make: which they did the next day in view of the *Spaniſh* coaſt; at which ſight all our troubles and miſeries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us; ſo great is the pleaſure of regaining one's loſt liberty. It was about noon, when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water, and ſome biſcuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compaſſion, gave the beautiful *Zoraida*, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his ſoldiers to ſtrip her of theſe very cloaths ſhe has now on.

We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and ſhewing ourſelves rather pleaſed than diſſatisfied. They ſtood out to ſea, ſteering toward the *Straits*; and we, without minding any other north-ſtar than the land before us, rowed ſo hard, that we were, at ſun-ſet, ſo near it, that we might eaſily, we thought, get thither before the night ſhould be far ſpent: but the moon not ſhining, and the ſky being cloudy, as we did not know the coaſt we were upon, we did not think it ſafe to land, as ſeveral among us would have had us, though it were among the rocks, and far from any town; for by that means, they ſaid, we ſhould avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corſairs of *Tetuan*, who are over-night in *Barbary*, and the next morning on the coaſt of *Spain*, where they commonly pick up ſome prize, and return to ſleep at their own homes. However it was agreed at laſt, that we ſhould row gently towards the ſhore, and, if the ſea proved calm, we ſhould land wherever we could. We did ſo; and, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not ſo cloſe to the ſhore, but there was room enough for our landing commodiouſly. We ran our boat into the ſand; we all got on ſhore, and kiſſed the ground, and, with tears of joy and ſatisfaction, gave thanks to god our lord for the unparalleled mercy he had ſhewn us in our voyage. We took our proviſions out of the boat, which we dragged on ſhore, and then aſcended a good way up the mountain; and, though it was really ſo, we could not ſatisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe, that the ground we were upon was chriſtian ground. We thought the day would never come: at laſt we got to the top of the moun-

tain, to ſee if we could diſcover any houſes, or huts of ſhepherds; but as far as ever we could ſee, neither habitation, nor perſon, nor path, nor road, could we diſcover at all. However we determined to go farther into the country, thinking it impoſſible but we muſt ſoon ſee ſomebody, to inform us where we were. But what troubled me moſt, was to ſee *Zoraida* travel on foot through thoſe craggy places; for, though I ſometimes took her on my ſhoulders, my wearineſs wearied her more, than her own reſting relieved her: and therefore ſhe would not ſuffer me to take that pains any more; and ſo went on with very great patience, and ſigns of joy, I ſtill leading her by the hand.

We had gone in this manner little leſs than a quarter of a league, when the ſound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain ſignal that ſome flocks were near us; and all of us looking out attentively to ſee whether any appeared, we diſcovered a young ſhepherd at the foot of a cork-tree, in great tranquillity and repoſe, ſhaping a ſtick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet; and, as we came to underſtand afterwards, the firſt, who preſented themſelves to his ſight, being the renegado and *Zoraida*, he, ſeeing them in *Mooriſh* habits, thought all the *Moors* in *Barbary* were upon him; and, making toward the wood before him with incredible ſpeed, he cried out as loud as ever he could; *Moors!* the *Moors* are landed: *Moors! Moors!* arm, arm! We, hearing this outcry, were confounded, and knew not what to do: but, conſidering that the ſhepherd's outcries muſt needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coaſt would preſently come to ſee what was the matter, we agreed, that the renegado ſhould ſtrip off his *Turkiſh* habit, and put on a jerkin or ſlave's caſſock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his ſhirt and breeches. And ſo, recommending ourſelves to god, we went on, the ſame way we ſaw the ſhepherd take, expecting every moment when the coaſt-guard would be upon us: nor were we deceived in our apprehenſion; for, in leſs than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we diſcovered about fifty horſemen coming towards us on a half-gallop; and, as ſoon as we ſaw them, we ſtood ſtill, to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, inſtead of the *Moors* they looked for, a company of poor chriſtian captives, they were ſurpriſed, and one of them asked us, whether we were the occaſion of the ſhepherd's alarming the country? I anſwered, we were; and being about to acquaint him whence we came, and who we were, one of the chriſtians, who came with us, knew the horſeman, who had asked us the queſtion, and, without giving me time to ſay any thing more, he cried: God be praiſed, gentlemen, for bringing us to ſo good a part of the country; for, if I am not miſtaken,

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the ground we ſtand upon is the territory of *Velez Malaga*, and, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, ſir, who are asking us theſe queſtions, are *Pedro de Buſtamante*, my uncle. Scarce had the chriſtian captive ſaid this, when the horſeman threw himſelf from his horſe, and ran to embrace the young man, ſaying to him: Dear nephew of my ſoul and of my life, I know you; and we have often bewailed your death, I, and my ſiſter your mother, and all your kindred, who are ſtill alive; and god has been pleaſed to prolong their lives, that they may have the pleaſure of ſeeing you again. We knew you were in *Algiers*, and, by the appearance of your dreſs, and that of your companions, I gueſs you muſt have recovered your liberty in ſome miraculous manner. It is ſo, anſwered the young man, and we ſhall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole ſtory. As ſoon as the horſemen underſtood that we were chriſtian captives, they alighted from their horſes, and each of them invited us to accept of his horſe to carry us to the city of *Velez Malaga*, which was a league and half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and *Zoraida* rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from ſome who went before. They did not come to ſee captives freed, or *Moors* made ſlaves; for the people of that coaſt are accuſtomed to ſee both the one and the other: but they came to gaze at the beauty of *Zoraida*, which was at that time in its full perfection; for, what with the fatigue of walking, and the joy of being in *Chriſtendom*, without the fear of being loſt, ſuch colours ſhew'd themſelves in her face, that, if my affection did not then deceive me, I will venture to ſay, there never was in the world a more beautiful creature; at leaſt none that I had ever ſeen.

We went directly to the church, to give god thanks for the mercy we had received, and *Zoraida*, at firſt entering, ſaid, there were faces there very like that of *Lela Marien*. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her the beſt he could what they ſignified, that ſhe might adore them, juſt as if every one of them were really that very *Lela Marien*, who had ſpoke to her. She, who has good ſenſe, and a clear and ready apprehenſion, preſently underſtood what was told her concerning the images. After this they carried us, and lodged us in different houſes of the town: but the chriſtian, who came with us, took the renegado, *Zoraida*, and me, to the houſe of his parents, who were in pretty good circumſtances, and treated us with as much kindneſs, as they did their own ſon. We ſtaid in *Velez* ſix days, at the end of which the renegado, having informed himſelf of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the

the city of *Granada*, there to be re-admitted, by means of the holy inquiſition, into the boſom of our holy mother the church. The reſt of the freed captives went every one which way he pleaſed: as for *Zoraida* and myſelf, we remained behind, with thoſe crowns only, which the courteſy of the *Frenchmen* had beſtowed on *Zoraida*; with part of which I bought this beaſt ſhe rides on; and hitherto I have ſerved her as a father and gentleman-uſher, and not as an husband. We are going with deſign to ſee if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myſelf: though conſidering that heaven has given me *Zoraida*, no other fortune could have befallen me, which I ſhould have valued at ſo high a rate. The patience, with which *Zoraida* bears the inconveniences poverty brings along with it, and the deſire ſhe ſeems to expreſs of becoming a chriſtian, is ſuch and ſo great, that I am in admiration, and look upon myſelf as bound to ſerve her all the days of my life. But the delight I take in ſeeing myſelf hers, and her mine, is ſometimes interrupted and almoſt deſtroyed by my not knowing, whether I ſhall find any corner in my own country, wherein to ſhelter her, and whether time and death have not made ſuch alterations in the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I ſhall hardly find any body that knows me.

This, gentlemen, is my hiſtory: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part I can ſay, I would willingly have related it ſtill more ſuccinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit ſeveral circumſtances, which were at my tongue's end.

CHAP. XV.

Which treats of what farther happened in the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known.

HERE the captive ended his ſtory; to whom *Don Fernando* ſaid: Truly, captain, the manner of your relating this ſtrange adventure has been ſuch, as equals the novelty and ſurpriſingneſs of the event itſelf. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon, and full of accidents, which aſtoniſh and ſurpriſe thoſe who hear them. And ſo great is the pleaſure we have received in liſtening to it, that, though the ſtory ſhould have held 'till to-morrow, we ſhould have wiſhed it were to begin again. And, upon ſaying this, *Cardenio* and the reſt of the company offered him all the ſervice in their power, with ſuch expreſſions of kindneſs and ſincerity, that the captain was extremely well ſatisfied of their good-will. *Don Fernando* in particular offered him, that, if he would return with him, he would prevail with the

the marquis his brother to ſtand god-father at *Zoraida*'s baptiſm, and that, for his own part, he would accommodate him in ſuch a manner, that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and diſtinction due to his perſon. The captive thanked him moſt courteouſly, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night was come on; and, about the dusk, a coach arrived at the inn, with ſome men on horſeback. They asked for a lodging. The hoſteſs anſwered, there was not an inch of room in the whole inn, but what was taken up. Tho' it be ſo, ſaid one of the men on horſeback, there muſt be room made for my lord judge here in the coach. At this name the hoſteſs was troubled, and ſaid: Sir, the truth is, I have no bed; but if his worſhip my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he muſt, let him enter in god's name; for I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour. Then let it be ſo, quoth the ſquire. But by this time there had already alighted out of the coach a man, who by his garb preſently diſcovered the office and dignity he bore: for the long gown and tucked-up ſleeves he had on ſhewed him to be a judge, as his ſervant had ſaid. He led by the hand a young lady ſeemingly about ſixteen years of age, in a riding-dreſs, ſo genteel, ſo beautiful, and ſo gay, that her preſence ſtruck them all with admiration, inſomuch that, had they not ſeen *Dorothea*, *Lucinda*, and *Zoraida*, who were in the inn, they would have believed that ſuch another beautiful damſel could hardly have been found. *Don Quixote* was preſent at the coming-in of the judge and the young lady; and ſo, as ſoon as he ſaw him, he ſaid: Your worſhip may ſecurely enter here, and walk about in this caſtle; for, though it be narrow and ill-accommodated, there is no narrowneſs nor incommodiouſneſs in the world, which does not make room for arms and letters, eſpecially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worſhip's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only caſtles ought to throw open and offer themſelves, but rocks to ſeparate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, ſir, I ſay, into this paradiſe; for here you will find ſtars and ſuns to accompany that heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection. The judge marvelled greatly at this ſpeech of *Don Quixote*'s, whom he ſet himſelf to look at very earneſtly, admiring no leſs at his figure than at his words: and not knowing what to anſwer, he began to gaze at him again, when he ſaw appear *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, and *Zoraida*, whom the report of theſe new gueſts, and the account the hoſteſs had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to ſee and receive her. But *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and the

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prieſt complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. In fine, my lord judge entered, no leſs confounded at what he ſaw, than at what he heard; and the beauties of the inn welcomed the fair ſtranger. In ſhort, the judge eaſily perceived, that all there were perſons of diſtinction; but the mien, viſage, and behaviour of *Don Quixote* diſtracted him. After the uſual civilities paſſed on all ſides, and enquiry made into what conveniences the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women ſhould lodge in the great room aforeſaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter, who was the young lady, ſhould accompany thoſe ladies; which ſhe did with all her heart. And with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with what the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themſelves that night better than they expected.

The captive, who, from the very moment he ſaw the judge, felt his heart beat, and had a ſuſpicion that this gentleman was his brother, asked one of the ſervants that came with him, what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of? The ſervant anſwered, that he was called the licentiate *John Perez de Viedma*, and that he had heard ſay, he was born in a town in the mountains of *Leon*. With this account, and with what he had ſeen, he was intirely confirmed in the opinion that this was that brother of his, who, by advice of his father, had applied himſelf to learning: and overjoyed and pleaſed herewith, he called aſide *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and the prieſt, and told them what had paſſed, aſſuring them that the judge was his brother. The ſervant had alſo told him, that he was going to the *Indies* in quality of judge of the courts of *Mexico*. He underſtood alſo, that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother died in childbed of her, and that the judge was become very rich by her dowry, which came to him by his having this child by her. He asked their advice, what way he ſhould take to diſcover himſelf, or how he ſhould firſt know, whether, after the diſcovery, his brother, ſeeing him ſo poor, would be aſhamed to own him, or would receive him with bowels of affection. Leave it to me to make the experiment, ſaid the prieſt, and the rather becauſe there is no reaſon to doubt, ſignor captain, but that you will be very well received: for the worth and prudence, which appear in your brother's looks, give no ſigns of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune. Nevertheleſs, ſaid the captain, I would fain make myſelf known to him by ſome round-about way, and not ſuddenly and at unawares. I tell you, anſwered the prieſt, I will manage it after ſuch a manner, that all parties ſhall be ſatisfied.

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By this time ſupper was ready, and they all ſat down at table, excepting the captive, and the ladies, who ſupped by themſelves in their chamber. In the midſt of ſupper, the prieſt ſaid: My lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in *Conſtantinople*, where I was a ſlave ſome years; which comrade was one of the braveſt ſoldiers and captains in all the *Spaniſh* infantry; but as unfortunate, as he was reſolute and brave. And pray, ſir, what was this captain's name? ſaid the judge. He was called, anſwered the prieſt, *Ruy Perez de Viedma*, and he was born in a village in the mountains of *Leon*. He related to me a circumſtance, which happened between his father, himſelf, and his two brethren, which, had it come from a perſon of leſs veracity than himſelf, I ſhould have taken for a tale, ſuch as old women tell by a fire-ſide in winter. For he told me, his father had divided his eſtate equally between himſelf and his three ſons, and had given them certain precepts better than thoſe of *Cato*. And I can aſſure you, that the choice he made to follow the wars ſucceeded ſo well, that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great virtue, he roſe to be a captain of foot, and ſaw himſelf in the road of becoming a colonel very ſoon. But fortune proved adverſe; for where he might have expected to have her favour, he loſt it, together with his liberty, in that glorious action, whereby ſo many recovered theirs; I mean, in the battle of *Lepanto*. Mine I loſt in *Goleta*; and afterwards, by different adventures, we became comrades in *Conſtantinople*. From thence he came to *Algiers*, where, to my knowledge, one of the ſtrangeſt adventures in the world befel him. The prieſt then went on, and recounted to him very briefly what had paſſed between his brother and *Zoraida*. To all which the judge was ſo attentive, that never any judge was more ſo. The prieſt went no farther than that point, where the *French* ſtripped the chriſtians that came in the bark, and the poverty and neceſſity wherein his comrade and the beautiful *Moor* were left: pretending that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in *Spain*, or were carried by the *Frenchmen* to *France*.

The captain ſtood at ſome diſtance, liſtening to all the prieſt ſaid, and obſerved all the emotions of his brother; who, perceiving the prieſt had ended his ſtory, fetching a deep ſigh, and his eyes ſtanding with water, ſaid: O ſir, you know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; ſo nearly, that I am conſtrained to ſhew it by theſe tears, which flow from my eyes, in ſpite of all my diſcretion and reſerve. That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who, being of a ſtronger conſtitution, and of more elevated thoughts, than I, or my younger brother, choſe the honourable and worthy profeſ-

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ſion of arms; which was one of the three ways propoſed to us by our father, as your comrade told you, when you thought he was telling you a fable. I applied myſelf to learning, which, by god's bleſſing on my induſtry, has raiſed me to the ſtation you ſee me in. My younger brother is in *Peru*, ſo rich, that, with what he has ſent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and beſides has enabled my father to indulge his natural diſpoſition to liberality. I alſo have been enabled to proſecute my ſtudies with more decorum and authority, 'till I arrived at the rank, to which I am now advanced. My father is ſtill alive, but dying with deſire to hear of his eldeſt ſon, and begging of god with inceſſant prayers, that death may not cloſe his eyes, until he has once again beheld his ſon alive. And I wonder extremely, conſidering his diſcretion, how, in ſo many troubles and afflictions, or in his proſperous ſucceſſes, he could neglect giving his father ſome account of himſelf; for had he, or any of us, known his caſe, he needed not to have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ranſom. But what at preſent gives me the moſt concern, is, to think, whether thoſe *Frenchmen* have ſet him at liberty, or killed him, to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that ſatisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and ſadneſs. O my dear brother! did I but know where you now are, I would go and find you, to deliver you from your troubles, though at the expence of my own repoſe. O! who ſhall carry the news to our aged father, that you are alive? though you were in the deepeſt dungeon of *Barbary*, his wealth, my brother's, and mine, would fetch you thence. O beautiful and bountiful *Zoraida!* who can repay the kindneſs you have done my brother? Who ſhall be ſo happy as to be preſent at your regeneration by baptiſm, and at your nuptials, which would give us all ſo much delight? Theſe and the like expreſſions the judge uttered, ſo full of compaſſion at the news he had received of his brother, that all, who heard him, bore him company in demonſtrations of a tender concern for his ſorrow.

The prieſt then, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wiſh, would not hold them any longer in ſuſpence; and ſo, riſing from table, and going in where *Zoraida* was, he took her by the hand; and behind her came *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, and the judge's daughter. The captain ſtood expecting what the prieſt would do; who, taking him alſo by the other hand, with both of them together went into the room where the judge and the reſt of the company were, and ſaid: My lord judge, ceaſe your tears, and let your wiſh be crowned with all the happineſs you can deſire, ſince you have before your eyes your good brother, and your good ſiſter-in-law. He, whom

you

you behold, is captain *Viedma*, and this the beautiful *Moor*, who did him ſo much good. The *Frenchmen* I told you of reduced them to the poverty you ſee, to give you an opportunity of ſhewing the liberality of your generous breaſt. The captain ran to embrace his brother, who ſet both his hands againſt the captain's breaſt, to look at him a little more aſunder: but, when he thoroughly knew him, he embraced him ſo cloſely, ſhedding ſuch melting tears of joy, that moſt of thoſe preſent bore him company in weeping. The words both the brothers uttered to each other, and the concern they ſhewed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, much leſs written. Now they gave each other a brief account of their adventures: now they demonſtrated the height of brotherly affection: now the judge embraced *Zoraida*, offering her all he had: now he made his daughter embrace her: now the beautiful chriſtian and moſt beautiful *Moor* renewed the tears of all the company. Now *Don Quixote* ſtood attentive, without ſpeaking a word, pondering upon theſe ſtrange events, and aſcribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. Now it was agreed, that the captain and *Zoraida* ſhould return with their brother to *Sevil*, and acquaint their father with his being found and at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be preſent at the baptiſm and nuptials of *Zoraida*, it being impoſſible for the judge to diſcontinue his journey, having received news of the flota's departure from *Sevil* for *New Spain* in a month's time, and as it would be a great inconvenience to him to loſe his paſſage. In fine, they were all ſatisfied, and rejoiced at the captive's ſucceſs; and, two parts of the night being well-nigh ſpent, they agreed to retire, and repoſe themſelves during the remainder. *Don Quixote* offered his ſervice to guard the caſtle, leſt ſome giant or other miſcreant-errant, for lucre of the treaſure of beauty incloſed there, ſhould make ſome attempt and attack them. They who knew him returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his ſtrange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. *Sancho Pança* alone was out of all patience at the company's ſitting up ſo late; and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himſelf upon the accoutrements of his aſs, which will coſt him ſo dear, as you ſhall be told by and by. The ladies being now retired to their chamber, and the reſt accommodated as well as they could, *Don Quixote* ſallied out of the inn, to ſtand centinel at the caſtle-gate, as he had promiſed.

It fell out, then, that, a little before day, there reached the ladies ears a voice ſo tuneable and ſweet, that it forced them all to liſten attentively; eſpecially *Dorothea*, who lay awake, by whoſe ſide ſlept *Donna Clara de Viedma*, for ſo the judge's daughter was called. No body could imagine who the perſon was that ſung ſo well, and it was a ſingle voice without any inſtrument

ſtrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the ſinging was in the yard, and other times that it was in the ſtable. While they were thus in ſuſpence, *Cardenio* came to the chamber-door, and ſaid: You that are not aſleep, pray liſten, and you will hear the voice of one of the lads that take care of the mules, who ſings enchantingly. We hear him already, ſir, anſwered *Dorothea*. *Cardenio* then went away, and *Dorothea*, liſtening with the utmoſt attention, heard, that this was what he ſung.

CHAP. XVI.

Which treats of the agreeable hiſtory of the young muleteer, with other ſtrange accidents that happened in the inn.

SONG.

A Mariner I am of love,
And in his ſeas profound,
Toſs'd betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,
And ſee no port around.

At diſtance I behold a ſtar,
Whoſe beams my ſenſes draw,
Brighter and more reſplendent far
Than Palinure *e'er ſaw.*

Yet ſtill, uncertain of my way,
I ſtem a dangerous tide,
No compaſs but that doubtful ray
My wearied bark to guide.

For when its light I moſt would ſee,
Benighted moſt I ſail:
Like clouds, reſerve and modeſty
Its ſhrouded luſtre veil.

O lovely ſtar, by whoſe bright ray
My love and faith I try,
If thou withdraw'ſt thy chearing day,
In night of death I lie.

When the ſinger came to this point, *Dorothea* thought it would be wrong to let *Donna Clara* loſe the opportunity of hearing ſo good a voice; and ſo, jogging her gently to and fro, ſhe awaked her, ſaying: Pardon me, child, that I wake you; for I do it, that you may have the pleaſure of hearing the beſt

voice,

voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life. *Clara* awaked, quite ſleepy, and at firſt did not underſtand what *Dorothea* had ſaid to her; and having asked her, ſhe repeated it; whereupon *Clara* was attentive. But ſcarce had ſhe heard two verſes, which the ſinger was going on with, when ſhe fell into ſo ſtrange a trembling, as if ſome violent fit of a quartan ague had ſeized her; and, claſping *Dorothea* cloſe in her arms, ſhe ſaid to her: Ah! dear lady of my ſoul and life, why did you awake me? for the greateſt good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears cloſed, that I might neither ſee nor hear this unhappy muſician. What is it you ſay, child? pray take notice, we are told, he that ſings is but a muleteer. Oh no, he is no ſuch thing, replied *Clara*; he is a young gentleman of large poſſeſſions, and ſo much maſter of my heart, that, if he has no mind to part with it, it ſhall be his eternally. *Dorothea* was in admiration at the paſſionate expreſſions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promiſe. And therefore ſhe ſaid to her: You ſpeak in ſuch a manner, miſs *Clara*, that I cannot underſtand you: explain yourſelf farther, and tell me, what it is you ſay of heart, and poſſeſſions, and of this muſician, whoſe voice diſturbs you ſo much. But ſay nothing now; for I will not loſe the pleaſure of hearing him ſing, to mind your trembling; for methinks he is beginning to ſing again, a new ſong and a new tune. With all my heart, anſwered *Clara*, and ſtopped both her ears with her hands, that ſhe might not hear him; at which *Dorothea* could not chooſe but admire very much; and being attentive to what was ſung, ſhe found it was to this purpoſe.

SONG.

Sweet hope, thee difficulties fly,
To thee diſheartning fears give way:
Not ev'n thy death impending nigh
Thy dauntleſs courage can diſmay.

No conqueſts bleſs, no lawrels crown
The lazy general's feeble arm,
Who ſinks repoſed in bed of down,
Whilſt eaſe and ſloth his ſenſes charm.

Love ſells his precious glories dear,
And vaſt the purchaſe of his joys;
Nor ought he ſet ſuch treaſures rare
At the low price of vulgar toys.

Since perſeverance gains the prize,
And cowards ſtill ſucceſsleſs prove,
Born on the wings of hope I'll riſe,
Nor fear to reach the heav'n of love.

Here the voice ceaſed, and *Donna Clara* began to ſigh afreſh: all which fired *Dorothea*'s curioſity to know the cauſe of ſo ſweet a ſong, and ſo ſad a plaint. And therefore ſhe again asked her, what it was ſhe would have ſaid a while ago. Then *Clara*, leſt *Lucinda* ſhould hear her, embracing *Dorothea*, put her mouth ſo cloſe to *Dorothea*'s ear, that ſhe might ſpeak ſecurely, without being overheard, and ſaid to her: The ſinger, dear madam, is ſon of a gentleman of the kingdom of *Arragon*, lord of two towns, who lived oppoſite to my father's houſe at court. And though my father kept his windows with canvas in the winter, and lattices in ſummer, I know not how it happened, that this young gentleman, who then went to ſchool, ſaw me; nor can I tell whether it was at church, or elſewhere: but, in ſhort, he fell in love with me, and gave me to underſtand his paſſion from the windows of his houſe, by ſo many ſigns, and ſo many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I deſired. Among other ſigns, which he uſed to make, one was, to join one hand with the other, ſignifying his deſire to marry me; and though I ſhould have been very glad it might have been ſo, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not whom to communicate the affair to; and therefore I let it reſt, without granting him any other favour, than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the canvas or lattice window [9], and give him a full view of me; at which he would be ſo tranſported, that one would think he would run ſtark mad. Now the time of my father's departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me; for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell ſick, as far as I could learn of grief, ſo that, on the day we came away, I could not ſee him, to bid him farewel, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, at going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I ſaw him at the door, in the habit of a muleteer, ſo naturally dreſſed, that, had I not carried his image ſo deeply imprinted in my ſoul, it had been impoſſible for me to know him. I knew him, and was both ſurprized and overjoyed. He ſtole

9 The caſements are made of canvas in winter, and of lattice in ſummer, like trap-doors, that, when they are ſet open, they may ſhade the room from the ſun, or from the too glaring light of the day; for in thoſe countries, though you turn your back to the ſun, your eyes cannot look up at the azure ſky itſelf, without pain.

looks

looks at me unobſerved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he croſſes the way before me, either on the road, or at our inn. And knowing what he is, and conſidering that he comes on foot, and takes ſuch pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually ſet my eyes where he ſets his feet. I cannot imagine what he propoſes to himſelf, nor how he could eſcape from his father, who loves him paſſionately, having no other heir, and he being ſo very deſerving, as you will perceive, when you ſee him. I can aſſure you beſides, that all he ſings, is of his own invention; for I have heard ſay, he is a very great ſcholar and a poet. And now, every time I ſee him, or hear him ſing, I tremble all over, and am in a fright, leſt my father ſhould come to know him, and ſo diſcover our inclinations. In my life I never ſpoke a word to him, and yet I love him ſo violently, that I ſhall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this muſician, whoſe voice has pleaſed you ſo much: by that alone you may eaſily perceive he is no muleteer, but maſter of hearts and towns, as I have already told you.

Say no more, my dear *Clara*, ſaid *Dorothea*, kiſſing her a thouſand times; pray, ſay no more, and ſtay 'till to-morrow; for I hope in god ſo to manage your affair, that the concluſion ſhall be as happy as ſo innocent a beginning deſerves. Ah! madam, ſaid *Donna Clara*, what concluſion can be hoped for, ſince his father is of ſuch quality, and ſo wealthy, that he will not think me worthy to be ſo much as his ſon's ſervant, and how much leſs his wife? and as to marrying without my father's conſent or knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young man go back, and leave me: perhaps, by not ſeeing him, and by the great diſtance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated; though, I dare ſay, this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what ſorcery this is, nor which way this love poſſeſſed me, he and I being both ſo young; for I verily believe we are of the ſame age, and I am not yet full ſixteen, nor ſhall be, as my father ſays, 'till next *Michaelmas*. *Dorothea* could not forbear ſmiling, to hear how childiſhly *Donna Clara* talked, to whom ſhe ſaid: Let us try, madam, to reſt the ſhort remainder of the night; to-morrow is a new day, and we ſhall ſpeed, or my hand will be mightily out.

Then they ſet themſelves to reſt, and there was a profound ſilence all over the inn: only the inn-keeper's daughter, and her maid *Maritornes* did not ſleep; who, very well knowing *Don Quixote*'s peccant humour, and that he was ſtanding without doors, armed, and on horſeback, keeping guard, agreed to put ſome trick upon him, or at leaſt to have a little paſtime, by over-hearing ſome of his extravagant ſpeeches.

Now you muſt know, that the inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of ſpike-hole to the ſtraw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their ſtraw. At this hole, then, this pair of demi-laſſes planted themſelves, and perceived that *Don Quixote* was on horſeback, leaning forward on his launce, and uttering every now and then ſuch mournful and profound ſighs, that one would think each of them ſufficient to tear away his very ſoul. They heard him alſo ſay, in a ſoft, ſoothing, and amorous tone: O my dear lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, perfection of all beauty, ſum total of diſcretion, treaſury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modeſty; laſtly, the idea and exemplar of all that is profitable, decent, or delightful in the world! and what may your ladyſhip be now doing? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily expoſes himſelf to ſo many perils, merely for thy ſake? O thou triformed luminary, bring me tidings of her: perhaps thou art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as ſhe is walking through ſome gallery of her ſumptuous palace, or leaning over ſome balcony, conſidering how, without offence to her modeſty and grandeur, ſhe may aſſuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her ſake; or perhaps conſidering, what glory to beſtow on my ſufferings, what reſt on my cares, and laſtly, what life on my death, and what reward on my ſervices. And thou, ſun, who by this time muſt be haſtening to harneſs thy ſteeds, to come abroad early, and viſit my miſtreſs, I intreat thee, as ſoon as thou ſeeſt her, ſalute her in my name: but beware, when thou ſeeſt and ſaluteſt her, that thou doſt not kiſs her face; for I ſhall be more jealous of thee, than thou waſt of that ſwift ingrate, who made thee ſweat, and run ſo faſt over the plains of *Theſſaly*, or along the banks of *Peneus* (for I do not well remember over which of them thou ranneſt at that time) ſo jealous, and ſo enamoured.

Thus far *Don Quixote* had proceeded in his piteous ſoliloquy, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call ſoftly to him, and to ſay: Sir, pray come a little this way, if you pleaſe. At which ſignal and voice, *Don Quixote* turned about his head, and perceived, by the light of the moon, which then ſhone very bright, that ſomebody called him from the ſpike-hole, which to him ſeemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich caſtles, ſuch as he fancied the inn to be: and inſtantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damſel, daughter of the lord of the caſtle, being irreſiſtibly in love with him, was come to ſolicit him again: and with this thought, that he might not appear diſcourteous and ungrateful, he turn'd *Rozinante* about, and came up to the hole; and, as ſoon as he ſaw the two wenches, he ſaid: I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations, where it is impoſſible for you

to

to meet with a ſuitable return, ſuch as your great worth and beauty deſerve: yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her, whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made abſolute miſtreſs of his ſoul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber; and do not, by a farther diſcovery of your deſires, force me to ſeem ſtill more ungrateful: and if, through the paſſion you have for me, you can find any thing elſe in me to ſatisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray, command it; for I ſwear to you, by that abſent ſweet enemy of mine, to beſtow it upon you immediately, though you ſhould ask me for a lock of *Meduſa*'s hair, which was all ſnakes, or even the ſun-beams incloſed in a viol. Sir, quoth *Maritornes*, my lady wants nothing of all this. What is it then your lady wants, diſcreet *Duenna?* anſwered *Don Quixote*. Only one of your beautiful hands, quoth *Maritornes*, whereby partly to ſatisfy that longing, which brought her to this window, ſo much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father ſhould come to know it, the leaſt ſlice he would whip off would be one of her ears. I would fain ſee that, anſwered *Don Quixote:* he had beſt have a care what he does, unleſs he has a mind to come to the moſt diſaſtrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter. *Maritornes* made no doubt but *Don Quixote* would give his hand, as they had deſired; and ſo, reſolving with herſelf what ſhe would do, ſhe went down into the ſtable, from whence ſhe took the halter of *Sancho Pança*'s aſs, and returned very ſpeedily to her ſpike-hole, juſt as *Don Quixote* had got upon *Rozinante*'s ſaddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the enamoured damſel ſtood; and, at giving her his hand, he ſaid: Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chaſtiſer of the evil-doers of the world: take, I ſay, this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even hers, who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiſs, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muſcles, the largeneſs and ſpaciouſneſs of its veins, whence you may gather what muſt be the ſtrength of that arm, which has ſuch a hand [1]. We ſhall ſoon ſee that, quoth *Maritornes*; and making a running-knot on the halter, ſhe clapped it on his wriſt, and, deſcending from the hole, ſhe tied the other end of it very faſt to the ſtaple of the door of the

1 The princeſs *Helena* ſtrokes *Don Floriſel*'s hand, and, finding it very nervous, concludes from thence, he muſt be a very ſtrong man. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 9. ch. 36.

hay-loft [2]. *Don Quixote*, feeling the harſhneſs of the robe about his wriſt, ſaid: You ſeem rather to raſp than graſp my hand: pray, do not treat it ſo roughly, ſince that is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you; nor is it right to diſcharge the whole of your diſpleaſure on ſo ſmall a part: conſider, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate. But no body heard a word of all this diſcourſe; for, as ſoon as *Maritornes* had tied *Don Quixote* up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him faſtened in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible for him to get looſe.

He ſtood, as has been ſaid, upright on *Rozinante*, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wriſt to the bolt of the door, in the utmoſt fear and dread, that, if *Rozinante* ſtirred ever ſo little one way or other, he muſt remain hanging by the arm: and therefore he durſt not make the leaſt motion; though he might well expect from the ſobriety and patience of *Rozinante*, that he would ſtand ſtock-ſtill an entire century. In ſhort, *Don Quixote*, finding himſelf tied, and that the ladies were gone, began preſently to imagine, that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very ſame caſtle, the enchanted *Moor* of a carrier ſo mauled him. Then, within himſelf, he curſed his own inconſiderateneſs and indiſcretion, ſince, having come off ſo ill before, he had ventured to enter in a ſecond time; it being a rule with knights-errant, that, when they have once tried an adventure, and cannot accompliſh it, it is a ſign of its not being reſerved for them, but for ſomebody elſe, and therefore there is no neceſſity for them to try it a ſecond time. However, he pulled his arm, to ſee if he could looſe himſelf: but he was ſo faſt tied, that all his efforts were in vain. It is true, indeed, he pulled gently, leſt *Rozinante* ſhould ſtir; and though he would fain have got into the ſaddle, and have ſat down, he could not, but muſt ſtand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wiſhed for *Amadis*'s ſword, againſt which no enchantment had any power; and now he curſed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loſs the world would have of his preſence, all the while he ſhould ſtand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himſelf afreſh of his beloved *Dulcinea del Toboſo*. Then he called upon his good ſquire *Sancho Pança*, who, buried in ſleep, and ſtretched upon his aſs's pannel, did not, at that inſtant, ſo much as dream of the mother that bore him.

2 *Barbaran* and *Montan*, two old fellows, in love with two girls, ſiſters, are perſuaded to mount by a cord up to their apartment; and when they are got half-way up, the ropes are tied, and they are left there, expoſed to the rallery of every body. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 11, ch. 89.

Then

Then he invoked the ſages *Lirgandeo* and *Alquife*, to help him: then he called upon his ſpecial friend *Urganda*, to aſſiſt him: laſtly, there the morning overtook him, ſo deſpairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect that the day would bring him any relief; for, accounting himſelf enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal: and he was the more induced to believe it, ſeeing *Rozinante* budged not at all; and he verily thought, that himſelf and his horſe muſt remain in that poſture, without eating, drinking, or ſleeping, 'till that evil influence of the ſtars was overpaſt, or 'till ſome more ſage enchanter ſhould diſenchant him.

But he was much miſtaken in his belief: for ſcarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horſeback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutered, with carabines hanging at the pommels of their ſaddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard: which *Don Quixote* perceiving, from the place where he ſtill ſtood centinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice: Knights, or ſquires, or whoever you are, you have no buſineſs to knock at the gate of this caſtle; for it is very plain, that, at ſuch hours, they, who are within, are either aſleep, or do not uſe to open the gates of their fortreſs, 'till the ſun has ſpread his beams over the whole horizon: get farther off, and ſtay 'till clear daylight, and then we ſhall ſee whether it is fit to open to you or no. What the devil of a fortreſs or caſtle is this, quoth one of them, to oblige us to obſerve all this ceremony? if you are the inn-keeper, make ſomebody open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horſes, and go on, for we are in haſte. Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper? anſwered *Don Quixote*. I know not what you look like, anſwered the other; but I am ſure you talk prepoſterouſly, to call this inn a caſtle. It is a caſtle, replied *Don Quixote*, and one of the beſt in this whole province; and it has in it perſons, who have had ſcepters in their hands, and crowns on their heads. You had better have ſaid the very reverſe, quoth the traveller; the ſcepter on the head, and the crown in the hand: but, perhaps, ſome company of ſtrolling players is within, who frequently wear thoſe crowns and ſcepters you talk of: otherwiſe, I do not believe, that, in ſo ſmall and paltry an inn, and where all is ſo ſilent, there can be lodged perſons worthy to wear crowns, and wield ſcepters. You know little of the world, replied *Don Quixote*, if you are ignorant of the accidents, which uſually happen in knight-errantry. The queriſt's comrades were tired with the dialogue between him and *Don Quixote*, and ſo they knocked again with greater violence, and in ſuch a manner, that the inn-keeper awaked, and all the reſt of the people that were in the inn; and the hoſt got up to ask who knocked.

Now it fell out, that one of the four ſtrangers horſes came to ſmell at *Rozinante*, who, melancholy and ſad, his ears hanging down, bore up his diſtended maſter without ſtirring; but, being in ſhort of fleſh, though he ſeemed to be of wood, he could not but be ſenſible of it, and ſmell him again that came ſo kindly to careſs him: and ſcarce had he ſtirred a ſtep, when *Don Quixote*'s feet ſlipped, and, tumbling from the ſaddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm: which put him to ſo much torture, that he fancied his wriſt was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body: yet he hung ſo near the ground, that he could juſt reach it with the tips of his toes, which turned to his prejudice: for, feeling how little he wanted to ſet his feet to the ground, he ſtrove and ſtretched as much as he could to reach it quite: like thoſe, who are tortured by the ſtrappado, who, being placed at touch or not touch, are themſelves the cauſe of increaſing their own pain, by their eagerneſs to extend themſelves, deceived by the hope, that, if they ſtretch never ſo little further, they ſhall reach the ground.

CHAP. XVII.

A continuation of the un-heard-of adventures of the inn.

IN ſhort, *Don Quixote* roared out ſo terribly, that the hoſt in a fright opened the inn-door haſtily, to ſee who it was that made thoſe outcries; nor were the ſtrangers leſs ſurpriſed. *Maritornes*, who was alſo waked by the ſame noiſe, imagining what it was, went to the ſtraw-loft, and, without any body's ſeeing her, untied the halter, which held up *Don Quixote*, who ſtraight fell to the ground in ſight of the inn-keeper and the travellers; who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he ſo cried out? He, without anſwering a word, ſlipped the rope from off his wriſt, and, raiſing himſelf up on his feet, mounted *Rozinante*, braced his target, couched his launce, and, taking a good compaſs about the field, came up at a half-gallop, ſaying: Whoever ſhall dare to affirm, that I was fairly enchanted, provided my ſovereign lady the princeſs *Micomicona* gives me leave, I ſay, he lies, and I challenge him to ſingle combat. The new-comers were amazed at *Don Quixote*'s words; but the inn-keeper removed their wonder by telling them who *Don Quixote* was; and that they ſhould not mind him, for he was beſide himſelf. They then enquired of the hoſt, whether there was not in the houſe a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, with ſuch and ſuch marks, deſcribing the ſame clothes that *Donna Clara*'s lover had on. The hoſt anſwered, there were ſo many people in the inn, that he had not taken particular notice of any ſuch. But one of them,

them, eſpying the coach the judge came in, ſaid: Without doubt he muſt be here; for this is the coach, it is ſaid he follows: let one of us ſtay at the door, and the reſt go in to look for him; and it would not be amiſs for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he may not eſcape over the pales of the yard. It ſhall be ſo done, anſwered one of them; and accordingly two went in, leaving the third at the door, while the fourth walked the rounds: all which the inn-keeper ſaw, and could not judge certainly why they made this ſearch, though he believed they ſought the young lad they had been deſcribing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noiſe *Don Quixote* had made, had raiſed the whole houſe, eſpecially *Donna Clara* and *Dorothea*, who had ſlept but indifferently, the one through concern at being ſo near her lover, and the other through the deſire of ſeeing him. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor anſwered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and deſpite; and could he have found a precedent in the ſtatutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprize, 'till he had finiſhed what he had promiſed, he would have attacked them all, and made them anſwer whether they would or no. But thinking it not convenient, nor decent, to ſet about a new adventure, 'till he had reinſtated *Micomicona* in her kingdom, he thought it beſt to ſay nothing and be quiet, 'till he ſaw what would be the iſſue of the enquiry and ſearch thoſe travellers were making: one of whom found the youth, he was in queſt of, ſleeping by the ſide of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's ſearching for him, or finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, ſaid: Upon my word, Signor *Don Louis*, the dreſs you are in is very becoming ſuch a gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very ſuitable to the tenderneſs, with which your mother brought you up. The youth rubbed his drowzy eyes, and, looking wiſtfully at him who held him, preſently knew him to be one of his father's ſervants: which ſo ſurpriſed him, that he knew not how, or could not ſpeak a word for a good while; and the ſervant went on, ſaying: There is no more to be done, Signor *Don Louis*, but for you to have patience, and return home, unleſs you have a mind my maſter your father ſhould depart to the other world; for nothing leſs can be expected from the pain he is in at your abſence. Why, how did my father know, ſaid *Don Louis*, that I was come this road, and in this dreſs? A ſtudent, anſwered the ſervant, to whom you gave an account of your deſign, diſcovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your

your father made the inſtant he miſſed you: and ſo he diſpatched four of his ſervants in queſt of you; and we are all here at your ſervice, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good diſpatch we have made, and that we ſhall return with you ſo ſoon, and reſtore you to thoſe eyes that love you ſo dearly. That will be as I ſhall pleaſe, or as heaven ſhall ordain, anſwered *Don Louis*. What ſhould you pleaſe, or heaven ordain, otherwiſe than that you ſhould return home? quoth the ſervant; for there is no poſſibility of avoiding it.

The muleteer, who lay with *Don Louis*, hearing this conteſt between them, got up, and went to acquaint *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, and the reſt of the company, who were all by this time up and dreſſed, with what had paſſed: he related to them, how the man had ſtiled the young lad *Don*, and repeated the diſcourſe which paſſed between them, and how the man would have him return to his father's houſe, and how the youth refuſed to go. Hearing this, and conſidering beſides how fine a voice heaven had beſtowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to aſſiſt him, if any violence ſhould be offered him: and ſo they went towards the place where he was talking and contending with his ſervant. Now *Dorothea* came out of her chamber, and behind her *Donna Clara* in great diſorder: and *Dorothea*, calling *Cardenio* aſide, related to him in few words the hiſtory of the muſician and *Donna Clara*; and he on his part told her what had paſſed in relation to the ſervants coming in ſearch after him: and he did not ſpeak ſo low, but *Donna Clara* overheard him; at which ſhe was in ſuch an agony, that, had not *Dorothea* catched hold of her, ſhe had ſunk down to the ground. *Cardenio* deſired *Dorothea* to go back with *Donna Clara* to their chamber, while he would endeavour to ſet matters to rights. Now all the four, who came in queſt of *Don Louis*, were in the inn, and had ſurrounded him, preſſing him to return immediately to comfort his father, without delaying a moment. He anſwered, that he could in no wiſe do ſo, 'till he had accompliſhed a buſineſs, wherein his life, his honour, and his ſoul, were concerned. The ſervants urged him, ſaying, they would by no means go back without him, and that they were reſolved to carry him whether he would or no. That you ſhall not do, replied *Don Louis*, except you kill me; and, which ever way you carry me, it will be without life. Moſt of the people that were in the inn were got together to hear the contention, particularly *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando* and his companions, the judge, the prieſt, the barber, and *Don Quixote*, who now thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the caſtle-guard. *Cardenio*, already knowing the young man's ſtory, asked the men, who were for carrying him away, why they would take away the youth

youth againſt his will? Becauſe, replied one of the four, we would ſave the life of his father, who is in danger of loſing it by this gentleman's abſence. Then *Don Louis* ſaid: There is no need of giving an account of my affairs here; I am free, and will go back, if I pleaſe; and if not, none of you ſhall force me. But reaſon will force you, anſwered the ſervant; and though it ſhould not prevail upon you, it muſt upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to. Hold, ſaid the judge, let us know what this buſineſs is to the bottom. The man, who knew him, as being his maſter's near neighbour, anſwered: Pray, my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's ſon, and has abſented himſelf from his father's houſe in an indecent garb, as your honour may ſee. Then the judge obſerved him more attentively, and, knowing and embracing him, ſaid: What childiſh frolic is this, Signor *Don Louis?* or what powerful cauſe has moved you to come in this manner, and this dreſs, ſo little becoming your quality? The tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not anſwer a word. The judge bid the ſervants be quiet, for all would be well; and taking *Don Louis* by the hand, he went aſide with him, and asked him, why he came in that manner?

While the judge was asking this and ſome other queſtions, they heard a great outcry at the door of the inn, and the occaſion was, that two gueſts, who had lodged there that night, ſeeing all the folks buſy about knowing what the four men ſearched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the hoſt, who minded his own buſineſs more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them ſuch hard words for their evil intention, that he provoked them to return him an anſwer with their fiſts; which they did ſo roundly, that the poor inn-keeper was forced to call out for help. The hoſteſs, and her daughter, ſeeing no body ſo diſengaged, and ſo proper to ſuccour him, as *Don Quixote*, the daughter ſaid to him: Sir knight, I beſeech you, by the valour god has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy. To whom *Don Quixote* anſwered, very leiſurely, and with much flegm: Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at preſent, becauſe I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, till I have accompliſhed one I have already engaged my word for: but what I can do for your ſervice, is, what I will now tell you: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the beſt he can, and in no wiſe ſuffer himſelf to be vanquiſhed, while I go and ask permiſſion of the princeſs *Micomicona* to relieve him in his diſtreſs; which if ſhe grants me, reſt aſſured I will bring him out of it. As I am a

ſinner,

ſinner, quoth *Maritornes*, who was then by, before your worſhip can obtain the licence you talk of, my maſter may be gone into the other world. Permit me, madam, to obtain the licence I ſpeak of, anſwered *Don Quixote:* for if ſo be I have it, no matter though he be in the other world; for from thence would I fetch him back, in ſpite of the other world itſelf, ſhould it dare to contradict or oppoſe me; or at leaſt I will take ſuch ample revenge on thoſe, who ſhall have ſent him thither, that you ſhall be more than moderately ſatisfied. And, without ſaying a word more, he went and kneeled down before *Dorothea*, beſeeching her, in knightly and errant-like expreſſions, that her grandeur would vouchſafe to give him leave to go and ſuccour the governor of that caſtle, who was in grievous diſtreſs. The princeſs gave it him very graciouſly; and he preſently, bracing on his target, and drawing his ſword, ran to the inn-door, where the two gueſts were ſtill lugging and worrying the poor hoſt: but when he came, he ſtopped ſhort and ſtood irreſolute, though *Maritornes* and the hoſteſs asked him why he delayed ſuccouring their maſter and husband. I delay, quoth *Don Quixote*, becauſe it is not lawful for me to draw my ſword againſt ſquire-like folks: but call hither my ſquire *Sancho*; for to him this defence and revenge does moſt properly belong. This paſſed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the inn-keeper's coſt, and the rage of *Maritornes*, the hoſteſs, and her daughter, who were ready to run diſtracted to behold the cowardiſe of *Don Quixote*, and the injury then doing to their maſter, husband and father.

But let us leave him there awhile; for he will not want ſome body or other to relieve him; or, if not, let him ſuffer and be ſilent, who is ſo fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his ſtrength; and let us turn fifty paces back, to ſee what *Don Louis* replied to the judge, whom we left apart asking the cauſe of his coming on foot, and ſo meanly apparelled. To whom the youth, ſqueezing him hard by both hands, as if ſome great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, ſaid: All I can ſay, dear Sir, is, that, from the moment heaven was pleaſed, by means of our neighbourhood, to give me a ſight of *Donna Clara*, your daughter, from that very inſtant I made her ſovereign miſtreſs of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppoſe it, this very day ſhe ſhall be my wife. For her I left my father's houſe, and for her I put myſelf into this dreſs, to follow her whitherſoever ſhe went, as the arrow to the mark, or the mariner to the north-ſtar. As yet ſhe knows no more of my paſſion, than what ſhe may have perceived from now and then ſeeing at a diſtance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealthineſs and nobility of my family, and that I am ſole heir: if you think

think theſe are motives ſufficient for you to venture the making me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your ſon; for, though my father, biaſſed by other views of his own, ſhould not approve of this happineſs I have found for myſelf, time may work ſome favourable change, and alter his mind. Here the enamoured youth was ſilent, and the judge remained in ſuſpence, no leſs ſurpriſed at the manner and ingenuity of *Don Louis* in diſcovering his paſſion, than confounded and at a loſs what meaſures to take in ſo ſudden and unexpected an affair: and therefore he returned no other anſwer, but only bid him be eaſy for the preſent, and not let his ſervants go back that day, that there might be time to conſider what was moſt expedient to be done. *Don Louis* kiſſed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, enough to ſoften a heart of marble, and much more that of the judge, who, being a man of ſenſe, ſoon ſaw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter; though, if poſſible, he would have affected it with the conſent of *Don Louis*'s father, who, he knew, had pretenſions to a title for his ſon.

By this time the inn-keeper and his gueſts had made peace, more through the perſuaſion and arguments of *Don Quixote* than his threats, and had paid him all he demanded; and the ſervants of *Don Louis* were waiting till the judge ſhould have ended his diſcourſe, and their maſter determined what he would do; when the devil, who ſleeps not, ſo ordered it, that, at that very inſtant, came into the inn the barber, from whom *Don Quixote* had taken *Mambrino*'s helmet, and *Sancho Pança* the aſs-furniture, which he trucked for his own: which barber, leading his beaſt to the ſtable, eſpied *Sancho Pança*, who was mending ſomething about the pannel; and, as ſoon as he ſaw him, he knew him, and made bold to attack him, ſaying: Ah! miſter thief, have I got you! give me my baſon and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of. *Sancho*, finding himſelf attacked ſo unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held faſt the pannel, and with the other gave the barber ſuch a dowſe, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold: on the contrary, he raiſed his voice in ſuch a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noiſe and ſcuffle; and he cried out: Help, in the king's name, and in the name of juſtice; for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods. You lye, anſwered *Sancho*, I am no highway-robber: my maſter *Don Quixote* won theſe ſpoils in fair war. *Don Quixote* was now preſent, and not a little pleaſed to ſee how well his ſquire performed both on the defenſive and offenſive, and from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, and reſolved in his mind to dub him a knight the

the firſt opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well beſtowed upon him.

Now, among other things, which the barber ſaid during the skirmiſh, Gentlemen, quoth he, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to god, and I know it as well as if it were the child of my own body, and yonder ſtands my aſs in the ſtable, who will not ſuffer me to lye: pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous: and moreover by the ſame token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewiſe of a new braſs baſon, never hanſelled, that was worth a crown [3]. Here *Don Quixote* could not forbear anſwering; and thruſting himſelf between the two combatants, and parting them, and making them lay down the pannel on the ground in public view, till the truth ſhould be decided, he ſaid: Sirs, you ſhall preſently ſee clearly and manifeſtly the error this honeſt ſquire is in, in calling that a baſon, which was, is, and ever ſhall be, *Mambrino*'s helmet: I won it in fair war, ſo am its right and lawful poſſeſſor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not: what I can ſay of that matter is, that my ſquire *Sancho* asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horſe, to adorn his own withal: I gave him leave; he took them, and, if from horſe-trappings they are metamorphoſed into an aſs's pannel, I can give no other reaſon for it, but that common one, that theſe kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, ſon *Sancho*, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honeſt man will needs have to be a baſon. In faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if we have no other proof of our cauſe but what your worſhip mentions, *Mambrino*'s helmet will prove as errant a baſon, as this honeſt man's trappings are a pack-ſaddle. Do what I bid you, replied *Don Quixote*; for ſure all things in this caſtle cannot be governed by enchantment. *Sancho* went for the baſon, and brought it; and as ſoon as *Don Quixote* ſaw it, he took it in his hands, and ſaid: Behold, gentlemen, with what face can this ſquire pretend this to be a baſon, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I ſwear by the order of knighthood, which I profeſs, this helmet is the very ſame I took from him, without addition or diminution. There is no doubt of that, quoth *Sancho*; for, from the time my maſter won it till now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed thoſe unlucky galley-ſlaves; and had it not been for this baſon-helmet, he had not then got off over-well; for he had a power of ſtones hurled at him in that skirmiſh.

3 *Señora de un eſcudo.* Literally, *Miſtreſs of a crown-piece.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

In which the diſpute concerning Mambrino's *helmet, and the pannel, is decided; with other adventures that really and truly happened.*

PRAY, gentlemen, quoth the barber, what is your opinion of what theſe gentlefolks affirm; for they perſiſt in it, that this is no baſon but a helmet? And whoever ſhall affirm the contrary, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lyes, and, if a ſquire, that he lyes and lyes again a thouſand times. Our barber, who was preſent all the while, and well acquainted with *Don Quixote*'s humour, had a mind to work up his madneſs, and carry on the jeſt, to make the company laugh; and ſo, addreſſing himſelf to the other barber, he ſaid: Signor barber, or whoever you are, know, that I alſo am of your profeſſion, and have had my certificate of examination above theſe twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the inſtruments of barber-ſurgery, without miſſing one. I have likewiſe been a ſoldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morrion or ſteel-cap, and what a caſque with its bever, as well as other matters relating to ſoldiery, I mean to all kinds of arms commonly uſed by ſoldiers. And I ſay (with ſubmiſſion always to better judgments) that this piece here before us, which this honeſt gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's baſon, but is as far from being ſo, as white is from black, and truth from falſhood. I ſay alſo, that, though it be an helmet, it is not a compleat one. No, certainly, ſaid *Don Quixote*; for the bever, that ſhould make half of it, is wanting. It is ſo, quoth the prieſt, who perceived his friend the barber's deſign; and *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando*, and his companions, confirmed the ſame: and even the judge, had not his thoughts been ſo taken up about the buſineſs of *Don Louis*, would have helped on the jeſt; but the concern he was in ſo employed his thoughts, that he attended but little, or not at all, to theſe pleaſantries.

Lord have mercy upon me! quoth the bantered barber, how is it poſſible ſo many honeſt gentlemen ſhould maintain, that this is not a baſon, but an helmet! a thing enough to aſtoniſh a whole univerſity, though never ſo wiſe: well, if this baſon be an helmet, then this pannel muſt needs be a horſe's furniture, as this gentleman has ſaid. To me it ſeems indeed to be a pannel, quoth *Don Quixote*; but I have already told you, I will not intermeddle with the diſpute, whether it be an aſs's pannel, or a horſe's furniture. All that remains, ſaid the prieſt, is, that Signor *Don Quixote* declare his opinion; for, in matters of chivalry,

valry, all these gentlemen, and myself, yield him the preference. By the living god, gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing that may be asked me about it: for I am of opinion, that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted *Moor* that was in it, and *Sancho* fared little better among some of his followers; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a bason, or an helmet, I have already answered: but as to declaring, whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence, but remit it, gentlemen, to your discretion: perhaps, not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me. There is no doubt, answered *Don Fernando*, but that Signor *Don Quixote* has said very right, that the decision of this case belongs to us: and, that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result.

To those acquainted with *Don Quixote*, all this was matter of most excellent sport; but to those, who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to *Don Louis*'s four servants, and to *Don Louis* himself as much as the rest, besides three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to see his bason converted into *Mambrino*'s helmet before his eyes, and made no doubt but his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. Every body laughed to see *Don Fernando* walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison: and, after he had taken the votes of those who knew *Don Quixote*, he said aloud: The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes; for I ask no body that does not tell me, it is ridiculous to say, this is an ass's pannel, and not a horse's caparison, and even that of a well-bred horse: so that you must have patience; for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have alledged

alledged on your part are very trivial and invalid. Let me never enjoy a place in heaven, quoth the bantered barber, if your worſhips are not all miſtaken; and ſo may my ſoul appear before god, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a capariſon: but, ſo go the laws [4]----- I ſay no more; and verily I am not drunk, for I am faſting from every thing but ſin.

The barber's ſimplicities cauſed no leſs laughter than the follies of *Don Quixote*, who, at this juncture, ſaid: There is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom god has given it, may St. *Peter* give his bleſſing [5]. One of *Don Louis*'s four ſervants ſaid: If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot perſuade myſelf, that men of ſo good underſtanding, as all here are, or ſeem to be, ſhould venture to ſay, and affirm, that this is not a baſon, nor that a pannel: but ſeeing they do actually ſay and affirm it, I ſuſpect there muſt be ſome myſtery in obſtinately maintaining a thing ſo contrary to truth and experience: for, by —— (and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world ſhall never perſuade me, that this is not a barber's baſon, and that a jack-aſs's pannel. May it not be a ſhe-aſs's? quoth the prieſt. That is all one, ſaid the ſervant; for the queſtion is only, whether it be, or be not, a pannel, as your worſhips ſay. One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who came in, and had over-heard the diſpute, full of choler and indignation, ſaid: it is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever ſays, or ſhall ſay to the contrary, muſt be drunk. You lye like a pitiful ſcoundrel, anſwered *Don Quixote*; and, lifting up his launce, which he never had let go out of his hand, he went to give him ſuch a blow over the head, that, had not the officer ſlipped aſide, he had been laid flat on the ſpot. The launce was broke to ſplinters on the ground; and the other officers, ſeeing their comrade abuſed, cried out, Help, help the holy brotherhood. The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that inſtant for his wand and his ſword, and prepared himſelf to ſtand by his comrades. *Don Louis*'s ſervants got about him, leſt he ſhould eſcape during that hurly-burly. The barber, perceiving the houſe turned topſy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and *Sancho* did the ſame. *Don Quixote* drew his ſword, and fell upon the troopers. *Don Louis* called out to his ſervants, to leave him, and aſſiſt *Don Quixote*, *Cardenio*, and *Don Fernando*, who all took part with *Don Quixote*. The prieſt cried out, the hoſteſs ſhrieked, her daughter roared, *Maritornes* wept, *Dorothea* was confounded,

4 He ſtops in the middle of the proverb, *Alla van leyes donde quieren reyes*, meaning that the powerful carry what they pleaſe; or as we ſay, *might overcomes right*.

5 The form of benediction at a wedding.

Lucinda ſtood amazed, and *Donna Clara* fainted away. The barber cuffed *Sancho*, and *Sancho* pommeled the barber. *Don Louis* gave one of his ſervants, who laid hold of him by the arm leſt he ſhould eſcape, ſuch a daſh on the chops, that he bathed his mouth in blood. The judge interpoſed in his defence. *Don Fernando* got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The inn-keeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy brotherhood. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weepings, cries, ſhrieks, confuſions, fears, frights, miſchances, cuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and effuſion of blood. And, in the midſt of this chaos, this maſs, and labyrinth of things, it came into *Don Quixote*'s fanſy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the diſcord of king *Agramante*'s camp [6]; and therefore he ſaid, with a voice which made the inn ſhake: Hold all of you; all put up your ſwords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive. At which tremendous voice they all deſiſted, and he went on, ſaying: Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this caſtle was enchanted, and that ſome legion of devils muſt certainly inhabit it? in confirmation whereof, I would have you ſee with your own eyes, how the diſcord of *Agramante*'s camp is paſſed over and transferred hither among us: behold, how there they fight for the ſword, here for the horſe, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet; and we all fight, and no one underſtands another. Come therefore, my lord judge, and you maſter prieſt, and let one of you ſtand for king *Agramante*, the other for king *Sobrino* [7], and make peace among us; for, by the eternal god, it is a thouſand pities, ſo many gentlemen of quality, as are here of us, ſhould kill one another for ſuch trivial matters. The troopers, who did not underſtand *Don Quixote*'s language, and found themſelves roughly handled by *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and their companions, would not be pacified: but the barber ſubmitted; for both his beard and his pannel were demoliſhed in the ſcuffle. *Sancho*, as became a dutiful ſervant, obeyed the leaſt voice of his maſter. *Don Louis*'s four ſervants were alſo quiet, ſeeing how little they got by being otherwiſe. The inn-keeper alone was refractory, and inſiſted, that the inſolencies of that madman ought to be chaſtiſed, who at every foot turned the inn upſide down. At laſt the buſtle ceaſed for that time: the pannel was to remain a capariſon, the baſon a helmet, and the inn a caſtle, in *Don Quixote*'s imagination, till the day of judgment.

6 *Agramante*, in *Arioſto*, is king of the infidels at the ſiege of *Paris*. This is a burleſque upon that paſſage, where diſcord is ſent by an angel into the pagan camp in favour of the chriſtians.

7 An auxiliary king of the *Moors* at the above-mentioned ſiege.

Now

Now all being pacified, and all made friends, by the perſuaſion of the judge and the prieſt, *Don Louis*'s ſervants began again to preſs him to go with them that moment; and, while they were debating, and ſettling the point, the judge conſulted *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and the prieſt, what he ſhould do in this emergency, telling them all that *Don Louis* had ſaid. At laſt it was agreed, that *Don Fernando* ſhould tell *Don Louis*'s ſervants who he was, and that it was his deſire *Don Louis* ſhould go along with him to *Andaluſia*, where he ſhould be treated by the marquis his brother according to his quality and worth; for he well knew his intention and reſolution not to return, juſt at that time, into his father's preſence, though they ſhould tear him to pieces. Now, *Don Fernando*'s quality, and *Don Louis*'s reſolution, being known to the four ſervants, they determined among themſelves, that three of them ſhould return to give his father an account of what had paſſed, and the other ſhould ſtay to wait upon *Don Louis*, and not leave him 'till the reſt ſhould come back for him, or 'till they knew what his father would order. Thus this maſs of contentions was appeaſed by the authority of *Agramante*, and the prudence of king *Sobrino*. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himſelf illuded and diſappointed, and how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confuſion, reſolved to try his hand once more, by contriving freſh brangles and diſturbances.

Now the caſe was this: the troopers, upon notice of the quality of thoſe that had attacked them, had deſiſted and retreated from the fray, as thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worſt. But one of them, namely, he who had been kicked and mauled by *Don Fernando*, bethought himſelf, that, among ſome warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one againſt *Don Quixote*, whom the holy brotherhood had ordered to be taken into cuſtody for ſetting at liberty the galley-ſlaves, as *Sancho* had very juſtly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be ſatisfied, whether the perſon of *Don Quixote* anſwered to the deſcription; and, pulling a parchment out of his boſom, he preſently found what he looked for; and ſetting himſelf to read it leiſurely (for he was no great clerk) at every word he read, he fixed his eyes on *Don Quixote*, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of *Don Quixote*'s phyſiognomy, and found, that without all doubt he muſt be the perſon therein deſcribed: and, as ſoon as he had ſatisfied himſelf, rolling up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid ſo faſt hold on *Don Quixote* by the collar, that he did not ſuffer him to draw breath, crying out aloud: Help the holy brotherhood! and, that

every body may ſee I require it in earneſt, read this warrant, wherein it is expreſly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber. The prieſt took the warrant, and found it all true that the trooper had ſaid, the marks agreeing exactly with *Don Quixote*; who, finding himſelf ſo roughly handled by this ſcoundrel, his choler being mounted to the utmoſt pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had he not been reſcued by his comrades, he had loſt his life before *Don Quixote* had looſed his hold. The inn-keeper, who was bound to aid and aſſiſt his brethren in office, ran immediately to his aſſiſtance. The hoſteſs, ſeeing her husband again engaged in battle, raiſed her voice anew. Her daughter and *Maritornes* joined in the ſame tune, praying aid from heaven, and from the ſtanders-by. *Sancho*, ſeeing what paſſed, ſaid: As god ſhall ſave me, my maſter ſays true, concerning the enchantments of this caſtle; for it is impoſſible to live an hour in quiet in it. At length *Don Fernando* parted the officer and *Don Quixote*, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands, from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheleſs the troopers did not deſiſt from demanding their priſoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them; for ſo the king's ſervice, and that of the holy brotherhood, required, in whoſe name they again demanded help and aſſiſtance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. *Don Quixote* ſmiled to hear theſe expreſſions, and, with great calmneſs, ſaid: Come hither, baſe and ill-born crew; call ye it robbing on the highway, to looſe the chains of the captived, to ſet the impriſoned free, to ſuccour the miſerable, to raiſe the fallen and caſt down, and to relieve the needy and diſtreſſed? Ah ſcoundrel race! undeſerving, by the meanneſs and baſeneſs of your underſtandings, that heaven ſhould reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you ſenſible of your own ſin and ignorance in not reverencing the very ſhadow, and much more the preſence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of the holy brotherhood, tell me, who was the blockhead that ſigned the warrant for apprehending ſuch a knight-errant as I am? Who was he that knew not, that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their ſword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who was the madman, I ſay again, that is ignorant, that no patent of gentility contains ſo many privileges and exemptions, as are acquired by the knight-errant, the day he is dubbed, and gives himſelf up to the rigorous exerciſe of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid cuſtom, poll-tax, ſubſidy,

ſidy, quit-rent, porteridge, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his caſtle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not ſeat him at his table? What damſel was not in love with him, and did not yield herſelf up to his whole pleaſure and will? and laſtly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is, or ſhall be in the world, who has not courage ſingly to beſtow four hundred baſtinadoes on four hundred troopers of the holy brotherhood, that ſhall dare to preſent themſelves before him?

CHAP. XIX.

In which is finiſhed the notable adventure of the troopers of the holy brotherhood, with the great ferocity of our good knight Don Quixote.

WHILE *Don Quixote* was talking at this rate, the prieſt was endeavouring to perſuade the troopers, that *Don Quixote* was out of his wits, as they might eaſily perceive by what he did, and ſaid, and that they need not give themſelves any farther trouble upon that ſubject; for, though they ſhould apprehend and carry him away, they muſt ſoon releaſe him as being a madman. To which the officer that had produced the warrant anſwered; that it was no buſineſs of his to judge of *Don Quixote*'s madneſs, but to obey the orders of his ſuperior, and that, when he had once ſecured him, they might ſet him free three hundred times if they pleaſed. For all that, ſaid the prieſt, for this once you muſt not take him, nor do I think he will ſuffer himſelf to be taken. In effect, the prieſt ſaid ſo much, and *Don Quixote* did ſuch extravagancies, that the officers muſt have been more mad than he, had they not diſcovered his infirmity: and therefore they judged it beſt to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and *Sancho Pança*, who ſtill continued their ſcuffle with great rancour. At laſt they, as officers of juſtice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in ſuch a manner, that both parties reſted, if not entirely contented, at leaſt ſomewhat ſatisfied; for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for *Mambrino*'s helmet, the prieſt, underhand and unknown to *Don Quixote*, gave eight reals [8] for the baſon, and the barber gave him a diſcharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

8 *i. e.* Four Shillings.

Theſe two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greateſt weight, being thus made up, it remained, that three of *Don Louis*'s ſervants ſhould be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon him, whitherſoever *Don Fernando* pleaſed to carry him. And, as now good luck and better fortune had begun to pave the way, and ſmooth the difficulties, in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, ſo fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with proſperous ſucceſs: for the ſervants were contented to do as *Don Louis* commanded, whereat *Donna Clara* was ſo highly pleaſed, that nobody could look in her face without diſcovering the joy of her heart. *Zoraida*, though ſhe did not underſtand all ſhe ſaw, yet grew ſad or chearful in conformity to what ſhe obſerved in their ſeveral countenances, eſpecially that of her *Spaniard*, on whom her eyes were fixed, and her ſoul depended. The inn-keeper, obſerving what recompence the prieſt had made the barber, demanded *Don Quixote*'s reckoning, with ample ſatisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loſs of his wine, ſwearing, that neither *Rozinante* nor the aſs ſhould ſtir out of the inn, 'till he had paid the uttermoſt farthing. The prieſt pacified him, and *Don Fernando* paid him all; tho' the judge very generouſly offered payment: and thus they all remained in peace and quietneſs, and the inn appeared no longer the diſcord of *Agramante*'s camp, as *Don Quixote* had called it, but peace itſelf, and the very tranquillity of *Octavius Cæſar*'s days [9]: and it was the general opinion, that all this was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the prieſt, and the incomparable liberality of *Don Fernando*.

Don Quixote, now, finding himſelf freed, and clear of ſo many brangles, both of his ſquire's and his own, thought it was high time to purſue his voyage, and put an end to that grand adventure, whereunto he had been called and elected: and therefore, being thus reſolutely determined, he went and kneeled before *Dorothea*, who would not ſuffer him to ſpeak a word 'till he ſtood up; which he did in obedience to her, and ſaid: It is a common ſaying, fair lady, that *diligence is the mother of good ſucceſs*, and experience has ſhewn, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the ſolicitor brings the doubtful ſuit to a happy iſſue: but this truth is in nothing more evident, than in matters of war, in which expedition and diſpatch prevent the deſigns of the enemy, and carry the victory, before the adverſary is in a poſture to defend himſelf. All this I ſay, high and deſerving lady, becauſe our abode in this caſtle ſeems to me to be now no longer neceſſary, and may be ſo far

9 Becauſe he ſhut the temple of *Janus*, the ſignal of univerſal peace.

prejudicial,

prejudicial, that we may repent it one day: for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by ſecret and diligent ſpies, get intelligence of my coming to deſtroy him? and, time giving him opportunity, he may fortify himſelf in ſome impregnable caſtle or fortreſs, againſt which my induſtry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may little avail. And therefore, ſovereign lady, let us prevent, as I have ſaid, his deſigns by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune, which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy. Here *Don Quixote* was ſilent, and ſaid no more, expecting with great ſedateneſs the anſwer of the beautiful Infanta, who, with an air of grandeur, and in a ſtyle accommodated to that of *Don Quixote*, anſwered in this manner. I am obliged to you, ſir knight, for the inclination you ſhew to favour me in my great need, like a true knight, whoſe office and employment it is to ſuccour the orphans and diſtreſſed: and heaven grant that your deſire and mine be ſoon accompliſhed, that you may ſee there are ſome grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be inſtantly; for I have no other will but yours: and, pray, diſpoſe of me entirely at your own pleaſure; for ſhe, who has once committed the defence of her perſon, and the reſtoration of her dominions, into your hands, muſt not contradict whatever your wiſdom ſhall direct. In the name of god, quoth *Don Quixote*; ſince it is ſo, that a lady humbles herſelf, I will not loſe the opportunity of exalting her, and ſetting her on the throne of her anceſtors. Let us depart inſtantly; for I am ſpurred on by the eagerneſs of my deſire, and the length of the journey; and they ſay, *delays are dangerous*. And ſince heaven has not created, nor hell ſeen, any danger that can daunt or affright me, *Sancho*, ſaddle *Rozinante*, and get ready your aſs, and her majeſty's palfrey; and let us take our leaves of the governor of the caſtle, and of theſe nobles, and let us depart hence this inſtant.

Sancho, who was preſent all the while, ſaid, ſhaking his head from ſide to ſide: Ah! maſter, maſter, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with reſpect to the honourable coifs be it ſpoken. What tricks can there be to my diſcredit, in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin? ſaid *Don Quixote*. If your worſhip puts yourſelf into a paſſion, anſwered *Sancho*, I will hold my tongue, and forbear to ſay what I am bound to tell, as a faithful ſquire and a dutiful ſervant ought to his maſter. Say what you will, replied *Don Quixote*, ſo your words tend not to making me afraid: if you are afraid, you do but like yourſelf; and if I am not afraid, I do like myſelf. Nothing of all this, as I am a ſinner to god, anſwered *Sancho*; only that I am ſure and poſitively certain, that

this lady, who calls herſelf queen of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*, is no more a queen than my mother: for, were ſhe what ſhe pretends to be, ſhe would not be nuzzling, at every turn, and in every corner, with ſomebody that is in the company. *Dorothea*'s colour came at what *Sancho* ſaid, it being true indeed, that her ſpouſe *Don Fernando*, now and then, by ſtealth, had ſnatched with his lips an earneſt of that reward his affections deſerved: which *Sancho* having eſpied, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleaſure, than a queen of ſo vaſt a kingdom. *Dorothea* neither could, nor would, anſwer *Sancho* a word, but let him go on with his diſcourſe, which he did, ſaying: I ſay this, ſir, becauſe, ſuppoſing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and paſſed many bad nights and worſe days, one, who is now ſolacing himſelf in this inn, ſhould chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haſte to ſaddle *Rozinante*, nor to get the aſs and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every drab mind her ſpinning, and let us to dinner. Good god! how great was the indignation of *Don Quixote*, at hearing his ſquire ſpeak thus diſreſpectfully! I ſay, it was ſo great, that, with ſpeech ſtammering, tongue faltering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he ſaid: Scoundrel! deſigning, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-ſpoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and backbiting villain! dareſt thou utter ſuch words in my preſence, and in the preſence of theſe illuſtrious ladies? and haſt thou dared to entertain ſuch rude and inſolent thoughts in thy confuſed imagination? Avoid my preſence, monſter of nature, treaſury of lies, magazine of deceits, ſtorehouſe of rogueries, inventor of miſchiefs, publiſher of abſurdities, and enemy of the reſpect due to royal perſonages! Be gone; appear not before me, on pain of my indignation. And in ſaying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, ſtared round about him, and gave a violent ſtamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifeſt tokens of the rage locked up in his breaſt. At whoſe words and furious geſtures *Sancho* was ſo frighted, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that inſtant, and ſwallowed him up. And he knew not what to do, but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged preſence of his maſter.

But the diſcreet *Dorothea*, who ſo perfectly underſtood *Don Quixote*'s humour, to pacify his wrath, ſaid: Be not offended, good ſir *knight of the ſorrowful figure*, at the follies your good ſquire has uttered: for, perhaps, he has not ſaid them without ſome ground; nor can it be ſuſpected, conſidering his good underſtanding and chriſtian conſcience, that he would ſlander, or bear falſe witneſs againſt any body: and therefore we muſt believe, without all doubt, as you yourſelf ſay, ſir knight, that, ſince

ſince all things in this caſtle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps, I ſay, *Sancho*, by means of the ſame diabolical illuſion, may have ſeen what he ſays he ſaw, ſo much to the prejudice of my honour. By the omnipotent god I ſwear, quoth *Don Quixote*, your grandeur has hit the mark, and ſome wicked apparition muſt have appeared to this ſinner, and have made him ſee what it was impoſſible for him to ſee by any other way but that of enchantment; for I am perfectly aſſured of the ſimplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, and that he knows not how to invent a ſlander on any body. So it is, and ſo it ſhall be, ſaid *Don Fernando:* wherefore, Signor *Don Quixote*, you ought to pardon him, and reſtore him to the boſom of your favour, *ſicut erat in principio*, before theſe illuſions turned his brain. *Don Quixote* anſwered, that he pardoned him; and the prieſt went for *Sancho*, who came in very humble, and, falling down on his knees, begged his maſter's hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiſs it, he gave him his bleſſing, ſaying: Now you will be thoroughly convinced, ſon *Sancho*, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this caſtle are done by way of enchantment. I believe ſo too, quoth *Sancho*, excepting the buſineſs of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way. Do not believe it, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for, were it ſo, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury. They all deſired to know what that buſineſs of the blanket was, and the inn-keeper gave them a very circumſtantial account of *Sancho Pança*'s toſſing; at which they were not a little diverted. And *Sancho* would have been no leſs aſhamed, if his maſter had not aſſured him afreſh that it was all enchantment. And yet *Sancho*'s folly never roſe ſo high, as to believe, that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illuſion or deceit, being convinced he had been toſſed in the blanket by perſons of fleſh and blood, and not by imaginary or viſionary phantoms, as his maſter ſuppoſed and affirmed.

Two days had already paſſed ſince all this illuſtrious company had been in the inn; and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving *Dorothea* and *Don Fernando* the trouble of going back with *Don Quixote* to his village, under pretence of reſtoring the queen of *Micomicon*, the prieſt and the barber might carry him as they deſired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madneſs at home. While this was in agitation, *Don Quixote* was laid down upon a bed, to repoſe himſelf after his late fatigues; and in the mean time they agreed with a waggoner, who chanced to paſs by with his team of oxen, to carry him in this manner. They made a kind of cage with poles

poles grate-wiſe, large enough to contain *Don Quixote* at his eaſe: and immediately *Don Fernando* and his companions, with *Don Louis*'s ſervants, and the officers of the holy brotherhood, together with the inn-keeper, all, by the contrivance and direction of the prieſt, covered their faces, and diſguiſed themſelves, ſome one way, ſome another, ſo as to appear to *Don Quixote* to be quite other perſons than thoſe he had ſeen in that caſtle. This being done, with the greateſt ſilence they entered the room where *Don Quixote* lay faſt aſleep, and not dreaming of any ſuch accident; and laying faſt hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, ſo that, when he awaked with a ſtart, he could not ſtir, nor do any thing but look round him, and wonder to ſee ſuch ſtrange viſages about him. And preſently he fell into the uſual conceit, that his diſordered imagination was perpetually preſenting to him, believing that all theſe ſhapes were goblins of that enchanted caſtle, and that without all doubt he muſt be enchanted, ſince he could not ſtir, nor defend himſelf: all preciſely as the prieſt, the projector of this ſtratagem, fancied it would fall out. *Sancho* alone, of all that were preſent, was in his perfect ſenſes, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his maſter's diſeaſe, yet he was not at a loſs to know who all theſe counterfeit goblins were; but he durſt not open his lips, 'till he ſaw what this ſurpriſal and impriſonment of his maſter meant. Neither did the knight utter a word, waiting to ſee the iſſue of his diſgrace: which was, that, bringing the cage thither, they ſhut him up in it, and nailed the bars ſo faſt, that there was no breaking them open, though you pulled never ſo hard. They then hoiſted him on their ſhoulders, and, at going out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other) ſaying: O *knight of the ſorrowful figure!* let not the confinement you are under afflict you; for it is expedient it ſhould be ſo, for the more ſpeedy accompliſhment of the adventure, in which your great valour has engaged you: which ſhall be finiſhed when the furious *Manchegan* lion ſhall be coupled with the white *Toboſian* dove, after having ſubmitted their ſtately necks to the ſoft matrimonial yoke; from which unheard of conjunction ſhall ſpring into the light of the world brave whelps, who ſhall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous ſire. And this ſhall come to paſs before the purſuer of the fugitive nymph ſhall have made two rounds, to viſit the bright conſtellations, in his rapid and natural courſe [1]. And thou,

1 An imitation of the prophecy, on a column of marble, in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 9. ch. 5. *In time to come, when the two couſin-german lions, engender'd of the mongrel lioneſs, ſhall meet, and by the dint of their claws, their*

own

thou, O the moſt noble and obedient ſquire that ever had ſword in belt, beard on face, and ſmell in noſtrils, be not diſmayed nor afflicted, to ſee the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes. For, ere long, if it ſo pleaſe the fabricator of the world, thou ſhalt ſee thyſelf ſo exalted and ſublimated, that thou ſhalt not know thyſelf, and ſhalt not be defrauded of the promiſes made thee by thy noble lord. And I aſſure thee, in the name of the ſage *Mentironiana* [2], that thy wages ſhall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt ſee in effect: follow therefore the footſteps of the valorous and enchanted knight; for it is expedient for you to go where ye may both reſt: and becauſe I am permitted to ſay no more, god be with you; for I return I well know whither. And, at finiſhing the prophecy, he raiſed his voice very high, and then ſunk it by degrees, with ſo ſoft an accent, that even they, who were in the ſecret of the jeſt, were almoſt ready to believe, that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard; for he preſently apprehended the whole ſignification thereof, and ſaw that it promiſed he ſhould be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, from whoſe happy womb ſhould iſſue the whelps, his ſons, to the everlaſting honour of *La Mancha*. And, with this firm perſuaſion, he raiſed his voice, and, fetching a deep ſigh, he ſaid: O thou, whoever thou art, who haſt prognoſticated me ſo much good, I beſeech thee to intreat, on my behalf, the ſage enchanter, who has the charge of my affairs, that he ſuffer me not to periſh in this priſon, wherein I am now carried, 'till I ſee accompliſhed thoſe joyous and incomparable promiſes now made me: for, ſo they come to paſs, I ſhall account the pains of my impriſonment glory, the chains, with which I am bound, refreſhment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a ſoft bridal bed of downe. And, as touching the conſolation of *Sancho Pança* my ſquire, I truſt in his goodneſs and integrity, that he will not forſake me, either in good or evil fortune. And though it ſhould fall out, through his or my hard hap, that I ſhould not be able to give him the iſland, or ſomething elſe equivalent, that I have promiſed him, at leaſt he cannot loſe his wages; for, in my will, which is already made, I have declared what ſhall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good ſervices, but ac-

own very fleſh ſhall be torn, then the thick clouds of the caſtle of the univerſe ſhall be diſpers'd and broken, and the ſeven pillars incloſed therein ſhall appear, &c.

2 A word fram'd from *mentira*, a *lye*; as if we ſhou'd ſay, *the ſage Lyaria*, or *Fibberoniana*.

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cording to my own poor ability. *Sancho Pança* bowed with great reſpect, and kiſſed both his maſter's hands; for one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their ſhoulders, and placed it on the waggon.

CHAP. XX.

Of the ſtrange and wonderful manner, in which Don Quixote de la Mancha *was enchanted, with other remarkable occurrences.*

DON QUIXOTE, finding himſelf cooped up in this manner, and placed upon a cart [3], ſaid: Many and moſt grave hiſtories have I read of knights-errant; but I never read, ſaw, or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, and ſo ſlowly as theſe lazy, heavy, animals ſeem to promiſe. For they always uſed to be carried through the air with wonderful ſpeed, wrapped up in ſome thick and dark cloud, or in ſome chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogrif, or ſome ſuch beaſt. But to be carried upon a team drawn by oxen, by the living god, it puts me into confuſion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of theſe our times may have taken a different turn from thoſe of the ancients; and perhaps alſo, as I am a new knight in the world, and the firſt who have revived the long-forgotten exerciſe of knight errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away thoſe that are enchanted. What think you of this, ſon *Sancho?* I do not know what I think, anſwered *Sancho*, not being ſo well read as your worſhip in ſcriptures-errant. Yet I dare affirm and ſwear, that theſe hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic. Catholic! my father! anſwered *Don Quixote*; how can they be catholic, being devils, who have aſſumed fantaſtick ſhapes, on purpoſe to come and put me into this ſtate? and if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, conſiſting in nothing but appearance only. Before god, ſir, replied *Sancho*, I have already touched them, and this devil, who is ſo very buſy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what

3 Theſe kind of enchantments are very frequent in romances. Thus, for inſtanee, *Morpaldo*, the giant, ſon of the enchantreſs *Titonia*, puts the emperor *Cæſario*'s knights, his priſoners, into a waggon, where they remain enchanted, till the ſage *Orbicunta*, by ſuperior skill, brings her champion *Don Florando* to their relief, who ſets them free. *Don Florando of England*, part 2. ch. 41.

people

people ſay your devils are wont to have: for it is ſaid, they all ſmell of brimſtone, and other worſe ſcents; but this ſpark ſmells of amber at half a league's diſtance. *Sancho* meant this of *Don Fernando*, who, being a cavalier of ſuch quality, muſt have ſmelt, as *Sancho* hinted. Wonder not at it, friend *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for you muſt know that the devils are a knowing ſort of people; and, ſuppoſing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no ſcents in themſelves, becauſe they are ſpirits; or, if they do ſmell, it can be of nothing that is good, but of ſomething bad and ſtinking: and the reaſon is, becauſe, let them be where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can receive no kind of eaſe from their torments: now, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleaſing, it is not poſſible they ſhould ſmell of ſo good a thing: and if you think that this devil ſmells of amber, either you deceive yourſelf, or he would deceive you, that you may not take him for a devil. All this diſcourſe paſſed between the maſter and the man; and *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, fearing leſt *Sancho* ſhould light upon their plot, he being already in the purſuit, and pretty far advanced towards it, they reſolved to haſten their departure, and, calling the inn-keeper aſide, they ordered him to ſaddle *Rozinante* and pannel the aſs, which he did with great expedition.

In the mean while the prieſt had agreed, for ſo much a day, with the troopers of the holy brotherhood, that they ſhould accompany *Don Quixote* home to his village. *Cardenio* took care to hang the buckler on one ſide, and the baſon on the other, of the pommel of *Rozinante*'s ſaddle, and made ſigns to *Sancho* to mount his aſs, and take *Rozinante* by the bridle, and placed two troopers with their carabines on each ſide of the waggon. But, before the car moved forward, the hoſteſs, her daughter, and *Maritornes*, came out to take their leaves of *Don Quixote*, pretending to ſhed tears for grief at his misfortune; to whom *Don Quixote* ſaid: Weep not, my good ladies; for theſe kind of miſhaps are incident to thoſe, who profeſs what I profeſs; and if ſuch calamities did not befal me, I ſhould not take myſelf for a knight-errant of any conſiderable fame: for ſuch accidents as theſe never happen to knights of little name and reputation, ſince no body in the world thinks of them at all: but to the valorous indeed they often fall out; for many princes, and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are conſtantly endeavouring by indirect ways to deſtroy them. Notwithſtanding all which, ſo powerful is virtue, that of herſelf alone, in ſpite of all the necromancy that its firſt inventor *Zoroaſter* ever knew, ſhe will come off victorious from every encounter, and ſpread her luſtre round the world, as the ſun does over the heavens.

vens. Pardon me, fair ladies, if I have, through inadvertency, done you any diſpleaſure; for willingly and knowingly I never offended any body: and pray to god, that he would deliver me from theſe bonds, into which ſome evil-minded enchanter has thrown me; for, if ever I find myſelf at liberty, I ſhall not forget the favours you have done me in this caſtle, but ſhall acknowledge and requite them as they deſerve.

While this paſs'd between the ladies of the caſtle and *Don Quixote*, the prieſt and the barber took their leave of *Don Fernando* and his companions, and of the captain and his brother the judge, and of all the now happy ladies, eſpecially of *Dorothea* and *Lucinda*. They all embraced, promiſing to give each other an account of their future fortunes. *Don Fernando* gave the prieſt directions where to write to him, and acquaint him with what became of *Don Quixote*, aſſuring him that nothing would afford him a greater pleaſure, than to know it; and that, on his part, he would inform him of whatever might amuſe or pleaſe him, either in relation to his own marriage, or the baptizing of *Zoraida*, as alſo concerning *Don Louis*'s ſucceſs, and *Lucinda*'s return to her parents. The prieſt promiſed to perform all that was deſired of him with the utmoſt punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of ſervice. The inn-keeper came to the prieſt, and gave him ſome papers, telling him, he found them in the lining of the wallet, in which the novel of the *Curious impertinent* was found, and, ſince the owner had never come back that way, he might take them all with him; for, as he could not read, he had no deſire to keep them. The prieſt thanked him, and, opening the papers, found at the head of them this title, *The novel of* Rinconete *and* Cortadillo [4]; from whence he concluded it muſt be ſome tale, and imagined, becauſe that of the *Curious impertinent* was a good one, this muſt be ſo too, it being probable they were both written by the ſame author: and therefore he kept it with a deſign to read it when he had an opportunity. Then he and his friend the barber, mounted on horſeback, with their masks on, that *Don Quixote* might not know them, and placed themſelves behind the waggon; and the order of the cavalcade was this. Firſt marched the car, guided by the owner; on each ſide went the troopers with their firelocks, as has been already ſaid; then followed *Sancho* upon his aſs, leading *Rozinante* by the bridle: the prieſt and the barber brought up the rear on their puiſſant mules, and their faces masked, with a grave and ſolemn air, marching no faſter than

4 Written by *Cervantes* himſelf, and extant in the collection of his *Novels*. *See his* Life.

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the ſlow pace of the oxen allowed. *Don Quixote* ſat in the cage, with his hands tied, and his legs ſtretched out, leaning againſt the bars, with as much patience and ſilence, as if he had not been a man of fleſh and blood, but a ſtatue of ſtone. And thus, with the ſame ſlowneſs and ſilence, they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the waggoner thought a convenient place for reſting and baiting his cattle; and acquainting the prieſt with his purpoſe, the barber was of opinion, they ſhould travel a little farther, telling them, that, behind a riſing ground not far off, there was a vale that afforded more and much better graſs, than that in which they had a mind to ſtop. They took the barber's advice, and ſo went on.

Now the prieſt, happening to turn his head about, perceived behind them about ſix or ſeven horſemen, well mounted and accoutered, who ſoon came up with them; for they travelled, not with the flegm and ſlowneſs of the oxen, but as perſons mounted on eccleſiaſtic mules, and in haſte to arrive quickly, and paſs the heat of the day in the inn, which appeared to be not a league off. The ſpeedy overtook the ſlow, and the companies ſaluted each other courteouſly; and one of the travellers, who, in ſhort, was a canon of *Toledo* [5], and maſter of the reſt, obſerving the orderly proceſſion of the waggon, the troopers, *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, the prieſt, and the barber, and eſpecially *Don Quixote* caged-up and impriſoned, could not forbear inquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner; though he already gueſſed, by ſeeing the badges of the holy brotherhood, that he muſt be ſome notorious robber, or other criminal, the puniſhment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the troopers, to whom the queſtion was put, anſwered thus: Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himſelf; for we know nothing of the matter. *Don Quixote* overheard the diſcourſe, and ſaid: If perchance, gentlemen, you are verſed and skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I need not trouble myſelf to recount them. By this time the prieſt and the barber, perceiving the travellers were in diſcourſe with *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, were come cloſe up, to be ready to give ſuch an anſwer, as might prevent the diſcovery of their plot. The canon, in anſwer to what *Don Quixote* ſaid, replied: In truth, brother, I am more converſant in books of chivalry, than in *Villalpando*'s *Summaries*; ſo that, if that be all, you may ſafely communicate to me whatever you pleaſe. With heaven's permiſſion,

5 This canon is the Author himſelf.

replied

replied *Don Quixote*, ſince it is ſo, you muſt underſtand, Signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers; for virtue is more perſecuted by the wicked, than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one of thoſe, whoſe names fame has forgot to eternize, but one of thoſe, who, maugre and in deſpite of envy itſelf, and of all the magicians *Perſia* ever bred, the *Bracmans* of *India*, and the gymnoſophiſts of *Ethiopia*, ſhall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to ſerve as an example and mirrour to future ages, in which knights-errant may ſee the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable ſummit and pinnacle of arms. Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha* ſays the truth, quoth the prieſt at this time; for he goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of thoſe, to whom virtue is odious, and courage offenſive. This, ſir, is the *knight of the ſorrowful figure*, if ever you have heard him ſpoken of, whoſe valorous exploits and heroic deeds ſhall be written on ſolid braſs and everlaſting marble, though envy take never ſo much pains to obſcure them, and malice to conceal them. When the canon heard him that was impriſoned, and him at liberty, both talk in ſuch a ſtyle, he was ready to croſs himſelf with amazement, not being able to imagine what had befallen him; and all his followers were in equal admiration.

Now *Sancho*, being come up to them, and overhearing their diſcourſe, to ſet all to rights, ſaid: Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the caſe is, my maſter *Don Quixote* is juſt as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect ſenſes, he eats, and drinks, and does his occaſions like other men, and as he did yeſterday before they cooped him up. This being ſo, will you perſuade me he is enchanted? have I not heard many people ſay, that perſons enchanted neither eat, ſleep, nor ſpeak? and my maſter, if no body thwarts him, will talk ye more than thirty barriſters. And turning his eyes on the prieſt, he went on ſaying: Ah maſter prieſt, maſter prieſt, do you think I do not know you? and think you I do not perceive and gueſs what theſe new enchantments drive at? let me tell you, I know you, tho' you diſguiſe your face never ſo much; and I would have you to know, I underſtand you, though you manage your contrivances never ſo ſlily. In ſhort, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality ſubſiſt with niggardlineſs. Evil befal the devil! had it not been for your reverence, my maſter had been married by this time to the Infanta *Micomicona*, and I had been an earl at leaſt; for I could expect no leſs, as well from the generoſity of my maſter the *knight of the ſorrowful figure*, as from the greatneſs

greatneſs of my ſervices. But I find the proverb true, that *the wheel of fortune turns ſwifter than a mill-wheel*, and they, who were yeſterday at the top, are to-day on the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children; for, when they might reaſonably expect to ſee their father come home a governor or viceroy of ſome iſland or kingdom, they will now ſee him return a mere groom. All this that I have ſaid, maſter prieſt, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conſcience of the evil treatment of my maſter; and take heed that god does not call you to an account in the next life for this impriſonment of my lord, and require at your hands all thoſe ſuccours, and all the good he might have done, during this time of his confinement. Snuff me theſe candles, quoth the barber at this juncture; what! *Sancho*, are you alſo of your maſter's confraternity? as god ſhall ſave me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and to be as much enchanted as he, for your ſhare of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promiſes, and in an evil hour the iſland you ſo long for entered into your pate. I am not with child by any body, anſwered *Sancho*, nor am I a man to ſuffer myſelf to be got with child by the beſt king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an old chriſtian, and owe no body any thing; and if I covet iſlands, there are others who covet worſe things; and every one is the ſon of his own works; and, being a man, I may come to be pope, and much more eaſily governor of an iſland, eſpecially ſince my maſter may win ſo many, that he may be at a loſs on whom to beſtow them. Pray, maſter barber, take heed what you ſay; for ſhaving of beards is not all, and there is ſome difference between *Pedro* and *Pedro*. I ſay this, becauſe we know one another, and there is no putting falſe dice upon me: as for my maſter's enchantment, god knows the truth, and let that reſt; for it is the worſe for ſtirring. The barber would not anſwer *Sancho*, leſt, by his ſimplicity, he ſhould diſcover what he and the prieſt took ſo much pains to conceal: and for the ſame reaſon the prieſt deſired the canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the ſecret of the encaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him.

The canon did ſo, and rode on before with his ſervants, liſtening to all the prieſt had to tell him of the quality, manner of life, and cuſtoms of *Don Quixote*; recounting to him briefly the beginning and cauſe of his diſtraction, with the whole progreſs of his adventures, to the putting him into that cage, and the deſign they had to carry him home, and try if by any means they might find a cure for his madneſs. The ſervants admired afreſh, and the canon alſo, to hear the ſtrange hiſtory

of *Don Quixote*; and when he had heard it all, he ſaid to the prieſt: Truly, ſir, I am convinced, that thoſe they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the common-weal; and though, led away by an idle and falſe taſte, I have read the beginning of almoſt all that are printed, I could never prevail with myſelf to read any of them from the begining to the end, becauſe to me they appear to be all of the ſame ſtamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. And, in my opinion, this kind of writing and compoſition falls under the denomination of the fables they call *Mileſian*, which are extravagant ſtories, tending only to pleaſe, and not to inſtruct; quite contrary to the moral fables, which at the ſame time both delight and inſtruct. And though the principal end of ſuch books is to pleaſe, I know not how they can attain it, being ſtuffed with ſo many and ſuch monſtrous abſurdities. For the pleaſure, which is conceived in the mind, muſt proceed from the beauty and harmony it ſees or contemplates in the things, which the ſight or the imagination ſets before it, and nothing, in itſelf ugly or deformed, can afford any real ſatisfaction. For what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable, in which a youth of ſixteen years hews down with his ſword a giant as big as a ſteeple, and ſplits him in two, as if he were made of paſte? And when they would give us a deſcription of a battle, after having ſaid, that, on the enemies ſide there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be againſt them, we muſt, of neceſſity and in deſpite of our teeth, believe, that ſuch or ſuch a knight carried the victory, by the ſingle valour of his ſtrong arm. Then, what ſhall we ſay to that facility, with which a queen or an empreſs throws herſelf into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What genius, not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be ſatisfied with reading, that a vaſt tower, full of knights, ſcuds through the ſea, like a ſhip before the wind, and this night is in *Lombardy*, and the next morning in the country of *Preſter John* in the *Indies*, or in ſome other, that *Ptolomy* never diſcovered, nor *Marcus Paulus* [6] ever ſaw? And if it ſhould be anſwered, that the authors of ſuch books write them profeſſedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to ſtand upon niceties, or truth; I reply, that fiction is ſo much the better, by how much the nearer it reſembles truth; and pleaſes ſo much the more, by how much the more it has of the doubtful and poſſible. Fables

6 Who, in the thirteenth century, travelled over *Syria*, *Perſia*, and the *Indies*. An account of his travels has been publiſh'd, and one of his books is intitled *De Regionibus Orientis*.

ſhould

ſhould be ſuited to the reader's underſtanding, and ſo contrived, that, by facilitating the impoſſible, lowering the vaſt, and keeping the mind in ſuſpence, they may, at once, ſurprize, delight, amuſe, and entertain in ſuch ſort, that admiration and pleaſure may be united, and go hand in hand: all which cannot be performed by him, who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing conſiſts. I have never yet ſeen any book of chivalry, which makes a compleat body of fable with all its members, ſo that the middle correſponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle: on the contrary, they are compoſed of ſo many members, that the authors ſeem rather to deſign a chimæra or monſter, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Beſides all this, their ſtyle is harſh, their exploits incredible, their amours laſcivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reaſonings fooliſh, and their voyages extravagant; and laſtly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deſerve to be baniſhed the chriſtian common-wealth, as an unprofitable race of people.

The prieſt liſtened to him with great attention, and took him to be a man of good underſtanding, and in the right in all he ſaid; and therefore he told him, that, being of the ſame opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all thoſe belonging to *Don Quixote*, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the ſcrutiny he had made, telling him, which of them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved: at which the cannon laughed heartily, and ſaid, notwithſtanding all the ill he had ſpoken of ſuch books, he found one thing good in them, which was, the ſubject they preſented for a good genius to diſplay itſelf, affording a large and ample field, in which the pen may expatiate without any let or incumbrance, deſcribing ſhipwrecks, tempeſts, encounters, and battles; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requiſite to make him ſuch, ſhewing his prudence in preventing the ſtratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in perſuading or diſſuading his ſoldiers; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting, as in attacking the enemy: ſometimes painting a ſad and tragical accident, then a joyful and unexpected event; here a moſt beautiful lady, modeſt, diſcrete, and reſerved; there a chriſtian knight, valiant and courteous; now an unruly and barbarous braggadocio; then an affable, valiant, and good-natured prince: deſcribing the goodneſs and loyalty of ſubjects, the greatneſs and generoſity of nobles. Then again he may ſhew himſelf an excellent aſtronomer or geographer, a muſician, or a ſtateſman; and, ſome time or other, he may have an opportunity, if he

pleaſes, of ſhewing himſelf a necromancer. He may ſet forth the ſubtilty of *Ulyſſes*, the piety of *Æneas*, the bravery of *Achilles*, the misfortunes of *Hector*, the treachery of *Sinon*, the friendſhip of *Euryalus*, the liberality of *Alexander*, the valour of *Cæſar*, the clemency and probity of *Trajan*, the fidelity of *Zopyrus*, the wiſdom of *Cato*, and finally all thoſe actions, which may ſerve to make an illuſtrious perſon perfect; ſometimes placing them in one perſon alone, then dividing them among many: and this being done in a ſmooth and agreeable ſtyle, and with ingenious invention, approaching as near as poſſible to truth, will, doubtleſs, weave a web of ſuch various and beautiful contexture, that, when it is finiſhed, the perfection and excellency thereof may attain to the ultimate end of writing, that is, both to inſtruct and delight, as I have already ſaid: becauſe the unconfined way of writing theſe books gives an author room to ſhew his skill in the epic or lyric, in tragedy or comedy, with all the parts included in the ſweet and charming ſciences of poetry and oratory: for the epic may be written as well in proſe as in verſe [7].

CHAP. XXI.

In which the canon proſecutes the ſubject of books of chivalry, with other matters worthy of his genius.

IT is as you ſay, ſir, quoth the prieſt to the canon; and for this reaſon thoſe, who have hitherto compoſed ſuch books, are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without any regard to good ſenſe, or art, or to thoſe rules, by the obſervation of which they might become as famous in proſe, as the two princes of the *Greek* and *Latin* poetry are in verſe. I myſelf, replied the canon, was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purpoſed to obſerve all the reſtrictions I have mentioned; and, to confeſs the truth, I had gone through above a hundred ſheets of it; and, to try whether they anſwered my own opinion of them, I communicated them to ſome learned and judicious perſons, who were very fond of this kind of reading, and to other perſons, who were ignorant, and regarded only the pleaſure of reading extravagancies; and I met with a kind approbation from all of them: nevertheleſs I would proceed no farther, as well in regard that I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profeſſion, as becauſe the number of the unwiſe is greater than that of the prudent: and though it is

7 The archbiſhop of *Cambray* might, probably, write his *Telemachus* upon this hint: at leaſt it is an example of this aſſertion.

better

better to be praiſed by the few wiſe, than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expoſe myſelf to the confuſed judgment of the giddy vulgar, to whoſe lot the reading ſuch books for the moſt part falls. But that which chiefly moved me to lay it aſide, and to think no more of finiſhing it, was, an argument I formed to myſelf, deduced from the modern comedies that are daily repreſented, ſaying: If thoſe now-a-days in faſhion, whether fictitious or hiſtorical, all, or moſt of them, are known abſurdities, and things without head or tail, and yet the vulgar take a pleaſure in liſtening to them, and maintain and approve them for good; and the authors who compoſe, and the actors who repreſent them, ſay, ſuch they muſt be, becauſe the people will have them ſo, and no otherwiſe; and thoſe, which are regular, and carry on the plot according to the rules of art, ſerve only for half a ſcore men of ſenſe, who underſtand them, while all the reſt are at a loſs, and can make nothing of the contrivance; and, for their part, it is better for them to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few: thus, probably, it would have fared with my book, after I had burnt my eye-brows with poring to follow the aforeſaid precepts, and I ſhould have got nothing but my labour for my pains [8]. And though I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their miſtake, and that they would draw more company, and gain more credit, by acting plays written according to art, than by ſuch ridiculous pieces, they are ſo attached and wedded to their own opinion, that no reaſon, nor even demonſtration, can wreſt it from them. I remember, that, talking one day to one of theſe headſtrong fellows, Tell me, ſaid I, do you not remember, that, a few years ago, there were three tragedies acted in *Spain*, compoſed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were ſuch, that they ſurpriſed, delighted, and raiſed the admiration of all who ſaw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as better ſort; and that theſe alone got the players more money than any thirty of the beſt that have been written ſince? Doubtleſs, anſwered the actor I ſpeak of, your worſhip means the *Iſabella*, *Phyllis*, and *Alexandra*. The ſame, replied I; and pray ſee, whether they did not carefully obſerve the rules of art, and whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleaſing all the world. So that the fault is not in the people's coveting abſurdities, but in thoſe, who know not how to exhibit any thing better. For there is nothing abſurd in the

8 Literally, *I ſhould have been like the tailor at the ſtreet-corner.* The proverb entire is, *Ser como el ſaſtre de la encrucixáda, que coſia de valde, y ponia el hilo de ſu caſa.* That is, *To be like the tailor of the croſs-way, who ſewed for nothing, and found thread himſelf.*

of *Ingratitude revenged*, nor in the *Numantia*; nor can you find any in the *Merchant-lover*, much leſs in the *Favourable ſhe-enemy*, and in ſome others, compoſed by ingenious and judicious poets, to their own fame and renown, and to the advantage of thoſe who acted them. And to theſe I added other reaſons, at which I fancied he was ſomewhat confounded, but not convinced nor ſatisfied, ſo as to make him retract his erroneous opinion.

Signor canon, ſaid then the prieſt, you have touched upon a ſubject, which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal to that I have againſt books of chivalry: for, whereas comedy, according to the opinion of *Cicero*, ought to be a mirrour of human life, an exemplar of manners, and an image of truth, thoſe that are repreſented now-a-days, are mirrours of inconſiſtency, patterns of folly, and images of wantonneſs. For what greater abſurdity can there be in the ſubject we are treating of, than for a child to appear, in the firſt ſcene of the firſt act, in ſwadling-clothes, and in the ſecond enter a grown man with a beard? and what can be more ridiculous, than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy-counſellor, a king a water-carrier, and a princeſs a ſcullion? Then what ſhall we ſay to their obſervance of the time and place, in which the actions they repreſent are ſuppoſed to have happened? I have ſeen a comedy, the firſt act of which was laid in *Europe*, the ſecond in *Aſia*, and the third in *Africa*; and, had there been four acts [9], the fourth would doubtleſs have concluded in *America*; and ſo the play would have taken in all the four parts of the world. If imitation be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it poſſible any tolerable underſtanding can endure to ſee an action, which paſſed in the time of king *Pepin* or *Charlemagne*, aſcribed to the emperor *Heraclius*, who is introduced carrying the croſs into *Jeruſalem*, or recovering the holy ſepulchre, like *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*; numberleſs years having paſſed between theſe actions; and beſides, the comedy being grounded upon a fiction, to ſee truths applied out of hiſtory, with a mixture of facts relating to different perſons and times; and all this with no appearance of probability, but, on the contrary, full of manifeſt and altogether inexcuſable errors? But the worſt of it is, that ſome are ſo beſotted, as to call this perfection, and to ſay, that all beſides is meer pedantry. If we come to the comedies upon divine ſub-

9 Note, the *Spaniſh* plays conſiſt of but three acts. *Cervantes* himſelf reduced them from five to three, and, inſtead of *acts*, called them *days*, *jornadas*.

jects,

jects, how many falſe miracles do they invent, how many apocryphal and ill-underſtood, aſcribing to one ſaint the miracles of another? And, even in the plays upon profane ſubjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles, for no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe they think ſuch a miracle will do well, and make a figure in ſuch a place, that ignorant people may admire, and be induced to ſee the comedy. Now all this is to the prejudice of truth, and diſcredit of hiſtory, and even to the reproach of our *Spaniſh* wits: for foreigners, who obſerve the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, ſeeing the abſurdities and extravagancies of thoſe we write. It would not be a ſufficient excuſe to ſay, that the principal intent of well-governed commonwealths, in permitting ſtage-plays to be acted, is, that the populace may be entertained with ſome innocent recreation, to divert, at times, the ill humours, which idleneſs is wont to produce; and, ſince this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of preſcribing laws, or confining thoſe, who write or act them, to the ſtrict rules of compoſition, ſince, as I have ſaid, any of them ſerve to compaſs the end propoſed by them. To this I would anſwer, that this end is, beyond all compariſon, much better attained by thoſe that are good, than by thoſe that are not ſo: for the hearer, after attending to an artful and well-contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, inſtructed by what is ſerious, in admiration at the incidents, improved by the reaſoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wiſe by the examples, incenſed againſt vice, and in love with virtue: for a good comedy will awaken all theſe paſſions in the mind of the hearer, let him be never ſo groſs or ſtupid. And, of all impoſſibilities, it is the moſt impoſſible not to be pleaſed, entertained, and ſatisfied much more with that comedy, which has all theſe requiſites, than by one, which is defective in them, as moſt of our comedies now-a-days are. Nor is this abuſe to be charged chiefly on the poets themſelves: for there are ſome among them, who know very well wherein they err, and are perfectly acquainted with what they ought to do: but, as plays are made a ſaleable commodity, they ſay, and they ſay right, that the actors would not buy them, if they were not of that ſtamp; and therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himſelf to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. And, that this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of plays compoſed by a moſt happy genius of theſe kingdoms [1], with ſo much ſprightlineſs, ſuch elegant verſe, expreſſions ſo good, and ſuch excellent ſen-

[1] *Lopez de Vega Carpio.*

timents, and laſtly with ſuch richneſs of elocution, and loftineſs of ſtyle, that the world reſounds with his fame. Yet, by his ſometimes adapting himſelf to the taſte of the actors, they have not all reached that point of perfection that ſome of them [2] have done. Others, in writing plays, ſo little conſider what they are doing, that the actors are often under a neceſſity of abſconding for fear of being puniſhed, as has frequently happened, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the diſhonour of families. But all theſe inconveniences, and many more I have not mentioned, would ceaſe, if ſome intelligent and judicious perſon of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted [3], not only thoſe made about the court, but all that ſhould be acted throughout all *Spain*; without whoſe approbation under hand and ſeal, the civil officers ſhould ſuffer no play to be acted: and thus the comedians would be obliged to ſend all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire ſafety; and the writers of them would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances muſt paſs the rigorous examination of ſomebody that underſtands them. By this method good plays would be written, and the deſign of them happily attained, namely, the entertainment of the people, the reputation of the wits of *Spain*, the intereſt and ſecurity of the players, and the ſaving the magiſtrate the trouble of chaſtiſing them. And if ſome other, or the ſame perſon, were commiſſioned to examine the books of chivalry that ſhall be written for the future, without doubt ſome might be publiſhed with all the perfection you ſpeak of, enriching our language with the pleaſing and precious treaſure of eloquence, and might cauſe the old books to be laid aſide, being obſcured by the luſtre of the new ones, which would come out, for the innocent amuſement, not only of the idle, but alſo of thoſe who have moſt buſineſs; for the bow cannot poſſibly ſtand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty ſubſiſt without ſome lawful recreation.

Thus far had the canon and the prieſt proceeded in their dialogue, when the barber, coming up to them, ſaid to the prieſt: Here, Signor licentiate, is the place, I told you was proper for us to paſs the heat of the day in, and where the cattle would have freſh graſs in abundance. I think ſo too, anſwered the prieſt; and acquainting the canon with his intention, he alſo

2 *Lopez* himſelf, in his *New art of making comedies*, &c. tells us of but *ſix* plays, to which he had given the requiſite perfection; a very ſmall number in compariſon of 483, which he himſelf tells us he had then written.

3 This is the period of licenſing plays in *Spain*, occaſioned, it is ſaid, by this reflexion of our author's.

would

would ſtay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleaſant valley, which preſented itſelf to their view: and therefore, that he might enjoy the pleaſure of the place and the converſation of the prieſt, of whom he began to be fond, and be informed likewiſe more particularly of *Don Quixote*'s exploits, he ordered ſome of his ſervants to go to the inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence what they could find to eat for the whole company; for he reſolved to ſtay there that afternoon. To whom one of the ſervants anſwered, that the ſumpter-mule, which by that time muſt have reached the inn, carried proviſions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley. Since it is ſo, ſaid the canon, take thither the other mules, and bring back the ſumpter hither.

While this paſſed, *Sancho*, perceiving he might talk to his maſter without the continual preſence of the prieſt and the barber, whom he looked upon as ſuſpicious perſons, came up to his maſter's cage, and ſaid to him: Sir, to disburden my conſcience, I muſt tell you ſomething about this enchantment of yours; and it is this, that they, who are riding along with us, and with their faces covered, are the prieſt and the barber of our town; and I fancy they have played you this trick, and are carrying you in this manner, out of the pure envy they bear you for ſurpaſſing them in famous atchievements: and ſuppoſing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted, but gulled and beſotted; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing, and if you anſwer me, as I believe you muſt, you ſhall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat; and find, that you are not enchanted but diſtracted. Ask whatever you will, ſon *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*; for I will ſatisfy you, and anſwer to your whole will. But as to what you tell me, that thoſe yonder, who come with us, are the prieſt and the barber, our townſmen and acquaintance, it may very eaſily be, that they may ſeem to be ſo; but that they are ſo really and in effect, do not believe it in any wiſe. What you ought to underſtand and believe, is, that, if they ſeem to be thoſe you ſay, it muſt be, that they, who have enchanted me, have aſſumed that appearance and likeneſs: for enchanters can eaſily take what form they pleaſe, and may have taken that of our two friends, in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in ſuch a labyrinth of imaginations, that you ſhall not be able to find your way out though you had *Theſeus*'s clue. Beſides, they may have done it, to make me alſo waver in my judgment, and not be able to gueſs from what quarter this injury comes. For if, on the one ſide, you tell me, that the prieſt and the barber of our village bear us company, and, on the other ſide, I find myſelf locked up in a cage, and know of myſelf, that no force but that which is ſupernatural could be

ſufficient

ſufficient to impriſon me; what can I ſay or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have ever read of in the hiſtories of knights-errant that have been enchanted? So that you may ſet your heart at reſt as to their being what you ſay; for they are juſt as much ſo, as I am a *Turk*. As to what concerns your asking me queſtions, ask them; for I will anſwer you, though you ſhould continue asking from this time 'till to-morrow morning. Bleſſed virgin! anſwered *Sancho*, raiſing his voice, and is it then poſſible your worſhip can be ſo thick-skulled and devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and diſgrace of yours? and ſeeing it is ſo, I will prove moſt evidently that you are really not enchanted. Now tell me, as god ſhall ſave you from this ſtorm, and as you hope to find yourſelf in my lady *Dulcinea*'s arms, when you leaſt think of it ----- Ceaſe conjuring me, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and ask what queſtions you will; for I have already told you, I will anſwer them with the utmoſt punctuality. That is what I would have you do, replied *Sancho*, and what I have a mind to know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminiſhing a tittle, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from, and practiſed by, all who profeſs the exerciſe of arms, as your worſhip does, under the title of knights-errant —— I tell you I will lye in nothing, anſwered *Don Quixote*: therefore make either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with ſo many ſalvos, poſtulatums, and preparatives, *Sancho*. I ſay, replied *Sancho*, that I am fully ſatisfied of the goodneſs and veracity of my maſter, and, that being to the purpoſe in our affair, I ask, with reſpect be it ſpoken, whether, ſince your being cooped up, or, as you ſay, enchanted in this cage, your worſhip has not had an inclination to open the greater or the leſſer ſluices, as people are wont to ſay? I do not underſtand, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, what you mean by opening ſluices: explain yourſelf, if you would have me give you a direct anſwer. Is it poſſible, quoth *Sancho*, your worſhip ſhould not underſtand that phraſe, when the very children at ſchool are weaned with it? Know then, it means, whether you have not had a mind to do what nobody can do for you? Ay, now I comprehend you, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*; and, in truth, I have often had ſuch a mind, and have at this very inſtant: help me out of this ſtrait; for I doubt all is not ſo clean as it ſhould be.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the ingenious conference between Sancho Pança *and his maſter* Don Quixote.

HA! quoth *Sancho*, now I have caught you: this is what I longed to know with all my heart and ſoul. Come on, Sir, can you deny what is commonly ſaid every where, when a perſon is in the dumps; I know not what ſuch or ſuch a one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor ſleeps, nor anſwers to the purpoſe when he is asked a queſtion; he looks as if he were enchanted. From whence it is concluded, that they, who do not eat, nor drink, nor ſleep, nor perform the natural actions I ſpeak of, ſuch only are enchanted, and not they, who have ſuch calls as your worſhip has, and who eat and drink when they can get it, and anſwer to all that is asked them. You ſay right, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote:* but I have already told you, that there are ſundry ſorts of enchantments, and it may have ſo fallen out, that, in proceſs of time, they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the faſhion for thoſe, who are enchanted, to do as I do, though formerly they did not: ſo that there is no arguing, nor drawing conſequences, againſt the cuſtom of the times. I know, and am verily perſuaded, that I am enchanted; and that is ſufficient for the diſcharge of my conſcience, which would be heavily burdened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and ſhould ſuffer myſelf to lie idle in this cage like a coward, defrauding the neceſſitous and oppreſſed of that ſuccour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment, they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection. But for all that; replied *Sancho*, I ſay, for your greater and more abundant ſatisfaction, your worſhip would do well to endeavour to get out of this priſon; which I will undertake to facilitate with all my might, and to effect it too: and then you may once more mount your truſty *Rozinante*, who ſeems as if he were enchanted too, ſo melancholy and dejected is he. And, when this is done, we may again try our fortune in ſearch of adventures: and ſhould it not ſucceed well, we ſhall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promiſe, on the faith of a truſty and loyal ſquire, to ſhut myſelf up with your worſhip, if perchance you prove ſo unhappy, or I ſo ſimple, as to fail in the performance of what I ſay. I am content to do what you adviſe, brother *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*; and when you ſee a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in

in every thing; but, *Sancho*, depend upon it, you will find how miſtaken you are in your notion of my diſgrace.

With theſe diſcourſes the knight-errant and the evil-errant ſquire amuſed themſelves, till they came where the prieſt, the cannon, and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner preſently unyoked the oxen from his team, and turned them looſe in that green and delicious place, whoſe freſhneſs invited to the enjoyment of it, not only perſons as much enchanted as *Don Quixote*, but as conſiderate and diſcreet as his ſquire, who beſought the prieſt to permit his maſter to come out of the cage for a while; otherwiſe that priſon would not be quite ſo clean as the decorum of ſuch a knight as his maſter required. The prieſt underſtood him, and ſaid, that he would, with all his heart, conſent to what he deſired, were it not that he feared, leſt his maſter, finding himſelf at liberty, ſhould play one of his old pranks, and be gone where no body ſhould ſet eyes on him more. I will be ſecurity for his not running away, replied *Sancho*. And I alſo, ſaid the canon, eſpecially if he will paſs his word as a knight, that he will not leave us without our conſent. I do paſs it, anſwered *Don Quixote*, (who was liſtening to all they ſaid) and the rather becauſe whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to diſpoſe of himſelf as he pleaſes; for he, who has enchanted him, can make him that he ſhall not be able to ſtir in three centuries, and, if he ſhould attempt an eſcape, will fetch him back on the wing: and, ſince this was the caſe, they might, he ſaid, ſafely let him looſe, eſpecially it being ſo much for the advantage of them all; for ſhould they not looſe him, he proteſted, if they did not get farther off, he muſt needs offend their noſes. The canon took him by the hand, though he was ſtill manacled, and, upon his faith and word, they uncaged him; at which he was infinitely and above meaſure rejoiced to ſee himſelf out of the cage. And the firſt thing he did, was, to ſtretch his whole body and limbs: then he went where *Rozinante* ſtood; and, giving him a couple of ſlaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he ſaid: I have ſtill hope in god, and in his bleſſed mother, O flower and mirrour of ſteeds, that we two ſhall ſoon ſee ourſelves in that ſtate our hearts deſire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exerciſing the function for which heaven ſent me into the world. And ſo ſaying, *Don Quixote*, with his ſquire *Sancho*, retired to ſome little diſtance; from whence he came back more lightſom, and more deſirous to put in execution what his ſquire had projected. The canon gazed earneſtly at him, and ſtood in admiration at his ſtrange and unaccountable madneſs, perceiving, that, in all his diſcourſe and anſwers, he diſcovered a very

good

good underſtanding, and only loſt his ſtirrups [4], as has been already ſaid, when the converſation happened to turn upon the ſubject of chivalry. And ſo, after they were all ſat down on the green graſs, in expectation of the ſumpter-mule, the canon being moved with compaſſion, ſaid to him:

Is it poſſible, worthy Sir, that the crude and idle ſtudy of books of chivalry ſhould have had that influence upon you, as to turn your brain, in ſuch manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the ſame ſtamp, as far from being true, as falſhood itſelf is from truth? How is it poſſible, any human underſtanding can perſuade itſelf, there ever was in the world that infinity of *Amadis*'s, that rabble of famous knights, ſo many emperors of *Trapiſonda*, ſo many *Felixmartes* of *Hyrcania*, ſo many palfreys, ſo many damſels-errant, ſo many ſerpents, ſo many dragons, ſo many giants, ſo many unheard-of adventures, ſo many kinds of enchantments, ſo many battles, ſo many furious encounters, ſo much bravery of attire, ſo many princeſſes in love, ſo many ſquires become earls, ſo many witty dwarfs, ſo many billet-doux, ſo many courtſhips, ſo many valiant women, and laſtly ſo many and ſuch abſurd accidents, as your books of knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falſhood and folly, they give me ſome pleaſure: but, when I conſider what they are, I throw the very beſt of them againſt the wall, and ſhould into the fire, had I one near me, as well deſerving ſuch a puniſhment, for being falſe and inveigling, and out of the road of common ſenſe, as broachers of new ſects and new ways of life, and as giving occaſion to the ignorant vulgar to believe, and look upon as truths, the multitude of abſurdities they contain. Nay, they have the preſumption to dare to diſturb the underſtandings of ingenious and well-born gentlemen, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your worſhip, having reduced you to ſuch a paſs, that you are forced to be ſhut up in a cage, and carried on a team from place to place, like ſome lion or tiger, to be ſhewn for money. Ah Signor *Don Quixote*, have pity on yourſelf, and return into the boſom of diſcretion, and learn to make uſe of thoſe great abilities heaven has been pleaſed to beſtow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are bleſſed with in ſome other kind of reading, which may redound to the benefit of your conſcience, and to the increaſe of your honour. But if a ſtrong natural impulſe muſt ſtill lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy ſcripture, the book of *Judges*,

4 A metaphor taken from tilting at tournaments, where the knight that loſes his ſtirrups is in danger of being diſmounted.

where

where you will meet with wonderful truths, and atchievements no leſs true than heroic. *Portugal* had a *Viriatus*, *Rome* a *Cæſar*, *Carthage* an *Hanibal*, *Greece* an *Alexander*, *Caſtile* a count *Fernando Gonzales*, *Valencia* a *Cid*, *Andaluſia* a *Gonzalo Fernandez*, *Eſtremadura* a *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, *Xerez* a *Garci Perez de Vargas*, *Toledo* a *Garcilaſſo*, and *Sevil* a *Don Manuel de Leon*; the reading of whoſe valorous exploits may entertain, inſtruct, delight, and raiſe admiration in the moſt elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a ſtudy worthy of your good underſtanding, my dear friend, whereby you will become learned in hiſtory, enamoured of virtue, inſtructed in goodneſs, bettered in manners, valiant without raſhneſs, and cautious without cowardiſe: and all this will redound to the glory of god, to your own profit, and the fame of *La Mancha*, from whence, as I underſtand, you derive your birth and origin.

Don Quixote liſtened with great attention to the canon's diſcourſe; and when he found he had done, after having ſtared at him a pretty while, he ſaid: I find, Sir, the whole of what you have been ſaying tends to perſuade me, there never were any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are falſe, lying, miſchievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worſe in believing, and worſt of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profeſſion of knight-errantry, which they teach: and you deny, that ever there were any *Amadis's*, either of *Gaul* or of *Greece*, or any other knights, ſuch as thoſe books are full of. It is all preciſely as you ſay, quoth the canon. To which *Don Quixote* anſwered: You alſo were pleaſed to add, that thoſe books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain, and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my courſe of ſtudy, by reading other books more true, more pleaſant, and more inſtructive. True, quoth the canon. Why then, ſaid *Don Quixote*, in my opinion, you are the madman and the enchanted perſon, ſince you have ſet yourſelf to utter ſo many blaſphemies againſt a thing ſo univerſally received in the world, and held for ſuch truth, that he, who ſhould deny it, as you do, deſerves the ſame puniſhment, you are pleaſed to ſay you beſtow on thoſe books, when you read them, and they vex you. For to endeavour to make people believe, that there never was an *Amadis* in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers, of which hiſtories are full, would be to endeavour to perſuade them, that the ſun does not enlighten, the froſt give cold, nor the earth yield ſuſtenance. What genius can there be in the world able to perſuade another, that

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the affair of the *Infanta Floripes* and *Guy* of *Burgundy* was not true; and that of *Fierabras* at the bridge of *Mantible*, which fell out in the time of *Charlemagne*; which, I vow to god, is as true, as that it is now day-light? and, if theſe be lies, ſo muſt it alſo be, that there ever was a *Hector* or an *Achilles*, or a *Trojan* war, or the twelve peers of *France*, or king *Arthur* of *England*, who is ſtill wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom. And will any one preſume to ſay, that the hiſtory of *Guarino Mezquino*, and that of the law-ſuit of ſaint *Grial*, are lies [5]; or that the amours of Sir *Triſtram* and the queen *Iſeo* [5], and thoſe of *Ginebra* and *Lancelot*, are alſo apocryphal; whereas there are perſons, who almoſt remember to have ſeen the *Duenna Quintannona*, who was the beſt skinker of wine that ever *Great-Britain* could boaſt of? And this is ſo certain, that I remember, my grandmother by my father's ſide, when ſhe ſaw any *Duenna* reverently coifed, would ſay to me; Look, grandſon, that old woman is very like the *Duenna Quintannona*. From whence I infer, that ſhe muſt either have known her, or at leaſt have ſeen ſome portrait of her. Then, who can deny the truth of the hiſtory of *Peter* of *Provence* and the fair *Magalona*, ſince, to this very day, is to be ſeen, in the king's armory, the peg, wherewith he ſteered the wooden horſe, upon which he rode through the air; which peg is ſomewhat bigger than the pole of a coach: and cloſe by the peg ſtands *Babieca*'s ſaddle. And in *Roncevalles* is to be ſeen *Orlando*'s horn, as big as a great beam. From all which I conclude, that there were the *twelve Peers*, the *Peters*, the *Cids*, and ſuch other knights as thoſe the world calls adventurers. If not, let them alſo tell me, that the valiant *Portugueſe John de Merlo* was no knight-errant; he, who went to *Burgundy*, and in the city of *Ras*, fought the famous lord of *Charni*, *Monſeigneur* [6] *Pierre*, and afterwards, in the city of *Baſil*, with *Monſeigneur Enrique* of *Remeſtan*, coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame: beſides the adventures and

5 It ſhould be *Graal* and *Iſotta*. But this is the author's fault, not the tranſlator's. Either the *Spaniſh* tranſlators of thoſe books made theſe miſtakes, or *Cervantes* was not ſo well verſed in them as he pretends: or, perhaps, having read them in his youth, he had partly forgotten them. That he had read them, is highly probable, as alſo that he had himſelf written an hundred ſheets of one, as he makes the canon ſay above: for whoever reads his *Perſiles and Sigiſmunda* will eaſily perceive, that the firſt part, written in his youth, is very different from the latter, which was the laſt work he publiſhed. It may be proper to obſerve here, that his *Don Quixote* has not quite cured the romantic folly of his countrymen, ſince they prefer his *Perſiles and Sigiſmunda* to it.

6 In Spaniſh *Moſen*, abbreviated from *Monſeigneur*.

challenges,

challenges, accompliſhed in *Burgundy*, of the valiant *Spaniards Pedro Barba*, and *Gutierre Quixada* (from whom I am lineally deſcended) who vanquiſhed the ſons of the count *Saint Paul*. Let them deny likewiſe, that *Don Fernando de Guevara* travelled into *Germany* in queſt of adventures, where he fought with *Meſſire*[7] *George*, a knight of the duke of *Auſtria*'s court. Let them ſay, that the juſts of *Suero de Quinnones* of the *Paſs*[8] were all mockery: with the enterpriſes of *Monſeigneur Louis de Falſes* againſt *Don Gonzalo de Guzman* a *Caſtilian* knight; with many more exploits, performed by chriſtian knights of theſe and of foreign kingdoms; all ſo authentic and true, that, I ſay again, whoever denies them, muſt be void of all ſenſe and reaſon.

The canon ſtood in admiration to hear the medley *Don Quixote* made of truths and lies, and to ſee how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to knight-errantry; and therefore anſwered him: I cannot deny, Signor *Don Quixote*, but there is ſome truth in what you ſay, eſpecially in relation to the *Spaniſh* knights errant; and I am alſo ready to allow, that there were the twelve peers of *France*: but I can never believe, they did all thoſe things aſcribed to them by archbiſhop *Turpin*: for the truth is, they were knights choſen by the kings of *France*, and called peers, as being all equal in quality and proweſs[9]: at leaſt, if they were not, it was fit they ſhould be ſo: and in this reſpect they were not unlike our religious-military orders of Saint *Jago* or *Calatrava*, which preſuppoſe, that the profeſſors are, or ought to be, cavaliers of worth, valour, and family: and, as now-a-days we ſay, a knight of St. *John*, or of *Alcantara*, in thoſe times they ſaid, a knight of the twelve peers, thoſe of that military order being twelve in number, and all equal. That there was a *Cid*, is beyond all doubt, as like-

7 In Spaniſh *Micer*. The *Nobleſſe* in *France*, who are below the quality of *Monſeigneurs*, and above that of *Monſieurs*, are ſtiled *Meſſires*.

8 It was at certain *Paſſes* that the knights-errant obliged all that went that way to break a launce with them in honour of their miſtreſſes. This cuſtom was either invented by the real nobility in the days of ignorance, and taken from them by the romance-writers, or, more probably, borrowed from the *Juego de Cañas* of the *Moors*, which was performed by them with the greateſt magnificence, and is ſtill continued by the *Spaniards*. It was called in *England* a *tilt* and *tournament*, but has been long out of uſe. The *French* practiſed it about fourſcore years ago, with great expence, under the name of a *Carrouſel*. The ceremonies, challenges, *&c.* uſed therein are preſerved in ſome hiſtorians as *Froiſſard*, *Monſtrelet*, &c.

9 This is as great a fable as any in the book: for they were great lords, choſen by the king to aſſiſt him in the trial of great lords equal to themſelves, and therefore called (*pares*) peers, they having no equals among the reſt of the people.

wiſe

wiſe a *Bernardo del Carpio*; but that they performed the exploits told of them, I believe there is great reaſon to ſuſpect. As to *Peter* of *Provence*'s peg, and its ſtanding cloſe by *Babieca*'s ſaddle, in the king's armory, I confeſs my ſin, in being ſo ignorant, or ſhort-ſighted, that, though I have ſeen the ſaddle, I never could diſcover the peg; which is ſomewhat ſtrange, conſidering how big you ſay it is. Yet, without all queſtion, there it is, replied *Don Quixote*, by the ſame token that they ſay it is kept in a leathern caſe, that it may not take ruſt. It may be ſo, anſwered the canon; but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have ſeen it. But ſuppoſing I ſhould grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myſelf bound to believe the ſtories of ſo many *Amadis's*, nor thoſe of ſuch a rabble rout of knights as we hear of: nor is it reaſonable, that a gentleman, ſo honourable, of ſuch excellent parts, and endued with ſo good an underſtanding as yourſelf, ſhould be perſuaded that ſuch ſtrange follies, as are written in the abſurd books of chivalry, are true.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the ingenious conteſt between Don Quixote *and the Canon, with other accidents.*

A Good jeſt, indeed! anſwered *Don Quixote*; that books, printed with the licence of kings, and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleaſure, and applauded by great and ſmall, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in ſhort, by all ſorts of people, of what ſtate or condition ſoever they be, ſhould be all lies, and eſpecially carrying ſuch an appearance of truth! for do they not tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action, performed daily by ſuch a knight or knights? Good Sir, be ſilent, and do not utter ſuch blaſphemies; and believe me, I adviſe you to act in this affair like a diſcrete perſon: do but peruſe them, and you will find what pleaſure attends this kind of reading. For, pray, tell me; can there be a greater ſatisfaction than to ſee, placed as it were before our eyes, a vaſt lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of ſerpents, ſnakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, ſwimming up and down; and from the midſt of the lake to hear a moſt dreadful voice, ſaying: 'O knight, whoever thou art, that ſtandeſt beholding this tremendous lake,

'if thou art desirous to enjoy the happiness that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, shew the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor; for, if thou doest not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders, inclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs, who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.' And scarcely has the knight heard the fearful voice, when, without farther consideration, or reflecting upon the danger, to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbersom and weighty armour, recommending himself to god and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling pool; and, when he neither heeds nor considers what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of *Elysium* can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness. Beyond it appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady, that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted birds, hopping to and fro' among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble. Here he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal, and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art imitating nature seems here to surpass her. Then on a sudden he descries a strong castle, or stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths: in short, the structure is so admirable, that, though the materials, whereof it is framed, are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious [1]. And, after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming, than to behold, sallying forth at the castle-gate, a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done; and then she,

1 *Cervantes* certainly had in view *Ovid*'s description of the palace of the Sun:

Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
Clara micante auro, &c.
Materiam superabat opus. Metam. l. 2. init.

who

who appears to be the chief of them all, preſently takes by the hand the daring knight, who threw himſelf into the burning lake, and, without ſpeaking a word, carries him into the rich palace, or caſtle, and, ſtripping him as naked as his mother bore him, bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous eſſences, and puts on him a ſhirt of the fineſt lawn, all ſweet-ſcented and perfumed. Then comes another damſel, and throws over his ſhoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very leaſt, a city or more. What a ſight is it then, when after this he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables ſpread in ſuch order, that he is ſtruck with ſuſpence and wonder! then to ſee him waſh his hands in water diſtilled from amber and ſweet-ſcented flowers! to ſee him ſeated in a chair of ivory! to behold the damſels waiting upon him in marvellous ſilence! then to ſee ſuch variety of delicious viands, ſo ſavourily dreſſed, that the appetite is at a loſs to direct the hand! To hear ſoft muſick while he is eating, without knowing who it is that ſings, or from whence the ſounds proceed! And when dinner is ended, and the cloth taken away, the knight lolling in his chair, and perhaps picking his teeth, according to cuſtom, enters unexpectedly at the hall door a damſel much more beautiful than any of the former, and, ſeating herſelf by the knight's ſide, begins to give him an account what caſtle that is, and how ſhe is enchanted in it, with ſundry other matters, which ſurpriſe the knight, and raiſe the admiration of thoſe who read his hiſtory. I will enlarge no further hereupon; for from hence you may conclude, that whatever part one reads of whatever hiſtory of knights-errant, muſt needs cauſe delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir, and, as I have already hinted, read theſe books, and you will find, that they will baniſh all your melancholy, and meliorate your diſpoſition, if it happens to be a bad one. This I can ſay for myſelf, that, ſince I have been a knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a ſufferer of toils, impriſonments, and enchantments: and though it be ſo little a while ſince I ſaw myſelf locked up in a cage like a madman, yet I expect, by the valour of my arm, heaven favouring, and fortune not oppugning, in a few days to ſee myſelf king of ſome kingdom, wherein I may diſplay the gratitude and liberality incloſed in this breaſt of mine: for, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is diſabled from practiſing the virtue of liberality, though he poſſeſs it in never ſo eminent a degree; and the gratitude, which conſiſts only in inclination, is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For which reaſon I ſhould be glad that fortune would offer me ſpeedily ſome opportunity of becoming

an emperor, that I may ſhew my heart, by doing good to my friends, eſpecially to poor *Sancho Pança* here my ſquire, who is the honeſteſt man in the world; and I would fain beſtow on him an earldom, as I have long ſince promiſed him, but that I fear, he will not have ability ſufficient to govern his eſtate.

Sancho overheard his maſter's laſt words, to whom he ſaid: Take you the pains, Signor *Don Quixote*, to procure me this ſame earldom, ſo often promiſed by you, and ſo long expected by me; for I aſſure you I ſhall not want for ability ſufficient to govern it. But ſuppoſing I had not, I have heard ſay, there are people in the world, who take lordſhips to farm, paying the owners ſo much a year, and taking upon themſelves the whole management thereof, whilſt the lord himſelf, with outſtretched legs, lies along at his eaſe, enjoying the rent they give him, without concerning himſelf any further about it. Juſt ſo will I do, and give myſelf no more trouble than needs muſt, but immediately ſurrender all up, and live upon my rents like any duke, and let the world rub. This, brother *Sancho*, quoth the canon, is to be underſtood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue: but as to the adminiſtration of juſtice, the lord himſelf muſt look to that; and for this ability, ſound judgment, and eſpecially an upright intention, are required; for if theſe be wanting in the beginnings, the means and ends will always be erroneous; and therefore god uſually proſpers the good intentions of the ſimple, and diſappoints the evil deſigns of the cunning. I do not underſtand theſe philoſophies, anſwered *Sancho*; I only know, I wiſh I may as ſpeedily have the earldom, as I ſhould know how to govern it; for I have as large a ſoul as another, and as large a body as the beſt of them; and I ſhould be as much king of my own dominion, as any one is of his: and being ſo, I would do what I pleaſed; and doing what I pleaſed, I ſhould have my will; and having my will, I ſhould be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be deſired; and when there is no more to be deſired, there's an end of it; and let the eſtate come, and god be with ye; and let us ſee it, as one blind man ſaid to another. Theſe are no bad philoſophies, as you ſay, *Sancho*, quoth the canon; nevertheleſs there is a great deal more to be ſaid upon the ſubject of earldoms. To which *Don Quixote* replied: I know not what more may be ſaid; only I govern myſelf by the example of the great *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his ſquire knight of the *Firm-Iſland*; and therefore I may, without ſcruple of conſcience, make an earl of *Sancho Pança*, who is one of the beſt ſquires that ever knight-errant had. The canon was amazed at *Don Quixote*'s methodical and orderly madneſs, the manner

of

of his deſcribing the adventure of the knight of the lake, the impreſſion made upon him by thoſe premeditated lies he had read in his books: and laſtly, he admired at the ſimplicity of *Sancho*, who ſo vehemently deſired to obtain the earldom his maſter had promiſed him.

By this time the canon's ſervants, who went to the inn for the ſumpter-mule, were come back; and ſpreading a carpet on the green graſs, they ſat down under the ſhade of ſome trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not loſe the conveniency of that freſh paſture, as we have ſaid before. And while they were eating, they heard on a ſudden a loud noiſe, and the ſound of a little bell in a thicket of briars and thorns that was hard by; and at the ſame inſtant they ſaw a very beautiful ſhe-goat, ſpeckled with black, white, and gray, run out of the thicket. After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud, in his wonted language, to ſtop and come back to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook herſelf to the company, as it were for their protection, and there ſhe ſtopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if ſhe were capable of diſcourſe and reaſoning, he ſaid to her: Ah! wanton, ſpotted, fool! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days? what wolves wait for thee, child? wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? but what elſe can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canſt not be quiet? a curſe on thy humours, and on all theirs, whom thou reſembleſt ſo much! turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, you will not be ſo contented, at leaſt, you will be more ſafe in your own fold, and among your own companions: and if you, who are to look after, and guide them, go yourſelf ſo much aſtray, what muſt become of them? The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, eſpecially the canon, who ſaid to him: I intreat you, brother, be not in ſuch a hurry to force back this goat ſo ſoon to her fold; for ſince, as you ſay, ſhe is a female, ſhe will follow her own natural inſtinct, though you take never ſo much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morſel, and then drink; whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will reſt herſelf. And in ſaying this he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbet on the point of a fork. The goatherd took it and thanked him; then drank, and ſat down quietly, and ſaid: I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a fooliſh fellow, for having talked ſenſe to this animal; for in truth the words I ſpoke to her are not without a myſtery. I am a country fellow, 'tis true, yet not ſo much a ruſtic but I know the difference between converſing with men and beaſts. I verily believe you, ſaid the prieſt; for I have found by experience,

that the mountains breed learned men, and the cottages of ſhepherds contain philoſophers. At leaſt, Sir, replied the goatherd, they afford men, who have ſome knowledge from experience; and, to convince you of this truth, though I ſeem to invite myſelf without being asked, if it be not tireſom to you, and if you pleaſe, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true ſtory, which will confirm what I and this ſame gentleman (pointing to the prieſt) have ſaid.

To this *Don Quixote* anſwered: Seeing this buſineſs has ſomewhat of the face of an adventure, I for my part will liſten to you, brother, with all my heart, and ſo will all theſe gentlemen, being diſcreet and ingenious perſons, and ſuch as love to hear curious novelties, that ſurpriſe, gladden, and entertain the ſenſes, as I do not doubt but your ſtory will do. Begin then, friend, for we will all hearken. I draw my ſtake, quoth *Sancho*, and hye me with this paſty to yonder brook, where I intend to ſtuff myſelf for three days; for I have heard my maſter *Don Quixote* ſay, that the ſquire of a knight-errant muſt eat, when he has it, till he can eat no longer, becauſe it often happens that they get into ſome wood ſo intricate, that there is no hitting the way out in ſix days; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, till he is turned into mummy. You are in the right, *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote:* go whither you will, and eat what you can; for I am already ſated, and want only to give my mind its repaſt, which I am going to do by liſtening to this honeſt man's ſtory. We all do the ſame, quoth the canon, and then deſired the goatherd to begin the tale he had promiſed. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two ſlaps on the back with the palm of his hand, ſaying: lie thee down by me, ſpeckled fool; for we have time and to ſpare for returning to our fold. The goat ſeemed to underſtand him; for, as ſoon as her maſter was ſeated, ſhe laid herſelf cloſe by him very quietly, and, looking up in his face, ſeemed to ſignify ſhe was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his ſtory in this manner.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Which treats of what the goatherd related to all thoſe who accompanied Don Quixote.

THREE leagues from this valley there is a town, which, though but ſmall, is one of the richeſt in all theſe parts: and therein dwelt a farmer of ſo good a character, that, though eſteem is uſually annexed to riches, yet he was more reſpected for his virtue, than for the wealth he poſſeſſed. But that, which completed his happineſs, as he uſed to ſay himſelf, was his having a daughter of ſuch extraordinary beauty, rare diſcretion, gracefulneſs, and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration to ſee the ſurpaſſing endowments, wherewith heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, ſhe was pretty, and, as ſhe grew up, became ſtill more and more beautiful, till, at the age of ſixteen, ſhe was beauty itſelf. And now the fame of her beauty began to extend itſelf through all the neighbouring villages: do I ſay, through the neighbouring villages only? it ſpread itſelf to the remoteſt cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all ſorts of people, who came to ſee her from all parts, as if ſhe had been ſome relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and ſhe guarded herſelf; for there are no padlocks, bolts, nor bars, that ſecure a maiden better than her own reſerve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many, both of the town, and ſtrangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whoſe right it was to diſpoſe of ſo precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidſt the great number of importunate ſuitors, on which to beſtow her. Among the many, who were thus diſpoſed, I was one, and flattered myſelf with many and great hopes of ſucceſs, as being known to her father, born in the ſame village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no deſpicable underſtanding. With the very ſame advantages another of our village demanded her alſo in marriage; which occaſioned a ſuſpence and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us: and, to get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint *Leandra* with it (for that is the rich maiden's name, who has reduced me to this wretched ſtate) conſidering, that, ſince our pretenſions were equal, it was beſt to leave the choice to his beloved daughter: an example worthy the imitation of all parents, who would marry their children. I do not ſay, they ſhould give them their choice in things prejudicial; but they ſhould propoſe

poſe to them good ones, and out of them let them chooſe to their minds. For my part, I know not what was *Leandra*'s liking: I only know, that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with ſuch general expreſſions as neither laid any obligation upon him, nor diſobliged either of us. My rival's name is *Anſelmo*, and mine *Eugenio*; for it is fit you ſhould know the names of the perſons concerned in this tragedy, the cataſtrophe of which is ſtill depending, though one may eaſily foreſee it will be diſaſtrous.

About that time, there came to our town one *Vincent de la Roſa*, ſon of a poor farmer of the ſame village: which *Vincent* was come out of *Italy*, and other countries, where he had ſerved in the wars. A captain, who happened to march that way with his company, had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned at the end of twelve years more, in the garb of a ſoldier, ſet off with a thouſand colours, and hung with a thouſand cryſtal trinkets, and fine ſteel-chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another; but all ſlight and counterfeit, of little weight and leſs value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever ſo little leiſure, are malice itſelf, obſerved, and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three ſuits of apparel, of different colours, with hoſe and garters to them: but he diſguiſed them ſo many different ways, and with many inventions, that, if one had not counted them, one would have ſworn he had had above ten ſuits, and above twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been ſaying of his dreſs be looked upon as impertinent or ſuperfluous; for it makes a conſiderable part of this ſtory. He uſed to ſeat himſelf on a ſtone-bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping, and liſtening to the exploits he would be telling us. There was no country on the whole globe he had not ſeen, nor battle he had not been in. He had ſlain more *Moors* than are in *Morocco* and *Tunis*, and fought more duels, as he ſaid, than *Gante*, *Luna*, *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, and a thouſand others, and always came off victorious, without having loſt a drop of blood. Then again he would be ſhewing us marks of wounds, which, though they were not to be diſcerned, he would perſuade us were ſo many muſket-ſhots received in ſeveral actions and fights. In a word, with an unheard-of arrogance, he would *thou* his equals and acquaintance, ſaying, his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of ſoldier, he owed the king himſelf nothing. To theſe bravadoes was added, his being ſomewhat of a muſician, and ſcratching a little upon the guitar, which ſome ſaid he would

make

make ſpeak. But his graces and accompliſhments did not end here; for he was alſo a bit of a poet, and would compoſe a ballad, a league and a half in length, on every childiſh accident that paſſed in the village.

Now this ſoldier, whom I have here deſcribed, this *Vincent de la Roſa*, this hero, this gallant, this muſician, this poet, was often ſeen and admired by *Leandra*, from a window of her houſe which faced the market-place. She was ſtruck with the tinſel of his gaudy apparel: his ballads enchanted her; and he gave at leaſt twenty copies about of all he compoſed: the exploits he related of himſelf reached her ears: laſtly (for ſo, it ſeems, the devil had ordained) ſhe fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the preſumption of courting her. And, as, in affairs of love, none are ſo eaſily accompliſhed as thoſe, which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, *Leandra* and *Vincent* eaſily came to an agreement, and, before any of the multitude of her ſuitors had the leaſt ſuſpicion of her deſign, ſhe had already accompliſhed it: for ſhe left the houſe of her dear and beloved father (for mother ſhe had none) and abſented herſelf from the town with the ſoldier, who came off from this attempt more triumphantly than from any of thoſe others he had ſo arrogantly boaſted of. This event amazed the whole town, and all that heard any thing of it. I, for my part, was confounded, *Anſelmo* aſtoniſhed, her father ſad, her kindred aſhamed, juſtice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in readineſs. They beſet the highways, and ſearched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and, at the end of three days, they found the poor fond *Leandra* in a cave of a mountain, naked to her ſhift, and ſtripped of a large ſum of money, and ſeveral valuable jewels, ſhe had carried away from home. They brought her back into the preſence of her diſconſolate father; they asked her how this misfortune had befallen her: ſhe readily confeſſed, that *Vincent de la Roſa* had deceived her, and, upon promiſe of marriage, had perſuaded her to leave her father's houſe, telling her he would carry her to *Naples*, the richeſt and moſt delicious city of the whole world; that ſhe, through too much credulity and inadvertency, had believed him, and, robbing her father, had put all into his hands, the night ſhe was firſt miſſing; and that he conveyed her to a craggy mountain, and ſhut her up in that cave, in which they had found her. She alſo related to them how the ſoldier plundered her of every thing, but her honour, and left her there, and fled: a circumſtance which made us all wonder afreſh; for it was no eaſy matter to perſuade us of the young man's continency: but ſhe affirmed it with ſo much earneſtneſs, that her father was in ſome ſort comforted, making

no

no great account of the other riches the ſoldier had taken from his daughter, ſince he had left her that jewel, which, once loſt, can never be recovered.

The very ſame day that *Leandra* returned, ſhe diſappeared again from our eyes, her father ſending and ſhutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far diſtant, in hopes that time may wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter has brought upon herſelf. Her tender years were ſome excuſe for her fault, eſpecially with thoſe who had no intereſt in her being good or bad: but they, who are acquainted with her good ſenſe and underſtanding, could not aſcribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propenſity of the ſex, which is generally unthinking and diſorderly. *Leandra* being ſhut up, *Anſelmo*'s eyes were blinded; at leaſt they ſaw nothing that could afford them any ſatisfaction: and mine were in darkneſs, without light to direct them to any pleaſurable object. The abſence of *Leandra* increaſed our ſadneſs, and diminiſhed our patience: we curſed the ſoldier's finery, and deteſted her father's want of precaution. At laſt, *Anſelmo* and I agreed to quit the town, and betake ourſelves to this valley, where, he feeding a great number of ſheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we paſs our lives among theſe trees, giving vent to our paſſions, or ſinging together the praiſes, or reproaches, of the fair *Leandra*, or ſighing alone, and each apart communicating our plaints to heaven. Several others of *Leandra*'s ſuitors, in imitation of us, are come to theſe rocky mountains, practiſing the ſame employments; and they are ſo numerous, that this place ſeems to be converted into the paſtoral *Arcadia*, it is ſo full of ſhepherds and folds; nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful *Leandra* is not heard. One utters execrations againſt her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodeſt: another condemns her forwardneſs and levity: ſome excuſe and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her: one celebrates her beauty; another rails at her ill qualities: in ſhort, all blame, and all adore her; and the madneſs of all riſes to that pitch, that ſome complain of her diſdain, who never ſpoke to her: yea ſome there are, who bemoan themſelves, and feel the raging diſeaſe of jealouſy, though ſhe never gave any occaſion for it; for, as I have ſaid, her guilt was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor ſhade of a tree, that is not occupied by ſome ſhepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air: the echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of *Leandra:* the mountains reſound *Leandra*; the brooks murmur *Leandra:* in ſhort, *Leandra* holds us all in ſuſpence and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear.

Among

Among theſe extravagant madmen, he, who ſhews the leaſt and the moſt ſenſe, is my rival *Anſelmo*, who, having ſo many other cauſes of complaint, complains only of abſence, and to the ſound of a rebeck, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verſes, which diſcover an excellent genius. I follow an eaſier, and, in my opinion, a better way, which is, to inveigh againſt the levity of women, their inconſtancy, and double-dealing, their lifeleſs promiſes, and broken faith; and, in ſhort, the little diſcretion they ſhew in placing their affections, or making their choice.

This, gentlemen, was the occaſion of the expreſſions and language I uſed to this goat, when I came hither; for, being a female, I deſpiſe her, though ſhe be the beſt of all my flock. This is the ſtory I promiſed to tell you: if I have been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my ſervice: my cottage is hard by, where I have new milk, and very ſavoury cheeſe, with variety of fruits of the ſeaſon, not leſs agreeable to the ſight than to the taſte.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the quarrel between Don Quixote *and the Goatherd, with the rare adventure of the Diſciplinants, which he happily accompliſhed with the ſweat of his brows.*

THE goatherd's tale gave a general pleaſure to all that heard it, eſpecially to the canon, who, with an unuſual curioſity, took notice of his manner of telling it, in which he diſcovered more of the polite courtier, than of the rude goatherd; and therefore he ſaid, that the prieſt was very much in the right in affirming, that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their ſervice to *Eugenio:* but the moſt liberal of his offers upon this occaſion was *Don Quixote*, who ſaid to him: In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately ſet forward to do you a good turn, by fetching *Leandra* out of the nunnery, in which, doubtleſs, ſhe is detained againſt her will, in ſpite of the abbeſs and all oppoſers, and putting her into your hands, to be diſpoſed of at your pleaſure, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of violence be offered to damſels: though I hope in god our lord, that the power of one malicious enchanter ſhall not be ſo prevalent, but that the power of another and a better-intentioned one may prevail over it; and then I promiſe you my aid, and protection, as I am obliged by my profeſſion, which is no other than

to

to favour the weak and neceſſitous. The goatherd ſtared at *Don Quixote*; and obſerving his bad plight and ſcurvy appearance, he whiſpered the barber, who ſat next him; Pray, ſir, who is this man, who makes ſuch a ſtrange figure, and talks ſo extravagantly? Who ſhould it be, anſwered the barber, but the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the redreſſer of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the relief of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles? This, ſaid the goatherd, is like what we read of in the books of knight-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your worſhip is in jeſt, or the apartments in this gentleman's ſcull are unfurniſhed. You are a very great raſcal, ſaid *Don Quixote* at this inſtant, and you are the empty-ſculled and the ſhallow-brained; for I am fuller than ever was the whoreſon drab that bore thee: and, ſo ſaying, and muttering on, he ſnatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it ſtruck the goatherd full in the face, with ſo much fury, that he laid his noſe flat. The goatherd, who did not underſtand rallery, perceiving how much in earneſt he was treated, without any reſpect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that ſat about it, leaped upon *Don Quixote*, and, griping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtleſs have ſtrangled him, had not *Sancho Pança* come up in that inſtant, and, taking him by the ſhoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the diſhes and platters, and ſpilling and overturning all that was upon it. *Don Quixote*, finding himſelf looſe, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by *Sancho*, and his face all over bloody, was feeling about, upon all four, for ſome knife or other, to take a bloody revenge withal: but the canon and the prieſt prevented him; and the barber contrived it ſo, that the goatherd got *Don Quixote* under him, on whom he poured ſuch a ſhower of buffets, that there reigned as much blood from the viſage of the poor knight, as there did from his own. The canon and the prieſt were ready to burſt with laughter; the troopers of the holy brotherhood danced and capered for joy; and they ſtood hallooing them on, as people do dogs when they are fighting: only *Sancho* was at his wits end, not being able to get looſe from one of the canon's ſervants, who held him from going to aſſiſt his maſter. In ſhort, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were ſtill worrying one another, on a ſudden they heard the ſound of a trumpet, ſo diſmal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way, from whence they fancied the ſound came: but he, who was moſt ſurpriſed at hearing it, was *Don Quixote*, who, though he was under the goatherd, ſorely againſt his will, and more than

indifferently

indifferently mauled, ſaid to him: Brother devil (for it is impoſſible you ſhould be any thing elſe, ſince you have had the valour and ſtrength to ſubdue mine) truce, I beſeech you, for one hour; for the dolorous ſound of that trumpet, which reaches our ears, ſeems to ſummon me to ſome new adventure. The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling, and being mauled, immediately let him go, and *Don Quixote*, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the ſound came, and preſently ſaw ſeveral people deſcending from a riſing ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of diſciplinants [2].

The caſe was, that the clouds, that year, had failed to refreſh the earth with ſeaſonable ſhowers, and throughout all the villages of that diſtrict they made proceſſions, diſciplines, and public prayers, beſeeching god to open the hands of his mercy, and ſend them rain: and for this purpoſe the people of a town hard by were coming in proceſſion to a devout hermitage, built upon the ſide of a hill bordering upon that valley. *Don Quixote*, perceiving the ſtrange attire of the diſciplinants, without recollecting how often he muſt have ſeen the like before, imagined it was ſome adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it: and he was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them, covered with black [3], was ſome lady of note, whom thoſe miſcreants and diſcourteous ruffians were forcing away. And no ſooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to *Rozinante*, who was grazing about; and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the ſaddle, he bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from *Sancho* his ſword, he mounted *Rozinante*, and braced his target, and with a loud voice ſaid to all that were preſent: Now, my worthy companions, you ſhall ſee of what conſequence it is that there are in the world ſuch as profeſs the order of chivalry: now, I ſay, you ſhall ſee, by my reſtoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued, or not. And ſo ſaying, he laid legs to *Rozinante* (for ſpurs he had none) and on a hand-gallop (for we no where read, in all this faithful hiſtory, that ever *Rozinante*

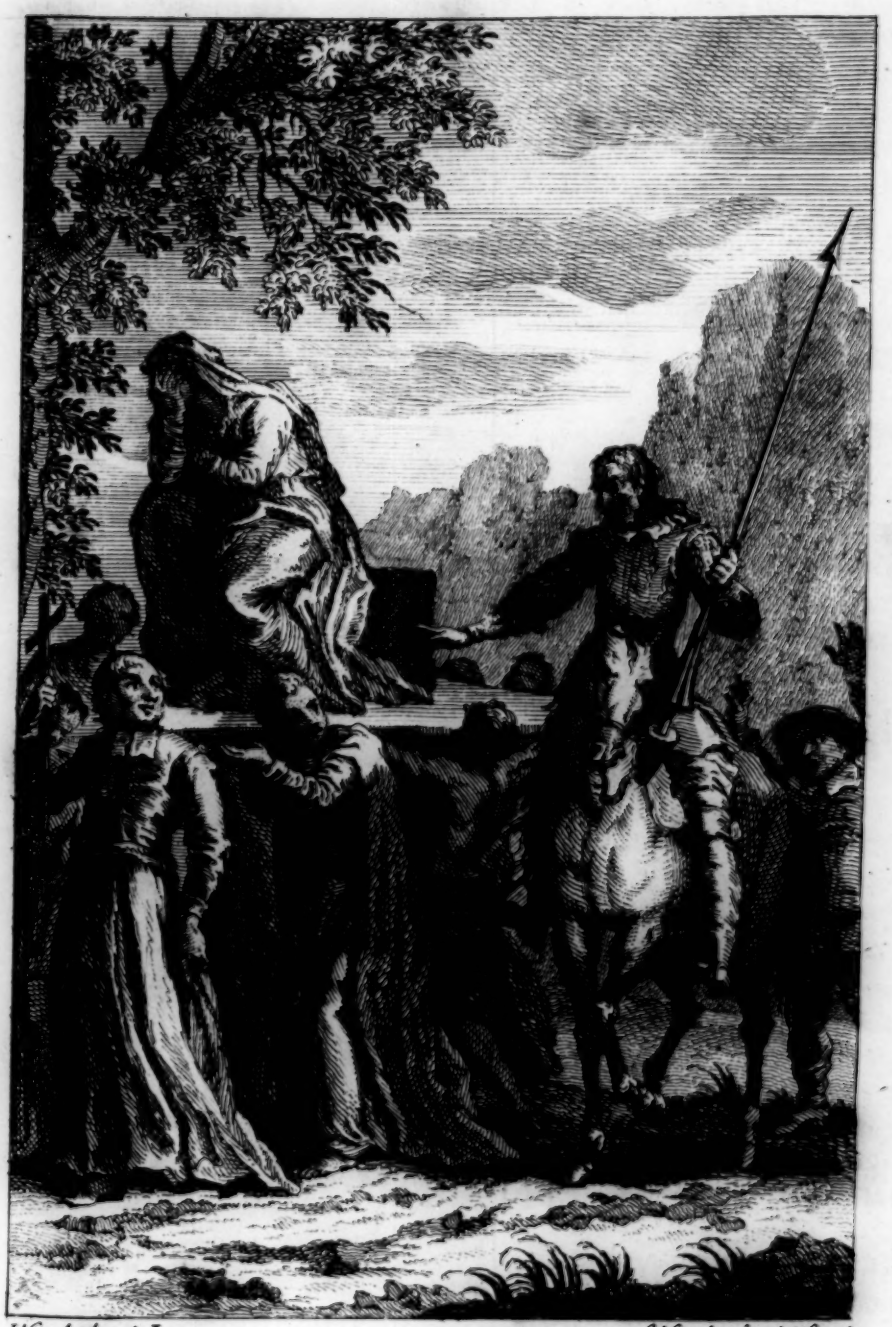
2 Perſons, either voluntiers or hirelings, who march in proceſſion, whipping themſelves by way of public penance.

3 Theſe images are uſually of wood, and as big as the life, and by the ſmoke of tapers, and length of time, become very black. This whole paſſage, as well as many others, is a ſly ſatire on the ſuperſtition of the *Romiſh* church; and it is a wonder the inquiſition ſuffered it to paſs, though thus covertly.

went

went full-ſpeed) he ran to encounter the diſciplinants. The prieſt, the canon, and the barber, in vain endeavoured to ſtop him; and in vain did *Sancho* cry out, ſaying: Whither go you, Signor *Don Quixote?* What devils are in you, that inſtigate you to aſſault the catholic faith? Conſider, a curſe on me! that this is a proceſſion of diſciplinants, and that the lady, carried upon the bier, is an image of the bleſſed and immaculate virgin: have a care what you do; for this once I am ſure you do not know. *Sancho* wearied himſelf to no purpoſe; for his maſter was ſo bent upon encountring the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himſelf had commanded him.

Being now come up to the proceſſion, he checked *Rozinante*, who already had a deſire to reſt a little, and, with a diſordered and hoarſe voice, ſaid: You there, who cover your faces, for no good I ſuppoſe, ſtop, and give ear to what I ſhall ſay. The firſt who ſtopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four eccleſiaſtics, who ſung the litanies, obſerving the ſtrange figure of *Don Quixote*, the leanneſs of *Rozinante*, and other ridiculous circumſtances attending the knight, anſwered him, ſaying: Good brother, if you have any thing to ſay to us, ſay it quickly; for theſe our brethren are tearing their fleſh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reaſonable we ſhould, ſtop to hear any thing, unleſs it be ſo ſhort, that it may be ſaid in two words. I will ſay it in one, replied *Don Quixote*, and it is this; that you immediately ſet at liberty that fair lady, whoſe tears and ſorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away againſt her will, and that you have done her ſome notorious injury; and I, who was born into the world on purpoſe to redreſs ſuch wrongs, will not ſuffer you to proceed one ſtep farther, 'till you have given her the liberty ſhe deſires and deſerves. By theſe expreſſions, all that heard them gathered that *Don Quixote* muſt be ſome madman; whereupon they fell a laughing very heartily; which was adding fuel to the fire of *Don Quixote*'s choler: for, without ſaying a word more, he drew his ſword, and attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving the burden to his comrades, ſtept forward to encounter *Don Quixote*, brandiſhing a pole whereon he reſted the bier when they made a ſtand; and receiving on it a huge ſtroke, which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave *Don Quixote* ſuch a blow on the ſhoulder of his ſword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off ſo furious an aſſault, poor *Don Quixote* fell to the ground in evil plight. *Sancho Pança*, who came puffing cloſe after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adverſary



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adverſary not to ſtrike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that, which made the ruſtic forbear, was, not *Sancho*'s crying out, but his ſeeing that *Don Quixote* ſtirred neither hand nor foot; and ſo, believing he had killed him, in all haſte he tucked up his frock under his girdle, and began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck.

By this time all *Don Quixote*'s company was come up, and the proceſſioners, ſeeing them running toward them, and with them the troopers of the holy brotherhood with their croſs-bows, began to fear ſome ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image; and, lifting up their hoods [4], and graſping their whips, as the eccleſiaſtics did their tapers, they ſtood expecting the aſſault, determined to defend themſelves, and, if they could, to offend their aggreſſors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined: for all that *Sancho* did, was, to throw himſelf upon the body of his maſter, and to pour forth the moſt dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily that he was dead. The prieſt was known by another prieſt, who came in the proceſſion, and their being acquainted diſſipated the fear of the two ſquadrons. The firſt prieſt gave the ſecond an account in two words who *Don Quixote* was; whereupon he and the whole rout of diſciplinants went to ſee whether the poor knight was dead, or not, and they over-heard *Sancho Pança* ſay, with tears in his eyes: O flower of chivalry, who by one ſingle thwack haſt finiſhed the carreer of thy well-ſpent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of *La Mancha*, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be over-run with evil-doers, who will no longer fear the being chaſtiſed for their iniquities! O liberal above all *Alexanders*, ſeeing that, for eight months ſervice only, thou haſt given me the beſt iſland the ſea doth compaſs or ſurround! O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, ſufferer of affronts, in love without cauſe, imitator of the good, ſcourge of the wicked, enemy of the baſe; in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be ſaid [5]! At *Sancho*'s cries and lamentations *Don Quixote* revived, and the firſt word he ſaid was: He, who lives abſented from thee, ſweeteſt *Dulcinea*, is ſubject to greater miſeries than theſe. Help, friend *Sancho*, to lay me upon the enchanted car;

4 The Diſciplinants wear hoods with holes to ſee through, that they may not be known.

5 In imitation of *Gandalin*, ſquire of *Amadis de Gaul*, who makes the like lamentation over his maſter, who had ſwoon'd away, after his fight with the Endriague or Dragon. *Amad. de Gaul*, b. 3. ch. 9.

for

for I am no longer in a condition to preſs the ſaddle of *Rozinante*, all this ſhoulder being maſhed to pieces. That I will do with all my heart, dear ſir, anſwered *Sancho*; and let us return home in company of theſe gentlemen, who wiſh you well, and there we will give order about another ſally, that may prove of more profit and renown. You ſay well, *Sancho*, anſwered *Don Quixote*, and it will be great prudence in us to wait 'till the evil influence of the ſtars, which now reigns, is over-paſſed [6]. The canon, the prieſt, and the barber, told him, they approved his reſolution; and ſo, having received a great deal of pleaſure from the ſimplicities of *Sancho Pança*, they placed *Don Quixote* in the waggon, as before.

The proceſſion reſumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd bid them all farewel. The troopers would go no farther, and the prieſt paid them what they had agreed for. The canon deſired the prieſt to give him advice of what befel *Don Quixote*, and whether his madneſs was cured or continued, and ſo took leave, and purſued his journey. In fine, they all parted, and took their ſeveral ways, leaving the prieſt, the barber, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, with good *Rozinante*, who bore all accidents as patiently as his maſter. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and accommodated *Don Quixote* on a truſs of hay, and with his accuſtomed pace jogged on the way the prieſt directed. On the ſixth day, they arrived at *Don Quixote*'s village, and entered it about noon; and it being *Sunday*, all the people were ſtanding in the market-place, through the midſt of which *Don Quixote*'s car muſt of neceſſity paſs. Every body ran to ſee who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townſman, they were greatly ſurpriſed, and a boy ran full ſpeed to acquaint the houſe-keeper and neice, that their uncle and maſter was coming home, weak and pale, and ſtretched upon a truſs of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raiſed, to ſee the buffets they gave themſelves, and how they curſed afreſh the damned books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by ſeeing *Don Quixote* coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of *Don Quixote*'s arrival, *Sancho Pança*'s wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to ſerve him as his ſquire, repaired thither; and as ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Sancho*, the firſt thing ſhe asked him was, whether the aſs was come home well. *Sancho* anſwered he was, and in a better condition

6 So *Amadis de Gaul*, *Eſplandian*, and ſeveral other knights, with their ladies, are enchanted in the *firm iſland*, by their friend *Urganda*, for their good, till the evil influence of their ſtars was over-paſſed. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 6, ch. 18.

than

than his maſter. The lord be praiſed, replied ſhe, for ſo great a mercy to me. But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your ſquireſhip? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what ſhoes to your children? I bring nothing of all this, dear wife, quoth *Sancho*; but I bring other things of greater moment and conſequence. I am very glad of that, anſwered the wife: pray, ſhew me theſe things of greater moment and conſequence, my friend; for I would fain ſee them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been ſo ſad and diſcontented all the long time of your abſence. You ſhall ſee them at home, wife, quoth *Sancho*, and be ſatisfied at preſent; for if it pleaſe god, that we make another ſally in queſt of adventures, you will ſoon ſee me an earl or governor of an iſland, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the beſt that is to be had. Grant heaven it may be ſo, husband, quoth the wife, for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by iſlands; for I do not underſtand you. Honey is not for the mouth of an aſs, anſwered *Sancho:* in good time you ſhall ſee, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourſelf ſtiled ladyſhip by all your vaſſals. What do you mean, *Sancho*, by ladyſhip, iſlands, and vaſſals? anſwered *Tereſa Pança*; for that was *Sancho*'s wife's name, though they were not of kin, but becauſe it is the cuſtom in *La Mancha* for the wife to take the husband's name. Be not in ſo much haſte, *Tereſa*, to know all this, ſaid *Sancho*; let it ſuffice that I tell you the truth, and ſew up your mouth. But for the preſent know, that there is nothing in the world ſo pleaſant to an honeſt man, as to be ſquire to a knight-errant, and ſeeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, moſt of them are not ſo much to a man's mind as he could wiſh; for ninty nine of a hundred one meets with fall out croſs and unlucky. This I know by experience; for I have ſometimes come off toſſed in a blanket, and ſometimes well cudgelled. Yet for all that it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traverſing mountains, ſearching woods, marching over rocks, viſiting caſtles, lodging in inns, all at diſcretion, and the devil a farthing to pay.

All this diſcourſe paſſed between *Sancho Pança*, and his wife *Tereſa Pança*, while the houſe-keeper and the neice received *Don Quixote*, and, having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing perfectly where he was. The prieſt charged the neice to take great care, and make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, leſt he ſhould once more give them the ſlip, telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his houſe. Here the two women exclaimed afreſh, and renewed

newed their execrations againſt all books of chivalry, begging of heaven to confound to the center of the abyſs the authors of ſo many lies and abſurdities. Laſtly, they remained full of trouble and fear, leſt they ſhould loſe their uncle and maſter, as ſoon as ever he found himſelf a little better: and it fell out as they imagined. But the author of this hiſtory, though he applied himſelf, with the utmoſt curioſity and diligence, to trace the exploits *Don Quixote* performed in his third ſally, could get no account of them, at leaſt from any authentic writings. Only fame has preſerved in the memoirs of *La Mancha*, that *Don Quixote*, the third time he ſallied from home, went to *Saragoſſa* [7], where he was preſent at a famous tournament in that city, and that there befel him things worthy of his valour and good underſtanding. Nor ſhould he have learned any thing at all concerning his death, if a lucky accident [8] had not brought him acquainted with an aged phyſician, who had in his cuſtody a leaden box, found, as he ſaid, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage then rebuilding: in which box was found a manuſcript of parchment written in *Gothic* characters, but in *Caſtilian* verſe, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, the figure of *Rozinante*, the fidelity of *Sancho Pança*, and the burial of *Don Quixote* himſelf, with ſeveral epitaphs, and elogies on his life and manners. All that could be read, and perfectly made out, were thoſe inſerted here by the faithful author of this ſtrange and never before ſeen hiſtory: which author deſires no other reward from thoſe, who ſhall read it, in recompence of the vaſt pains it has coſt him to inquire into and ſearch all the archives of *La Mancha* to bring it to light, but that they would afford him the ſame credit that ingenious people give to books of knight-errantry, which are ſo well received in the world; and herewith he will reckon himſelf well paid, and will reſt ſatisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to ſeek and find out

7 Hence the falſe ſecond part, by *Avellaneda*, took the hint to ſend the *Don* to *Saragoſſa*.

8 In this fiction, *Cervantes* imitates the cuſtom of romance-writers, who pretend to have found the manuſcript copy of their work, in a certain place, written in ancient characters, and difficult to be read. Particularly he ſeems to have in view *Garci-Ordonez de Montalvo*, publiſher of *Amadis de Gaul*, who, having told the reader, that he had improved the fourth book with the exploits of *Eſplandian*, *Amadis*'s ſon, adds, that "by good luck they "were diſcover'd in a tomb-ſtone, deep in the earth, in an hermitage near "*Conſtantinople*, and brought into *Spain* by an *Hungarian* merchant, in a "letter ſo old, it was ſcarce legible by thoſe who underſtood the language. *D. Greg.*

others,

others, if not as true, at leaſt of as much invention and entertainment. The firſt words, written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box, were theſe.

The Academicians of *Argamaſilla*, a town of *La Mancha*, on the life and death of the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, *hoc ſcripſerunt*.

Monicongo, Academician of *Argamaſilla*, on the ſepulture of *Don Quixote*.

EPITAPH.

La Mancha's *thunderbolt of war,*
The ſharpeſt wit and loftieſt muſe,
The arm, which from Gaëta *far*
To Catai *did its force diffuſe:*

He, who, through love and valour's fire,
Outſtript great Amadis's *fame,*
Bid warlike Galaor *retire,*
And ſilenc'd Belianis' *name:*

He, who with helmet, ſword and ſhield,
On Rozinante, *ſteed well known,*
Adventures ſought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen ſtone.

Paniaguado, Academician *of* Argamaſilla, *in laudem* Dulcineæ del Toboſo.

SONNET.

She, whom you ſee, the plump and luſty dame,
With high erected cheſt and vigorous mien,
Was erſt th' enamour'd knight Don Quixote's *flame,*
The fair Dulcinea, *of* Toboſo *queen.*

For her, arm'd cap-a-pee with ſword and ſhield,
He trod the ſable mountain o'er and o'er;
For her he travers'd Montiel's *well-known field,*
And in her ſervice toils unnumber'd bore.
Hard Fate! that death ſhould crop ſo fine a flow'r,
And love o'er ſuch a knight exert his tyrant pow'r!

Capricho ſo, a moſt ingenious *Academician* of *Argamaſilla*, in praiſe of *Don Quixote*'s horſe *Rozinante*.

SONNET.

On the aſpiring adamantin trunk
Of an huge tree, whoſe root with ſlaughter drunk
Sends forth a ſcent of war, La Mancha's *knight,*
Frantic with valour, and return'd from fight,
His bloody ſtandard trembling in the air,
Hangs up his glittering armour, beaming far,
With that fine-temper'd ſteel, whoſe edge o'erthrows,
Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs oppoſing foes.
Unheard of proweſs! and unheard of verſe!
But art new ſtrains invents new glories to rehearſe.
If Amadis *to* Grecia *gives renown,*
Much more her chief does fierce Bellona *crown,*
Prizing La Mancha *more than* Gaul *or* Greece,
As Quixote *triumphs over* Amadis.
Oblivion ne'er ſhall ſhroud his glorious name,
Whoſe very horſe ſtands up to challenge fame,
Illuſtrious Rozinante, *wond'rous ſteed!*
Not with more generous pride, or mettled ſpeed,
His rider erſt Rinaldo's Bayard *bore,*
Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore.

Burlador, the little Academician of *Argamaſilla*, on *Sancho Pança*.

SONNET.

See Sancho Pança, *view him well,*
And let this verſe his praiſes tell.
His body was but ſmall, 'tis true,
Yet had a ſoul as large as two.

No

No guile he knew, like ſome before him,
But ſimple as his mother bore him.
This gentle ſquire on gentle aſs
Went gentle Rozinante's *pace,*
Following his lord from place to place.
To be an earl he did aſpire,
And reaſon good for ſuch deſire:
But worth, in theſe ungrateful times,
To envied honour ſeldom climbs.
Vain mortals, give your wiſhes o'er,
And truſt the flatterer, hope, no more,
Whoſe promiſes, whate'er they ſeem,
End in a ſhadow or a dream.

Cachidiablo, Academician of *Argamaſilla,* on the ſepulture of *Don Quixote.*

EPITAPH.

Here lies an evil-errant knight,
Well-bruiſed in many a fray,
Whoſe courſer Rozinante *hight*
Long bore him many a way.

Cloſe by his loving maſter's ſide
Lies booby Sancho Pança,
A truſty ſquire, of courage tried,
And true as ever man ſaw.

Tiquitoc, Academician of *Argamaſilla,* on the ſepulture of *Dulcinea del Toboſo.*

Dulcinea, *fat and fleſhy, lies*
Beneath this frozen ſtone,
But, ſince to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.

Of goodly parentage ſhe came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's *flame,*
But only death cou'd win her.

Theſe

These were the verses that could be read: the reſt, the characters being worm-eaten, were conſigned to one of the Academicians, to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations, and much pains, and that he deſigns to publiſh them, giving us hopes of *Don Quixote*'s third ſally.

Forſi altro cantarà con miglior plectro.

End of the Firſt Volume.

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